MARIE-HENRI BEYLE
(DE STENDHAL)

ON LOVE

Translated from the French by
H. B. V.
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
C. K. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF

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"That you should be made a fool of by a young woman, why, it is many an honest man's case."

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

STENDHAL himself considered ON LOVE his most important work. It was written according to the author, "in my happiest years in Lombardy."

The treatment of this subject is truly amazing. Every side of the social relationship between man and woman is appraised. There is a comparison of the love emotions of various countries. He gives us, with a rare gift of expression, an intimate and brilliant conception of love and the emotions of woman at various ages.

His ideal in romance was passion-love, that love where all else in life is forgotten except the thought of one's beloved. It is not necessarily the relationship between husband and wife or the desire to spend time with the other, but rather of two humans merging each with the other to become as one.

Above all else, Stendhal was a realist. Georg Brandes says: "Henri Beyle (Stendhal) is, without doubt, one of the most complex minds of the rich period to which he belongs. What chiefly distinguishes him from his brethren of the Romantic School is his direct intellectual descent from the severely rational sensationalistic philosophers of the eighteenth century. Not even in any short youthful or transition period is there a trace to be found in his soul (and writings) of the Romantic reverence for the traditions so prevalent in his day.

"No other novelist approaches Beyle in the gift of unveiling the secret struggles of ideas and of emotions which the ideas produce. He shows us, as if through a microscope, the fluctuations of the feelings of happiness and unhappiness in acting, suffering human beings, and also their relative strength."

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

In recent years Stendhal's popularity has increased immensely and he has been acclaimed by the foremost modern critics. His writings contain everything complete—masterly novels, intelligent criticism that only can come from a distinct personality; correspondence, most of which was among the most interesting of the nineteenth century; confessions, observations and love. All of his life Stendhal was in love. James Huneker said that it was his driving passion and this book is his masterpiece.

Nothing more reassuring can be said about the translation than that C. K. Scott-Moncrieff, the brilliant translator of Proust, has supervised the adaptation of this book into English.

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TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

I wish to express my deep gratitude to my friends Edward Heron-Allen, F.R.S., and Charles K. Scott Moncrieff, for the great help they have been to me in translating many of the more obscure and doubtful passages in this book.

FIRST PREFACE[1]

This book has had no success: it has been declared to be unintelligible, and not without reason. So that in this new edition, the author has especially endeavoured to put his views forward clearly. He has told how they came to him; he has written a preface—an introduction—all to make himself clearer; and in spite of all his care, out of a hundred readers who have not read *Corinne*, not four will understand this book.

Although it deals with love, this little book is not a novel, and above all contains none of the distractions of a novel. It is simply an accurate and scientific treatise on a type of madness which is very rare in France. The power of conventionality, which is growing daily, has, more because of the effects of the fear of ridicule than from any purity in our morals, made the word which serves this book as a title one which people avoid using by itself, and which may even seem a little indelicate. I have been forced to use it, but the scientific austerity of my language secures me, I think, from any reproach in that respect.

. . . . . .

I know one or two Secretaries of Legation who will be able to bear me out on their return. Until that time what can I say to those people who deny the facts that I state? Only implore them not to listen to me.

The style I have adopted lays me open to the charge of egotism. A traveller is allowed to say: "*I* was in New York; from there *I* sailed for South America and *I* travelled as far as Santa-Fé de Bogotá. *I* was troubled

[1] May, 1826. [To the Second Edition. The First Edition appeared in 1822.]

by midges and mosquitoes during the journey and for three days *I* lost the sight of *my* right eye."

Such a traveller is not accused of a love of talking about himself; he is forgiven all his *I*'s because it is the most lucid and interesting way of describing what he has seen.

It is in order to be lucid and graphic, if possible, that the author of the present journey into the little known regions of the human heart says: "I went to the salt-mines of Hallein with Signora Gherardi. . . . Princess Crescenzi said to me in Rome. . . . One day, in Berlin, I saw handsome Captain L. . . ." All these little things really happened to the author, who spent fifteen years in Germany and in Italy. But, and this is more curious than comprehensible, in all these years he never met with the smallest adventure of his own or experienced a single emotion worthy of recital; and if any one wishes to credit him with the arrogance of thinking otherwise, a still greater arrogance would have prevented him from putting his heart into print and selling it to the public for six francs, as people do who publish their Memoirs during their lifetime.

In 1822, whilst correcting the proofs of this species of moral journey through Italy and Germany, the author, who had always described everything on the same day that he saw it, treated the manuscript containing the detailed description of every phase of that soul-sickness called *Love* with the blind respect which a fourteenth century scholar showed towards a newly discovered manuscript of Lactantius or Quintus Curtius. Whenever the author came across some obscure passage, and, indeed, this very frequently occurred, he always thought that it was the *ego* of his day that was at fault. The present author even admits that he carried his respect for ancient manuscripts to the point of printing several passages which he himself no longer understood. Nothing could have been more foolish for a man who hoped for Public Support; but the

author, returning to Paris after long absence, imagined that success was impossible to win unless one grovelled to the newspapers, and that when one makes up one's mind to grovel, one should reserve the occasion for the first politician from whom one requires a favour. So-called success being, therefore, out of the question, the author amused himself by publishing his thoughts exactly as they had come to him, following the example of Greek Philosophers of old, of whose practical wisdom he is so great an admirer.

It takes years to reach the inner social life of Italy. Perhaps I shall be the last traveller to have done so. Since the rise of Carbonarism and the Austrian invasion no foreigner will ever again receive a welcome in those salons where once reigned such frenzied gaiety. He will see the monuments, the streets and the public squares of a town, but its social life never; the foreigner will always be an object of mistrust; the natives will suspect him of being a spy or will be afraid of his sneering at the battle of Antrodoco and at the petty meannesses to which one has to descend in that land to avoid being persecuted by the eight or ten ministers or favourites surrounding the ruling Prince. I was really fond of the inhabitants, and I had an opportunity of seeing them as they really were. Sometimes I did not speak a word of French for ten months together, and had it not been for social unrest and Carbonarism I should never have returned to France. I prize good fellowship above all else.

In spite of all my efforts to be clear and lucid, I cannot perform miracles; I cannot make the deaf hear or the blind see. So that wealthy people given to coarse pleasures, who have made a hundred thousand francs during the year preceding the moment of their opening this book, should shut it again quickly, especially if they are bankers, manufacturers or respectable merchants, that is to say, people of eminently practical outlook. This book will be

less unintelligible to any one who has made a fortune on the Stock Exchange or in a lottery. The acquisition of wealth by such means is quite compatible with whole hours spent in day-dreaming and in revelling in the emotion given one by a picture by Prud'hon, a phrase of Mozart or even a peculiar look in the eyes of a woman of whom one is often thinking. People who have a weekly pay-roll of two thousand workers do not *waste their time* in these ways; their minds are always bent on utility and facts. The dreamer of whom I speak is a man they would hate if they had time; they would gladly make him the butt of their simple humour. The industrial magnate is vaguely conscious of the fact that such a man places more value on a thought than on a bag of money.

I reject also the earnest young man who, during the same year in which the business man earns his hundred thousand francs, has taught himself modern Greek, an accomplishment of which he is so proud that he is already contemplating taking up Arabic. I beseech no man to open this book who has never suffered from imaginary sorrows not arising from vanity and which he would be heartily ashamed of having aired in the world of fashion.

I am quite sure of offending those ladies who wrest a position from that same world by their perpetual affectations. I have sometimes surprised such women in a moment of naturalness and they were so amazed that on carefully considering the matter they could not honestly say whether some sentiment which they had just expressed was natural or affected. How can women of this sort appreciate a description of genuine emotions? Accordingly this work has been anathema to them and they have declared the author to be an infamous wretch.

To flush suddenly at the recollection of certain youthful indiscretions; to have done foolish things out of kindness of heart and then to be distressed because they made him ridiculous, not in the eyes of the fashionable world

but in the eyes of one person in that world; to be deeply in love, at twenty-six, with a woman who loves some other man, or else (but this is so uncommon that I hardly dare put it down for fear of being unintelligible again, as in the first edition), or else, on entering the room where the woman is with whom he thinks he is in love, to have no thought but that of reading in her eyes what she is thinking of him at that moment, without any idea of putting any love into his own glances; these are the antecedents which I require in my reader. It is precisely the description of many of these subtle emotions that has seemed so perplexing to men of positive ideas. What can one do to be lucid in their eyes? Only declare an advance of fifty centimes or an alteration in the customs duties of Colombia.[2]

This book explains simply, rationally, mathematically, as it were, the different emotions which follow one after the other and which taken all together are called the passion of Love.

Imagine a moderately complicated geometrical figure traced with white chalk on a blackboard: well! I am going to explain this geometrical figure; but in order for me to do so, it is essential that the figure should already exist on the slate; I cannot trace it myself. It is this inability which makes it so very difficult to write a book about Love which is not a novel. In order to follow a philosophic examination of this sentiment with interest, the reader must have something else besides intelligence; it is absolutely essential that he should have seen Love. Now, how can one see a passion?

2 I have been told: "Leave out this passage; nothing could be truer, but beware of industrial magnates; they will cry, 'à l'aristocrate'."—In 1817 I was not afraid of Attorney-Generals; why should I be afraid of millionaires in 1826? The ships supplied to the Sultan of Egypt have opened my eyes as far as they are concerned, and I only fear what I respect.

That is a cause of perplexity which I shall never be able to remove.

Love is like what is known as the "Milky Way," a bright mass made up of thousands of little stars, of which each one is often itself a nebula. Various books have noted four or five hundred of the successive emotions, so difficult to recognize, which go to make up this passion; but they have only noted the coarser emotions, they are frequently in error and often mistake effect for cause. The best of these books, like the *Nouvelle Héloïse,* the romances of Madame Cottin, the *Letters* of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse and *Manon Lescaut,* were all written in France, the country in which the flower called Love always wilts before ridicule, is crushed by the claims of the *national* passion, vanity, and never reaches its full bloom.

What is the good of only knowing about love through novels? What would be the use, after having seen it described in hundreds of well-known books, but never having experienced it oneself, of trying to find an explanation of this madness in this book? I will answer like an echo, "It is madness."

Poor disillusioned young woman, do you want to revel once more in what absorbed you so much in years gone by, of which you dared speak to no one, and which nearly caused your downfall? It is for you that I have remodelled this book and tried to make it clearer. When you have read it, never speak of it except slightingly and throw it into your citron-wood bookcase, behind the other books; I should even advise you to leave a few pages uncut.

More than a few pages will be left uncut by that imperfect being who thinks himself a philosopher because he has always remained a stranger to those crazy emotions which make a whole week's happiness depend on a single glance. Other men, again, who have reached middle age, employ all their vanity in trying to forget that at one

time they were able to humble themselves sufficiently to woo a woman and to lay themselves open to the indignity of a refusal; they too will hate this book. Amongst all the intelligent people whom I have seen condemn this work for various reasons, but always with irritation, none have seemed to me ridiculous except those who suffer from the double vanity of claiming always to have been above all the frailties of the heart, whilst at the same time possessing sufficient discrimination to be able to judge *a priori* of the degree of accuracy of a philosophic treatise, which is nothing more than a coherent description of all those frailties.

Those solemn personages who enjoy the reputation in the world of being wise and quite unromantic, are much nearer to understanding a novel, however passionate it may be, than a philosophical book in which the author dispassionately describes the different phases of that soul-sickness called *Love*. The novel does stir them a little, but when they come to the philosophic treatise, these wiseacres are like blind men having a description of the pictures in a Gallery read to them, and afterwards saying to the author: "You must admit, Sir, that your work is horribly vague." And what will happen if these blind men consider themselves to be persons of intelligence, who have long enjoyed that distinction and have a sovereign claim to perspicacity? The poor author will be prettily treated! This is precisely what did happen to him when the first edition appeared. Several copies were actually burnt through the vanity and fury of highly intelligent persons. I say nothing of the insults rendered hardly less flattering by the rage that inspired them; the author was declared to be coarse, immoral, a public danger, and was accused of writing down to the people. In countries worn out by monarchy, these epithets are the surest reward of any one who presumes to write on ethics and does not dedicate his book to the Madame Dubarry of

the day. How happy literature would be if it were not fashionable, and if only the people for whom it exists troubled about it! At the time of the Cid, Corneille was merely a "fellow" to the Marquis de Danjeau.[3] Nowadays every one thinks himself fit to read Monsieur de Lamartine; all the better for his bookseller, but all the worse, a hundred times worse, for that great poet. In our days genius has an attraction for creatures of whom it ought never even to think without condescension.

The laborious, active, eminently worthy and practical life of a privy councillor, of a manufacturer of cotton goods, or of a banker with a shrewd eye to loans, is rewarded by wealth and not by tender emotions. Little by little the hearts of these gentlemen become ossified; facts and utilitarianism are everything to them, and their minds are closed to that one of all emotions which has the greatest need of leisure and which makes those who labour under it incapable of any rational or coherent occupation.

The whole of this preface is written only in order to proclaim that this book has the misfortune of being comprehensible only to those people who have found the leisure in which to commit follies. Many people will consider themselves offended, and I only hope that they will stop at that.

[3] See the *Memoires de Danjeau* (Genlis edition, page 120).

SECOND PREFACE[1]

I ONLY write for about a hundred readers, and about those unhappy, amiable, simple, non-moral beings whom I want to please; I only know one or two. With all those people who tell lies to get a reputation as writers I am not concerned. Fine ladies should read their housekeeping accounts and the fashionable preacher of the moment, whether it be Massillon or Madame Necker, so as to be able to talk about them to the sedate ladies who establish reputations. And be it well noted that no writer obtains this coveted distinction in France except by constituting himself the high priest of some foolery or other.

I would like to ask any one who wanted to read this book: "Have you ever in your life been unhappy for six months through love?"

Or, if your heart has never experienced any sorrow deeper than that of pondering on a lawsuit, or of not being returned at the last parliamentary election, or of being considered less witty than usual at the last season at Aix, I will go on with my indiscreet questions and I shall ask you if during the year you have read any of those impertinent works which compel the reader to think? J.-J. Rousseau's *Émile*, for instance, or the six volumes of Montaigne? For if you have never suffered through that weakness of noble minds, and if you are not accustomed, in defiance of nature, to think whilst reading, this book will make you angry with its author, for it will lead you to suspect the existence of a form of happiness which is unknown to you, but which was known to Mademoiselle de Lespinasse.

1 May, 1834.

THIRD PREFACE[1]

I MUST crave the reader's indulgence for the peculiar form which this *Physiology of Love* takes.

It is twenty-eight years (in 1842) since the upheavals following on the fall of Napoleon deprived me of my position in life. Two years before, chance had cast me, immediately after the horrors of the retreat from Russia, into the midst of a delightful town where I counted on spending the rest of my life, a prospect which really charmed me. In smiling Lombardy, in Milan, in Venice, the great, or to be more accurate, the only business in life is pleasure. No one pays any attention to the lives and actions of his neighbour; he hardly troubles about the things that happen to himself. If he is aware of his neighbour's existence, he never dreams of hating him. But remove jealousy from the list of occupations in a French provincial town, and what is left? The total absence, the impracticability of this bitter jealousy is the most real of all the joys that draw men from the provinces to Paris.

Following on the masked balls of the 1820 carnival, which were more brilliant than usual, Milan society witnessed the occurrence of five or six completely crazy incidents; even though in that land people are accustomed to things which would be thought incredible in France, these incidents occupied them for a whole month. The fear of ridicule would restrain such fantastic actions in this country; I have to summon up all my courage even to venture to speak of them.

[1] March 15, 1842. [Eight days before Beyle's death. Translator's Note.]

One evening during an earnest discussion on the causes and effects of these extravagant events at the house of the charming Signora Pietra Grua, who, strange to say, was not mixed up in any of these follies, it struck me that perhaps in a year's time I would only retain a very vague recollection of all these strange facts and of the causes to which they were being attributed. I took a concert programme and wrote a few words on it in pencil. A game of faro was suggested; thirty of us took our places round the green board; but the conversation was so absorbing that the game was forgotten. Towards the end of the evening Colonel Scotti came in, one of the most popular men in the Italian army; he was asked for his contribution to the circumstances bearing on the strange facts that were occupying our attention; whereupon he told us certain things which had come to his knowledge by chance and which put an entirely new complexion on the matter. I took my concert programme again and added these new circumstances.

This collection of particulars on the subject of Love was continued in the same way, in pencil and on scraps of paper filched from the drawing-rooms where I heard the stories. I soon began to seek a formula by which to know the various stages. Two months later the fear of being taken for a Carbonaro made me return to Paris for a few months only, as I thought; but I have never again set eyes on Milan where I had spent seven years.

In Paris I was dying of boredom; I decided to renew my interest in the delightful country from which fear had driven me; I made all my scraps of paper into a bundle and gave it to a bookseller; but a difficulty soon arose; the printer declared that it was impossible for him to work on notes scribbled in pencil. I saw at once that he considered the task to be beneath his dignity. The young printer's apprentice who brought me back my notes seemed quite ashamed of the poor compliment which he had been

charged to convey; he knew how to write: I dictated my pencilled notes to him.

I realized that I owed it to discretion to change all proper names and especially to cut down the anecdotes. Even though no one ever reads in Milan, this book, if it ever reached there, would have seemed an atrocious piece of bad taste.

The book I published was therefore very unfortunate. I am willing to admit that at that period I had the audacity to despise elegance of style. I saw the young apprentice fully occupied in avoiding ugly endings to sentences and strings of awkward sounding words. On the other hand he constantly altered the details of circumstances that were difficult to express: even Voltaire shrank from things that were hard to put into words.

The only value of the *Essay on Love* lay in the number of small shades of emotion which I begged the reader to verify from his own experiences if he were lucky enough to have had any. But that was not the worst of it; I was then, as always, very inexperienced in literary matters; the bookseller to whom I had given the manuscript printed it on bad paper and in an awkward format. Moreover, at the end of a month when I asked him for news of the book he answered: "It's as if it had a spell on it—no one will touch it."

I never dreamt of soliciting articles about it in the papers; such a proceeding would have seemed ignominious to me. And yet no book ever had a more urgent need of being recommended to a reader's patience. Under pain of appearing unintelligible from the very beginning, I thrust on the public the new word *crystallization,* coined to express vividly that mass of strange fancies which one imagines to be true and even indisputable facts in connection with the person one loves.

In those days, wrapped up in my love for the smallest details connected with that Italy which I adored, I care-

fully avoided any concession, or any refinement of style which might have made my *Essay on Love* appear less strangely fantastic to the eyes of literary men.

Moreover, I did not flatter the public; it was the period in which, ruffled by our misfortunes which were so great and so recent, literature seemed to have no other object but that of consoling our wounded vanity; "glory" was made to rhyme with "victory," and, by a stretch of the imagination, "warriors" with "laurels." The irritating literature of that period never seemed to try to grasp the true facts of the subjects with which it claimed to deal; all that it wanted was an opportunity of showering compliments on that people enslaved to fashion, which a great man had called a great nation, quite oblivious to the fact that it was only great so long as he was at its head.

The result of my ignorance of the conditions necessary to the most insignificant success was that between 1822 and 1823 I found only seventeen readers; after twenty years the *Essay on Love* has hardly been understood by a hundred readers who have bought it out of curiosity. A few of them have had the patience to note the different phases of this malady in people suffering from it around them; for, to understand this passion which the fear of ridicule has kept so carefully hidden amongst us for thirty years, it must be spoken of as of a malady; it is by this means that one can sometimes effect its cure.

It is, indeed, only after half a century of revolutions which one by one have absorbed all our attention, and after five complete changes in the form and aims of our government, that any revolution is taking place in our daily life. Love, or what most commonly takes its place, stealing its name, Love was all powerful in France under Louis XV: the commands of regiments were distributed by Court Ladies, and to be one was the best position to hold in the land. Fifty years have passed, the Court has

disappeared, and the most influential woman of the ruling middle classes or the sulking aristocracy could not manage to appoint any one to a government tobacconist's shop in a country village.

It must be confessed that women are no longer in fashion; in our brilliant drawing-rooms young men of twenty make a point of not speaking to them at all; they much prefer to surround some coarse speaker holding forth in a provincial accent on the subject of the suffrage, and to put an occasional word in themselves. The rich young men who pride themselves on being frivolous so as to appear to carry on the tradition of good-fellowship, prefer talking "horse" and gambling high in clubs to which women are not admitted. The deadly composure which seems to dominate the relations of young men with women of twenty-five thrust back into Society by the boredom of married life, will perhaps make certain discriminating persons welcome this scrupulously accurate description of the successive stages of the malady called Love.

The frightful upheaval which has cast us into such real gloom and which has made the social life of 1778 unintelligible as we find it in the letters of Diderot to Mademoiselle Voland, his mistress, or in the Memoirs of Madame d'Épinay, may lead us to enquire which of our successive governments has killed the power of enjoyment in us and has reconciled us to the most dreary nation in the world. We do not even know how to imitate their Parliament and the straightforwardness of their political parties, the only tolerable thing they have ever invented. On the other hand, the most stupid of their wretched conceits, the sense of dignity, has come to take the place of our former French gaiety, which is now to be found nowhere save at the five hundred dance halls in the suburbs of Paris and in the South of France beyond Bordeaux.

But which of our successive governments is responsible for the appalling misfortune of having *Anglicised* us? Must we accuse the energetic government of 1793 which prevented foreigners from pitching their camps on Montmartre, that government which in a few years will appear heroic to us and which was a worthy prelude to the one which, under Napoleon, was to carry our name into every capital of Europe?

We shall forget the well-meant blunders of the Directory, saved by the brilliance of Carnot and the immortal campaign of 1796-1797 in Italy.

The corruption of the Court of Barras recalled once more the gaiety of the old order; the charm of Madame Bonaparte showed that at that time at any rate we had no use for the surliness and arrogance of the English.

The profound respect which, in spite of the prejudice of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, we could not help having for the method of government of the First Consul, and the men of exceptional intelligence who adorned Society, such as the Cretets, the Darus, etc., prevent us from making the Empire responsible for the remarkable change which has taken place in the French character during the first half of the nineteenth century.

It is unnecessary to push my enquiries any further; the reader will reflect and will doubtless draw his own conclusions. . . .

ON LOVE

BOOK I

CHAPTER ONE

ON LOVE

I AM trying to account for that passion all of whose developments are inherently beautiful.

There are four different kinds of love:

1. Passion-love, that of the Portuguese Nun, of Héloïse for Abélard, of Captain de Vésel, of the Cento man-at-arms [1].

2. Sympathy-love, such as was prevalent in Paris in 1760, and is found in the memoirs and romances of that period, in Crébillon, Lauzun, Duclos, Marmontel, Chamfort, Madame d'Épinay, etc., etc.

It is a picture in which everything, even to the shadows, must be rose coloured, and into which nothing unpleasant must intrude under any pretext whatever, at the risk of infringing custom, fashion, refinement, etc. A well-bred man knows in advance everything that he must do and expect in the various stages of this kind of love; as there is nothing passionate or unexpected about it, it is often more refined than real love, for it is always sprightly; it is like a cold and pretty miniature compared with a picture by the Caracci; and, whereas passion-love carries us away against all our interests, sympathy-love always knows how to adjust itself to them. It is true that if you strip this poor form of love of its vanity, very little re-

1 Monsieur Beyle's friends often asked him who this captain and this man-at-arms were; he always replied that he had forgotten their story. [Note in the first complete edition. Calmann-Levy, 1853.]

mains; without its vanity, it is like a feeble convalescent who is scarcely able to drag himself along.

3. Sensual love.

Whilst out shooting, to meet a fresh, pretty country girl who darts away into a wood. Every one knows the love founded on pleasures of this kind; however unromantic and wretched one's character, it is there that one starts at the age of sixteen.

4. Vanity-love.

The great majority of men, especially in France, desire and possess a fashionable woman as they would possess a fine horse, as a necessary luxury for a young man. Their vanity, more or less flattered and more or less stimulated, gives rise to rapture. Sometimes sensual love is present also, but not always; often there is not even sensual pleasure. The Duchesse de Chaulnes used to say that a duchess is never more than thirty years old to a snob; and people who frequented the Court of that upright man, King Louis of Holland, still recall with amusement a pretty woman at the Hague who could never bring herself to think a man anything but charming if he was a Duke or a Prince. But, faithful to the monarchic principle, as soon as a Prince arrived at Court she dropped the Duke. She was a kind of insignia of the Corps Diplomatique.

The most agreeable form of this rather insipid relationship is the one in which sensual pleasure is increased by habit. In that case past memories make it seem something like real love; there is piqued vanity and sadness on being abandoned; and, becoming seized by romantic ideas, you begin to think you are in love and melancholy, for your vanity always aspires to have a great passion to its credit. The one thing certain is that to whatever kind of love one owes one's pleasures, so long as they are accompanied by mental exhilaration, they are

very keen and their memory is entrancing; and in this passion, contrary to most others, the memory of what we have lost always seems sweeter than anything that we can hope for in the future.

Sometimes, in vanity-love, habit and the despair of finding anything better produces a kind of friendship, the least agreeable of all its kinds; it prides itself on its *security*, etc.[2]

Sensual pleasure, being part of our nature, is within the grasp of every one, but it only holds a very low place in the eyes of tender and passionate beings. Although they may be ridiculous in drawing-rooms, although worldly people may often make them unhappy by their intrigues, on the other hand they taste pleasures utterly inaccessible to those hearts who only thrill to vanity or to gold.

Some virtuous and affectionate women have almost no idea at all of sensual pleasure; they have only very rarely laid themselves open to it, if I may put it so, and even then the raptures of passion-love have almost made them forget the pleasures of the body.

Some men are the victims and instruments of a satanic pride, a sort of Alfieri pride. These people, who are perhaps cruel because, like Nero, they live in constant fear, judging every one by their own heart, these people, I say, cannot obtain any sensual pleasure unless it is accompanied by circumstances which flatter their pride abnormally, that is to say, unless they can perpetrate some cruelty on the companion of their pleasures. Hence the horrors of *Justine*. These men cannot feel the emotion of security with anything less.

However, instead of distinguishing four different kinds of love, one could easily adopt eight or ten shades. There

[2] Compare the famous dialogue between Pont de Veyle and Madame du Deffand, at the fireside.

are perhaps as many different ways of feeling as of seeing amongst men; but these differences in terms do not affect the reasoning that follows. Every kind of love that one meets here below is born, lives, dies or becomes immortal, according to the same laws.[3]

[3] This first book is a free translation from an Italian manuscript of Lisio Visconti, a young man of the highest distinction, who died a short while ago at Volterra, his native town. On the day of his unexpected death he gave the translator permission to publish his essay on Love, if he could find some means of reducing it to a suitable form. Castel Fiorentino, 10 June, 1819.

CHAPTER TWO

THE BIRTH OF LOVE

THIS is what goes on in the mind:

1. Admiration.

2. One says to one's self: "How delightful to kiss her, to be kissed in return," etc.

3. Hope.

One studies her perfections. It is at this moment that a woman should surrender herself, to get the greatest possible sensual pleasure. The eyes of even the most modest women light up the moment hope is born; passion is so strong and pleasure is so acute that they betray themselves in the most obvious manner.

4. Love is born.

To love is to derive pleasure from seeing, touching and feeling through all one's senses and as closely as possible, a lovable person who loves us.

5. The first crystallization [1] begins.

We take a joy in attributing a thousand perfections to a woman of whose love we are sure; we analyze all our happiness with intense satisfaction. This reduces itself to giving ourselves an exaggerated idea of a magnificent possession which has just fallen to us from Heaven in some way we do not understand, and the continued possession of which is assured to us.

This is what you will find if you let a lover turn things over in his mind for twenty-four hours.

[1] For a fuller explanation of this word see *The Salzburg Bough* in the Appendix, page 362.

In the salt mines of Salzburg a bough stripped of its leaves by winter is thrown into the depths of the disused workings; two or three months later it is pulled out again, covered with brilliant crystals: even the tiniest twigs, no bigger than a tomtit's claw, are spangled with a vast number of shimmering, glittering diamonds, so that the original bough is no longer recognizable.

I call crystallization that process of the mind which discovers fresh perfections in its beloved at every turn of events.

For instance, should a traveller speak of the coolness of Genoese orange groves by the seashore on a scorching summer day, you immediately think how delightful it would be to enjoy this coolness in her company!

One of your friends breaks his arm out hunting: how sweet, you think, to be nursed by a woman you love! To be with her always and to revel in her constant love would almost make your pain blessèd; and you leave your friend's broken arm still more firmly convinced of the angelic sweetness of your mistress. In short, it is sufficient to think of a perfection in order to see it in the person you love.

This phenomenon which I have allowed myself to call *crystallization,* arises from the promptings of Nature which urge us to enjoy ourselves and drive the blood to our brains, from the feeling that our delight increases with the perfections of the beloved, and from the thought: "She is mine." The savage has no time to get beyond the first step. He grasps his pleasures, but his brain is concentrated on following the buck fleeing from him through the forest, and with whose flesh he must repair his own strength as quickly as possible, at the risk of falling beneath the hatchet of his enemy.

At the other extreme of civilization, I have no doubt that a sensitive woman arrives at the point of experienc-

ing no sensual pleasure except with the man she loves.[2] This is in direct opposition to the savage. But, amongst civilized communities woman has plenty of leisure, whilst the savage lives so close to essentials that he is obliged to treat his female as a beast of burden. If the females of many animals have an easier lot, it is only because the subsistence of the males is more assured.

But let us leave the forests and return to Paris. A passionate man sees nothing but perfection in the woman he loves; and yet his affections may still wander, for the spirit wearies of monotony, even in the case of the most perfect happiness.[3]

So what happens to rivet his attention is this:

6. Doubt is born.

When his hopes have first of all been raised and then confirmed by ten or a dozen glances, or a whole series of other actions which may be compressed into a moment or spread over several days, the lover, recovering from his first amazement and growing used to his happiness, or perhaps merely guided by theory which, based always on his most frequent experiences, is really only correct in the case of light women, the lover, I say, demands more positive proofs of love and wants to advance the moment of his happiness.

If he takes too much for granted he will be met with indifference,[4] coldness or even anger: in France there

2 If this peculiarity is not found in man, it is because he never has for one moment any modesty to sacrifice.

3 That is to say that each shade of experience only gives one instant of perfect happiness, but the signs of passion in a man change ten times a day.

4 What the seventeenth century romances called *love at first sight*, which decides once for all the destiny of the hero and his mistress, is an emotion of the heart which, in spite of having been abused by a vast number of scribblers, nonetheless exists in Nature; it arises from any such defensive manœuvre be-

will be a suggestion of irony which seems to say: "You think you have made more progress than you really have." A woman behaves in this way either because she is recovering from a moment of intoxication and obeys the behests of modesty, which she is alarmed at having transgressed, or merely from prudence or coquettishness.

The lover begins to be less sure of the happiness which he has promised himself; he begins to criticize the reasons he gave himself for hoping.

He tries to fall back on the other pleasures of life. *He finds they no longer exist.* He is seized with a dread of appalling misery, and his attention becomes concentrated.

7. Second crystallization.

Now begins the second crystallization, producing as its diamonds various confirmations of the following idea: "She loves me."

Every quarter of an hour, during the night following the birth of doubt, after a moment of terrible misery, the lover says to himself: "Yes, she loves me"; and crystallization sets to work to discover fresh charms; then gaunt-eyed doubt grips him again and pulls him up with a jerk. His heart misses a beat; he says to himself: "But does she love me?" Through all these harrowing and delicious alternations the poor lover feels acutely: "With her I would experience joys which she alone in the world could give me."

It is the clearness of this truth and the path he treads between an appalling abyss and the most perfect happiness, that make the second crystallization appear to be so very much more important than the first.

coming impossible. The woman who is in love finds too much happiness in the emotions she experiences to be able to succeed in dissembling; tired of prudence, she throws caution to the winds, and gives herself up blindly to the joy of loving. Caution makes love at first sight impossible.

The lover hovers incessantly amongst these three ideas:

1. She is perfect in every way.
2. She loves me.
3. How can I get the strongest possible proof of her love for me?

The most heartrending moment in love that is still young is when it finds that it has been wrong in its chain of reasoning and must destroy a whole agglomeration of crystals.

Even the fact of crystallization itself begins to appear doubtful.

CHAPTER THREE

HOPE

A VERY small degree of hope is sufficient to cause the birth of love.

Hope may subsequently fail at the end of two or three days, but love is none the less born.

In the case of a decided, bold and impetuous character and an imagination developed by the misfortunes of life: The degree of hope may be smaller.

It may cease earlier, without destroying love.

If the lover has suffered misfortunes, if he has a sensitive and thoughtful nature, if other women have no further interest for him, if he has an intense admiration for the particular person in question, no ordinary pleasure can distract him from the second crystallization. He would rather dream of the most remote chance of attracting her in the future than receive from any ordinary woman everything she has to offer.

To put a stop to this, it would be necessary for the woman he loves to kill his hope at that precise moment (later, mark you, it would be useless), in the most cruel way, holding him up to that public contempt which makes it impossible ever to see people again.

The birth of love allows of much longer intervals between all these periods, but it requires much greater and much more sustained hope in the case of people who are temperamentally cold, phlegmatic and cautious. The same applies to people who have passed their first youth.

The thing that ensures the duration of love is the second crystallization, during which at every moment one realizes that one must either be loved or perish. How, with this conviction ever present in one's mind, and grown into a habit by several months of love, can one bear even the thought of ceasing to love? The more determined a man's character, the less liable is he to be inconstant.

This second crystallization is practically non-existent in love inspired by women who surrender themselves too quickly.

As soon as the crystallizations have taken place, especially the second one, which is much the stronger, indifferent eyes no longer recognize the bough:

For, 1. It is adorned by perfections or diamonds which they do not see;

2. It is adorned by perfections which are not perfections in their sight.

The perfection of certain charms which are commented on by an old friend of his mistress and a certain kindling in her eyes as he does so are a diamond in Del Rosso's crystallization.[1] These things noticed during the evening make him dream all night.

1 I have called this book a book of ideology. My object in doing so was to point out that, although it was called *Love*, it was not a novel, and above all that it was not amusing in the way a novel is. I apologize to philosophers for having taken the word ideology; I certainly do not intend to usurp a title to which some one else has the right. If ideology is a minute description of ideas and of all their component parts, the present book is a minutely detailed description of all the emotions that go to make up the passion called *love*. Subsequently I draw certain conclusions from this description, as, for instance, the means of curing love. I know of no Greek word to describe a dissertation on emotions, in the way that ideology denotes a dissertation on ideas. I might have had a word invented for me by some of my learned friends, but I am already sufficiently vexed at having had to adopt the new word crystallization, and,

An unexpected answer which gives me a clearer insight into a mind at once tender, generous, ardent, or, as it is commonly called, *romantic*,[2] and one which places above the happiness of kings the simple pleasure of strolling

very possibly, if this essay finds any readers, they will not even allow me this one. I confess that it would have shown much literary talent to have avoided it; I tried to do so, but without success. Without this word, which, to my idea, expresses the principal phenomenon of this folly called love, which folly nevertheless procures for mankind the greatest pleasures that their species is given to enjoy on earth, without the use of this word which I very nearly replaced by cumbersome periphrasis, the description which I give of what passes in a lover's head and heart would become obscure, dull and tedious, even for me who am the author: what would it have been like to the reader?

I invite the reader, therefore, who is shocked by this word *crystallization*, to close the book. It is not my desire, and this is probably fortunate for me, to have a lot of readers. It would be very pleasant to me really to delight thirty or forty people in Paris whom I shall never see, but whom I love madly, even though I do not know them. Some young Madame Roland, for instance, reading on the sly some book which she hides quickly, at the least sound, in her father's worktable, he being a watch case engraver. A soul like that of Madame Roland will forgive me, I hope, not only the word *crystallization* used to express that act of folly which makes us attribute every beauty and every kind of perfection to the woman we are beginning to love, but also many over-daring ellipses. She has only to take a pencil and to fill in the five or six missing words between the lines.

[2] All her actions had at first that heavenly quality about them that suddenly make a man a separate being, different from all others. I imagined I read in her eyes that thirst for a sublimer bliss, that unexpressed melancholy which yearns for something better than we find here below, and which, in every situation in which fortune or revolution can place a delicate soul,

> . . . . Still prompts the celestial sight,
> For which we wish to live or dare to die.
>
> (Ultima lettera di Bianca a sua madre. Forli, 1817.)

alone at midnight with one's lover in a lonely wood, makes me too dream all night.[3]

He may call my mistress a prude; I will call his a strumpet.

[3] It is only in order to be brief, and to be able to depict the innermost feelings of the heart, that the author employs the first person in describing many sensations which are strange to him; nothing that ever happened to him personally is worth being mentioned.

CHAPTER FOUR

IN the mind of a completely unbiased person, that, for instance, of a young girl living in a country house in an isolated part of the country—the most insignificant unexpected event may lead to a little admiration, and if this is followed by the slightest ray of hope, it causes the birth of love and crystallization.

In a case of this kind, the first attraction of love is that it is a distraction.

Surprise and hope are powerfully assisted by the need of love and the melancholy which one has at the age of sixteen. It is fairly clear that the main anxiety of that age is a thirst for love, and it is characteristic of that thirst not to be unreasonably particular about the kind of draught that chance may offer to slake it.

Let us recapitulate the seven stages of love; these are:

1. Admiration;
2. One says to one's self, "What pleasure," etc.;
3. Hope;
4. Love is born;
5. The first crystallization;
6. Doubt is born;
7. Second crystallization.

A year may elapse between 1 and 2, a month between 2 and 3; if hope does not come quickly, one renounces 2 imperceptibly, as causing too much unhappiness.

Between 3 and 4 there is but the twinkling of an eye.

There is no interval between 4 and 5. Only the degree of intimacy separates them.

A few days, more or less, in accordance with the degree of impetuosity and the boldness of the individual, may elapse between 5 and 6, and there is no interval between 6 and 7.

CHAPTER FIVE

MAN is not free to refuse to do the thing which gives him more pleasure than any other conceivable action.[1]

Love is like a fever; it comes and goes without the will having any part in the process. That is one of the principal differences between sympathy-love and passion-love, and one can only congratulate one's self on the fine qualities of the person one loves as on a lucky chance.

Love, indeed, belongs to every age: take, for instance, the passion of Madame du Deffand for the unattractive Horace Walpole. In Paris a more recent and above all a more pleasant example is perhaps still remembered.

I will only admit, as proofs of great passion, those of its consequences which are ridiculous; for example, shyness is a proof of love; I say nothing of the false shame of the boy who has just left school.

[1] Good education, from the standpoint of crime, consists in causing remorse which, when foreseen, weighs in the balance on the side of doing right.

CHAPTER SIX

THE SALZBURG BOUGH

DURING love, crystallization hardly ever stops. This is its history: so long as you are on a distant footing with the person you love, crystallization takes place from an *imaginary solution;* it is only in your imagination that you are certain of the existence of any particular perfection in the woman you love. After you have arrived at terms of intimacy, constantly renewed fears are calmed by more real solutions. In this way, happiness is never uniform except in its source. Every day has a different flower.

If the loved woman surrenders to the passion she feels and falls into the grievous error of killing fear by the ardour of her transports,[1] crystallization stops for a moment; but, when love loses its ardour, that is to say, its fears, it acquires the charm of complete unconstraint, of boundless confidence, and a sweet familiarity comes to deaden all the sorrows of life and bring fresh interest into one's pleasures.

If you are deserted, crystallization starts again; and the thought of every act of admiration and each delight which she can bestow on you and of which you had ceased to think, ends in this harrowing reflection: "That rapturous joy will *never* be mine again! And it is through my own fault that I have lost it!" If you try to find happiness in emotions of a different kind your heart refuses to react to them. Your imagination shows you

1 Diane de Poitiers, in *La Princesse de Clèves.*

clearly the physical aspect of the position, placing you on a swift hunter in Devonshire woods.[2] But you are quite aware that it would give you no pleasure. It is the sort of optical illusion produced by a pistol shot.

Gambling also produces its crystallization, stimulated by the thought of what you will do with the money you are going to win.

The chances of Court life, so regretted by the nobility, under the title of legitimism, were only attractive in the crystallizations which they produced. There was no courtier who did not dream of the rapid rise to fortune of a Luynes or a Lauzun, and no charming woman who did not dream of the duchy of Madame de Polignac. No rational government will ever be able to give that crystallization again. Nothing is so inimical to imagination as the government of the United States of America. We have seen that their savage neighbours know hardly anything of crystallization. The Romans had scarcely any idea of it at all, and only experienced it through sensual love.

Hatred has its crystallizations; as soon as one sees a chance of revenge, one begins to hate again.

That every creed in which there is anything absurd or unproven always tends to place the most ridiculous people at the head of its affairs, is but one more of the effects of crystallization. There is even crystallization in mathematics (*e. g.*, the Newtonians in 1740) in the minds of those who cannot visualize at the same moment all the steps of the processes in which they believe.

As a proof of this we may take the destiny of the great German philosophers, whose so often proclaimed immor-

[2] For, had you been able to imagine that happiness would lie in that direction, you would have bestowed on your mistress the exclusive privilege of conferring this happiness on you.

tality is never able to last for more than thirty or forty years.

It is because he cannot give an accurate account of the *reason* for his emotions that even the wisest man is fanatical on the subject of music.

One cannot at will convince one's self that one is right against any one who contradicts one.

CHAPTER SEVEN

DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE BIRTH OF LOVE IN THE TWO SEXES

WOMEN attach themselves by their favours. As nineteen-twentieths of their ordinary day-dreams are connected with love, these day-dreams are all concentrated on one person after intimacy; they endeavour to justify such an extraordinary proceeding, so decisive and so contrary to all the habits of modesty. Men have no task of this kind to perform; later, a woman's imagination pictures minutely and at her leisure such moments of delight.

Since love makes one doubt even the most clearly proven things, the woman who before intimacy was so sure that her lover was a man above the common herd, is terrified lest he has only been trying to add another woman to his list of conquests, as soon as she thinks she has nothing more to refuse him.

That is the moment for the appearance of the second crystallization which, because of the fear that accompanies it, is much the stronger.[1]

A woman thinks that from being a queen she has made herself a slave. This state of mind and soul is encouraged by the nervous intoxication which is the result of indulgence in pleasures which are all the more emotional in proportion to the rarity of their occurrence. Again, a

[1] This second crystallization does not occur with light women who are quite remote from all these romantic ideas.

woman seated before her embroidery frame, a dull form of work which only occupies her hands, dreams of her lover, whereas he, galloping across the plains with his squadron, is in a position where the slightest miscalculation may lead to his being placed under arrest.

I should imagine, therefore, that the second crystallization is much stronger in the case of women, because they have more to fear, their vanity and honour are at stake, and they have less to distract them from it.

A woman cannot be guided by the habit of reasoning which I, as a man, am forced to contract at my desk, working six hours a day at cold and rational affairs. Even in things unconnected with love they are apt to yield to their imagination and to their natural excitability; consequently the consciousness of faults in the object of their affections should fade away more rapidly with them.

It is obvious that women prefer emotions to reasoning. Since by virtue of general custom they are not saddled with any of the business affairs of a family, reason never comes within the sphere of their activities, nor do they ever realize its uses.

On the contrary, it is always a source of irritation to them, for the only time they come across it is when they are being scolded for enjoying themselves on the previous day or are being forbidden to enjoy themselves on the morrow.

Hand over to your wife the management of your affairs with the tenants of a couple of your properties, and I wager that the books will be kept better than by you, and then, poor despot, you will at least have the *right* to complain, since you do not possess the art of making yourself loved. As soon as women embark on abstract reasoning, they create love unconsciously. In matters of detail they pride themselves on being more strict and more accurate than men. Half the small shopkeeping business is con-

fided to women, who manage it better than their husbands. It is a well-known maxim that if you discuss business matters with them, you cannot be too serious about it.

The fact is that women are always eagerly on the look-out for any emotion: take the case of the pleasures connected with a Scotch funeral.

CHAPTER EIGHT

This was her favoured fairy realm, and here she erected her aerial palaces.

The Bride of Lammermoor, Ch. III.

A GIRL of eighteen has not enough crystallization in her power, and her desires are too limited by the small experience she has of life, to be capable of loving with as much passion as a woman of twenty-eight.

This evening I propounded this theory to a woman of intelligence who holds the opposite view. "Since the imagination of a young girl has not been chilled by any disagreeable experience and the fire of her youth still glows with all its first ardour, it is possible for her to create in her mind a ravishing picture of any man. Every time she meets this lover of hers, she will take a delight, not in what he actually is, but in the delicious picture she has of him in her mind.

"Later, when she is disillusioned about this lover and indeed about all men, experience of bitter reality has lessened the power of crystallization in her, and distrust has clipped imagination's wings. No matter what other man appears, even if he be a prodigy of charm, she will never be able to form such an enchanting picture of him; consequently, she will be incapable of the same ardent love that she experienced in her first youth. And as in love one only enjoys the illusion one creates for one's self, the image which she can create at the age of twenty-eight will never be so dazzling and sublime as that on which was founded her first love at the age of sixteen, and the second

love will always seem to be a degenerate species by comparison."

"But no, madam, the presence of distrust which was absent at the age of sixteen must obviously put a different complexion on this second love. In early youth love is like a broad river sweeping everything along in its course, which one feels it would be useless to resist. Now, at twenty-eight a tender heart knows itself; it knows that if there is to be any more happiness in its life, it is of love that it must demand it; a terrible struggle between love and distrust takes place in this poor restless heart. Crystallization progresses slowly; but when it does emerge triumphant from that terrible ordeal in which the action of the mind takes place in full view of the most appalling danger, it is a million times more brilliant and more solid than crystallization at the age of sixteen whose privilege it is to be gay and happy.

"So that love at twenty-eight should be less gay and more passionate." [1]

This conversation (Bologna, May 9, 1820) which disputes a point which I had thought so clear, convinces me more and more that it is impossible for a man to throw any real light upon what takes place in the depths of a sensitive woman's heart; in dealing with a coquette, it is quite another matter: we have understanding and vanity ourselves.

The difference between the birth of love in the two sexes appears to arise from the quality of the hope they entertain, which is not the same in each case. One attacks and the other defends; one asks and the other refuses; one is bold, the other shy.

Man asks himself: "Can I attract her? Will she love me?"

[1] Epicurus used to say that discrimination is necessary for the enjoyment of pleasure.

Woman says: "Is he only amusing himself when he says he loves me? Is he reliable? Can he be sure of his sentiments not changing too quickly?" It is for this reason that many women look upon a young man of twenty-three as a child, and treat him accordingly; but if he has been through half a dozen campaigns, this alters matters; he is a young hero.

For a man, the presence of hope simply depends on the actions of the person whom he loves, and nothing is more easy of interpretation. With women, hope must be founded on ethical considerations which are very difficult to appreciate properly. The majority of men insist on some proof of love which they consider will dispel all their doubts; women are not fortunate enough to be able to admit any such proof; there is this unfortunate peculiarity about life, that the same thing that makes for the security and happiness of one of the lovers, makes for danger and almost humiliation for the other.

In love, men run the risk of secret mental torture, women expose themselves to the laughter of the world; they are much more timid, and, besides, public opinion means so much more to them for *"Be respected, that is essential."* [2]

They have no sure way, as men have, of capturing public opinion by exposing their lives for a few moments.

Women, therefore, have to be very much more cautious. By virtue of their way of life, all the intellectual movements in which the birth of love consists, are with them more delicate, more retiring, gentler and less decided; they are therefore more disposed to constancy; consequently they must find it more difficult to arrest the process of crystallization once it has begun.

[2] This recalls the maxim of Beaumarchais: "Nature says to a woman: 'Be beautiful if you can, wise if you want to, but be respected, that is essential.'" In France, without respect there is no admiration, and consequently no love.

A woman, at the sight of her lover, either reflects rapidly or yields herself to the joy of loving, a joy which is disagreeably checked should he make the least aggressive movement, as she must abandon all her enjoyment and think only of protecting herself.

The lover's part is simpler; he gazes into the eyes of the lady whom he loves: one smile from her can lift him to pinnacles of happiness, and this is what he is always seeking.[3] A long drawn-out siege is humiliating to a man, whereas, on the contrary, it is very flattering to a woman.

A woman is capable of loving and at the same time of only addressing a dozen words to the man she loves in a whole year. Locked in her heart she keeps a record of the times she has seen him; she has been twice with him to the theatre, they dined twice at the same house and he saluted her three times in the street.

One evening, during a game of forfeits, he kissed her hand; it is observed that since then she never lets any one else do so on any pretext, and even at a risk of seeming peculiar.

In a man such conduct would be called feminine, Leonora used to tell us.

[3] Quando leggemmo il disiato riso
Esser bacciato da cotanto amante,
Costui che mai da me non fia diviso,
La bocca mi bacciò tutto tremante.

DANTE, *Inferno*, Canto V.
(*Francesca da Rimini*)

CHAPTER NINE

I AM making every possible effort to be matter-of-fact. I want to impose silence on my heart, which wants to say too much. I am always afraid of only having put down a sigh when I imagine myself to have recorded a truth.

CHAPTER TEN

EXAMPLES OF CRYSTALLIZATION

TO prove my point about crystallization I will content myself with recalling the following anecdote.[1]

A girl heard that Edward, a relation of hers, who was coming home from the Army, was a young man of the greatest distinction; she was assured that he loved her already from the description of her that had been given him; but that he would probably prefer to see her before declaring himself and asking her parents for her hand. She saw a young stranger in church and heard some one call him Edward; her thoughts began to dwell on him and she fell in love with him. A week later the real Edward appeared and proved not to be the one she saw in church. The colour left her face and had she been compelled to marry him she would have been unhappy for ever.

That is what unintelligent people call one of the irrationalities of love.

A generous man showers gifts on a young and poor girl in the most delicate way; he is a man of sterling qualities, and love is just about to be born, but he wears a badly shaped hat, or she notices that he sits his horse awkwardly; whereupon the young girl confesses with a sigh that she cannot return the feelings he shows for her.

A man woos the most well-bred woman of the world; she learns that he has had certain ridiculous physical misfortunes: he immediately becomes unbearable to her. And yet she had never meant to resist him for ever and these

[1] Empoli, June, 1819

secret misfortunes do not affect his intelligence or charm in any way. It is simply that crystallization has been made impossible.

For a human being to be able to enjoy to the full the deification of a charming object, whether it comes from the forests of the Ardennes or from the Bal de Coulon, it must first of all seem to that human being to be quite perfect, not necessarily in every possible particular, but certainly in every visible particular; it will not seem perfect in every respect until after the second crystallization has been working for several days. The reason for this is quite clear, namely, that then it is quite sufficient to think of some perfection to see it in the person one loves.

One sees the extent to which *beauty* is necessary to the birth of love. Its course must not be impeded by ugliness. The lover soon begins to find his mistress beautiful just as she is, without thinking of *true beauty*.

The features which go to make up real beauty would, if he saw them, promise him, if I may so describe it, an amount of happiness which I will express by the number 1, and the features of his mistress, just as they are, promise him 1,000 units of happiness.

Before the birth of love beauty is necessary as an *advertisement*; it predisposes one to this passion by the praise one hears given to the person one loves. Very warm admiration consolidates even the faintest hope.

In sympathy-love and also perhaps during the first five minutes of passion-love, a woman in taking a lover takes more account of the opinion that other women have of him than the opinion she has of him herself.

Hence the success of Princes and Army officers.[2]

2 Those who remarked in the countenance of the Prince a dissolute audacity mingled with extreme haughtiness and indifference to the feelings of others, could not yet deny to his countenance that sort of comeliness which belongs to an open set of features, well formed by nature, modelled by art to the usual rules of

The pretty women of the Court of the aged Louis XIV were all in love with him.

One must be very careful not to encourage hope before being sure of the existence of admiration. Otherwise one will give birth to insipidity, which banishes love for ever, or which at best can only be cured by one's pride being piqued. No one sympathizes with a simpleton, nor with the person who smiles at every one; hence, the necessity in the world for a certain veneer of licentiousness; that is the height of good manners. One is not even rewarded by a smile for plucking too rank a weed. In love, our vanity despises too easy a conquest. And man does not as a rule put a very high value on what is offered to him freely, whatever it may be.

courtesy, yet so far frank and honest, that they seemed as if they disdained to conceal the natural workings of the soul. Such an expression is often mistaken for *manly frankness*, when in truth it arises from the reckless indifference of a libertine disposition conscious of *superiority of birth*, of *wealth* or of some other adventitious advantage totally unconnected with personal merit.

Ivanhoe, Ch. VIII.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

ONCE crystallization has begun, each fresh beauty one discovers in the person one loves is a cause for fresh rapture.

But what is beauty? It is a new faculty for giving you pleasure.

The pleasures of each individual differ from and are often in direct opposition to one another: which readily explains why what is beautiful to one person is ugly to another (*e. g.*, the conclusive example of Del Rosso and Lisio, January 1, 1820).

In order to discover the nature of beauty, we must examine the nature of each person's pleasures; for instance, Del Rosso likes a woman who allows him a few tentative familiarities and who, by her smiles, authorizes him to be extremely free; a woman who always has sensual pleasure before her mind and appeals to the kind of love that Del Rosso possesses and at the same time allows him to expand it.

By love Del Rosso apparently understands sensual love, whilst Lisio understands passion-love. Is it therefore to be expected that their ideas of beauty should be the same?[1]

The beauty you discover being, then, a new faculty for giving you pleasure, and pleasure being of as many different kinds as there are individuals, the crystallization

[1] My own idea of beauty, which is a promise of a character which will be helpful to my mind, is above sensual attraction; such an attraction is only one restricted kind of beauty. 1815.

taking place in the head of each man ought to be characteristic of that man's pleasures.

The crystallization of a man's mistress, or her BEAUTY, is nothing more than the collection of ALL THE SATISFACTIONS and of all the desires that he has successively formed in respect of her.

CHAPTER TWELVE

CRYSTALLIZATION (Continued)

WHY is one so carried away by each fresh beauty that one discovers in the person one loves?

The reason is that each fresh beauty gives you the full and entire satisfaction of a desire. If you want her to be sentimental, she is sentimental; later you want her to be proud like Corneille's Émilie, and although these qualities are probably incompatible, she immediately seems to acquire the Roman spirit. That is the ethical reason for love being the strongest of all the passions. In the case of other passions, one's desires have to accommodate themselves to cold realities; but in the case of love realities model themselves enthusiastically on one's desires; consequently it is the passion in which violent desire is most completely satisfied.

There are certain general conditions of happiness which govern the gratification of any particular desire.

1. She appears to belong to you, for only you can make her happy.

2. She is the judge of your own merit. This condition was one of very great importance at the passionate and chivalric Courts of François I and Henri II, and at the fashionable Court of Louis XV. Under a constitutional and rational government women lose the whole of this sphere of influence.

3. If you have a romantic nature, the more noble her soul, the more supernal and free from the mire of all vul-

gar considerations will be the pleasures which you find within her arms.

Most young Frenchmen of eighteen are followers of J.-J. Rousseau; this third condition of happiness is a very important one for them.

In the midst of processes which are so deceptive to the desire of happiness, one is apt to lose one's head.

The moment he falls in love, even the wisest man no longer sees anything as it really is. He belittles his own qualities and exaggerates the smallest attractions of the person he loves. His fears and hopes at once assume a romantic (wayward) air. He no longer attributes anything to chance; he loses all sense of probability; anything he imagines becomes actual reality so far as its effect on his happiness is concerned.[1]

A dreadful sign that you are losing your head is that in thinking of some insignificant fact, difficult to gauge, you see it white and interpret it as being favourable to your suit; a moment later you see that it is, after all, black, and yet you still find it decidedly in favour of your love.

That is the moment when a man in the toils of mortal doubt feels acutely the need of a friend; but a lover has no friends. They knew that at Court. That is the source of the only kind of indiscretion which a fastidious woman can forgive.

[1] There is an actual physical reason for this, an incipient madness, a rush of blood to the head, an upset of the nervous system and of the brain centre. Take the ephemeral courage of a stag and the train of thought of a soprano. In 1922 physiology will give us the physical side of this phenomenon. I recommend it to the attention of Mr. Edwards.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

THE FIRST STEP, THE FASHIONABLE WORLD AND MISFORTUNES

THE most astounding thing in the passion of love is the first step, and the completeness of the change which takes place in a man's brain.

The fashionable world, with its brilliant social functions, encourages love by being favourable to this first step.

It begins by changing simple admiration (No. 1) into loving admiration (No. 2): "How delightful to kiss her," etc.

A rapid waltz in a drawing-room lit up by innumerable candles, throws young people into a state of intoxication which banishes shyness, increases their sense of power and in the end gives them the courage to fall in love. For to see a very attractive person is not enough; on the contrary, very great attractiveness discourages a sensitive person, who wants to see the object of his affections even if not actually loving him,[1] at least despoiled of her majesty.

Who ever dreams of making love to a queen, at any rate until she gives him some encouragement?[2]

Nothing, then, is more favourable to the birth of love

1 Hence the possibility of passions whose origin is artificial, as in this case and that of Benedict and Beatrice (Shakespeare).

2 For instance, Struenzee's amours in Brown's *Northern Courts*, 2 vols. 1817.

than a mixture of depressing solitude and of a few infrequent and eagerly anticipated balls; that is what sensible mothers always try to arrange for their daughters.

The real fashionable world, as it existed at the French Court [3] and which has ceased to exist since 1780,[4] was not very favourable to love, as it made solitude and leisure, which are indispensable for the process of crystallization, quite impossible.

Court life induces the habit of observing and going through a great many shades of emotion, and the very slightest emotion may be the beginning of admiration and of passion.[5]

When the misfortunes peculiar to love are mixed with other misfortunes (wounded vanity, if your mistress offend your proper pride, your sense of honour, or your personal dignity; health worries, financial troubles, political persecution, etc.), love is only apparently increased by these setbacks; insofar as they distract the imagination to other things, they prevent crystallization in the aspiring lover, and the birth of petty doubts in the case of already requited love. The sweetness of love and its madness come back when these other misfortunes have disappeared.

[3] See the letters of Madame du Deffand, of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, the Memoirs of Benzenval, of Lauzun, of Madame d'Epinay, the *Dictionnaire des Etiquettes* of Madame de Genlis, the Memoirs of Dangeau and of Horace Walpole.

[4] Unless perhaps at the Court of St. Petersburg.

[5] See Saint-Simon and Werther. However much sensitiveness and delicacy a recluse may have, his mind is divided, part of his imagination being employed in avoiding Society. Strength of character is one of the qualities which are most attractive to the truly feminine heart. Women know quite well how to differentiate between the violent impulses of passion, of which they even feel capable themselves, and strength of character; even the most well-bred ladies are sometimes misled by a little quackery of this kind. One can employ it without any misgivings, once it is apparent that crystallization has begun.

Observe that misfortunes favour the birth of love in people whose character is weak or unimpressionable, and that after its birth, if the misfortunes came before, they favour love because the imagination, disgusted by other circumstances in life which only provide unhappy memories, throws itself whole-heartedly into the work of crystallization.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

THE following fact is one which will be disputed, and which I only set down for those men who are, shall we say, so unlucky as to have been passionately in love for many years, and whose love has been frustrated by insurmountable obstacles:

The sight of everything which is extremely beautiful, in nature and in the arts, recalls the memory of the person we love, with the suddenness of a flash of lightning. This is because, by the mechanism of the diamond-covered bough in the Salzburg mines, everything which is beautiful and sublime in the world forms part of the beauty of the person we love, and this unexpected glimpse of happiness suddenly fills our eyes with tears. Thus it is that the love of beauty and love itself mutually inspire one another.

One of the unfortunate things about life is that the joy of seeing the person we love and of speaking to her does not leave any very distinct impression. The mind is apparently too confused by its emotions to pay much attention to their causes or to the circumstances surrounding them. The mind becomes an emotion in itself. The fact that such pleasures cannot become exhausted by being recalled to mind at will is perhaps the reason that they are revived with such force as soon as something occurs to distract us from the reverie devoted to the woman we love, and to bring her more vividly back to us in some fresh connection.[1]

[1] As by some perfumes.

An old architect used to see a certain lady every evening in Society. Acting on natural impulse, and without thinking of what I was saying [2] to her, one day I praised him to her warmly and pompously, and she laughed at me. I had not the strength of character to say to her: "He sees you every evening in his thoughts."

This emotion is so powerful that it even extends to a woman whom I dislike but who is constantly with the woman I love. When I see her she reminds me so much of Leonora that I cannot hate her at the moment, however hard I may try.

It is as though by some strange freak of the heart, the woman one loves communicates more charm than she herself possesses. The thought of the distant town where one once saw her for a moment [3] throws one into a sweeter reverie than even her actual presence does. This is the result of cruel treatment.

The musings of love cannot be recorded. I notice than I can reread a good novel every three years with the same pleasure. It gives me feelings consistent with the kind of emotional yearnings that dominate me at the moment, or has the effect of modifying my ideas for me, if I have no such yearnings. I can also listen to the same music with pleasure, but memory must not try to take a hand in this. Only the imagination should be affected; if an opera gives one more pleasure the twentieth time one hears it, it is either that one understands the music better, or that it recalls the emotions of the first time one heard it.

As to any new ideas that a novel may, on being re-

2 See note 3, page 13.

3 Nessum maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.

DANTE, *Inferno*, Canto V.

read, suggest for the knowledge of the human heart, I remember the old ones quite well enough; I even like to find them noted in the margins. But this form of pleasure only applies to the novel itself, as increasing my knowledge of humanity, and not to the musings which are the real pleasure of the novel. These musings are not recordable. To record them would be to destroy them for the time being, because one strays into a philosophical analysis of pleasure; and it destroys them all the more certainly for the future, as nothing paralyzes the imagination so much as an appeal to memory. If I find a marginal note describing my feelings on reading *Old Mortality* in Florence, three years before, I am at once plunged into the history of my life, comparing the degree of my happiness then and now, in a word into the highest philosophy, and good-bye for a long time to the free play of sentimental thoughts.

Every great poet who possesses vivid imagination is shy, that is to say, he is afraid of men for the interruptions and worries they can bring to his delicious reveries. He is afraid that his *attention* will be distracted. Men with their coarse interests drag him from the gardens of Armida and plunge him into a filthy quagmire, and they can never attract his attention to themselves except by irritating him. It is only by the habit of nurturing his mind with entrancing dreams, and by his horror of all vulgarity, that a great artist keeps in such close touch with love.

The greater artist a man is, the more he ought to want titles and decorations as a bulwark against the world.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

IN the midst of the most violent and unrequited passion there are moments when one suddenly thinks that one has ceased to love; it is like a spring of fresh water appearing in the middle of the sea. There is hardly any more pleasure in dreaming of one's beloved, and although one has suffered cruelly from her harshness, one finds oneself even more unhappy in being no longer able to take any interest at all in life. The most dismal and depressing blank succeeds a mode of existence which, though tumultuous, at any rate put all nature forward in a new, passionate and interesting light.

The reason for this is that your imagination has already, on a previous occasion, experienced all the emotions that it can derive from the situation in which you found yourself the last time you saw the person whom you love: for instance, after an interlude of coldness, she treats you less badly, and lets you harbour exactly the same degree of hope, and by the same outward manifestations as on that previous occasion; in all probability without meaning to do so at all. Imagination is suddenly checked by memory and its gloomy warnings, and crystallization [1] suddenly ceases.

[1] I am advised, first of all not to use this word, or, if I cannot do without it, owing to want of literary skill, to recall constantly that by *crystallization* I mean a certain figment of the brain which renders unrecognizable an object which is generally a very ordinary one, and makes it a thing apart. Amongst people whose only path to happiness lies through vanity, the man who wants to excite this fever must be very careful in the knotting of his tie and pay constant attention to a thousand details which admit of no half measures. Society women admit the effect whilst denying or not realizing the cause.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

At a little port, whose name I do not know, near Perpignan.

February 25, 1822.[1]

THIS evening I discovered that music, when it is quite perfect, affects the heart in exactly the same way as does the presence of the person it loves, that is to say, it gives it what is apparently the most rapturous happiness obtainable on earth.

If this were the same for all men, nothing in the world would be more favourable for love.

But I have already remarked in Naples, last year, that perfect music, like perfect drama,[2] makes me think of what actually forms the object of my reveries, and gives me excellent ideas; at Naples, it was of the way of arming the Greeks.

Now this evening, I cannot conceal from myself the fact that I have the misfortune *of being too great an admirer of Lady L.*[3]

Perhaps the perfect music which I was fortunate enough to come across after being deprived of it for two or three months, even though I have been to the Opera every evening, has simply produced its former recognized effect, I mean that of making what is occupying one's mind more vivid.

[1] Copied from Lisio's diary.

[2] As *Othello* and *Vestale*, ballets by Viganò, executed by Pallerini and Mollinari.

[3] The words in Italics are written in English by Stendhal. [Translator's note.]

March 4, a week later.

I dare neither strike out nor approve the foregoing observation. I am sure that when I wrote it, it came straight from my heart. If I am in doubt about it now, it is perhaps that I have lost the memory of what I saw then.

The habit of listening to music and of dreaming about it predisposes one to love. A sentimental, melancholy air (provided it be not so dramatic that the imagination is compelled to concentrate on its action) excites nothing but reveries of love and gives exquisite pleasure to people who are sentimental and sad: for instance the long clarinet passage at the beginning of the quartette in *Bianca e Faliero,* and La Camporesi's recitative towards the middle of the quartette.

The lover who is in favour with his mistress is enraptured with the famous duet in *Armida e Rinaldo* by Rossini, who portrays so clearly the little doubts of requited love and the delicious moments that follow its reconciliations. The instrumental passage in the middle of the duet at the moment when Rinaldo wants to flee, and which interprets the conflict of passions in so remarkable a manner, seems to have a physical influence on his heart and to touch him very really. I dare not say all that I feel on this subject. Northerners would put me down as mad.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

BEAUTY DETHRONED BY LOVE

IN a box at the opera Alberic meets a woman who is more beautiful than his mistress—I beg leave to put the situation into mathematical terms—that is to say, a woman whose features promise three units of happiness, instead of two. I am supposing that perfect beauty gives an amount expressed by the number 4.

Is it surprising that he prefers the features of his mistress, which promise him a hundred units of happiness? Even the minor defects of her face, a pockmark, for instance, affect the man who is in love and take his thoughts back to her when he sees them in another woman; what must it be, then, when he sees them in his mistress herself? He has experienced so many emotions in the presence of that pockmark, emotions for the most part exquisite and of the most absorbing interest, that whatever his emotions may have been they are renewed with incredible vividness at the sight of this sign, even observed on the face of another woman.

If one arrives thus at preferring and loving what is in itself ugly, it is because in this case ugliness becomes beauty.[1] A certain man was passionately in love with a very thin woman who was pitted with smallpox: death

[1] Beauty is only the promise of happiness. The ideals of the Greeks were different from those of a Frenchman in 1822. Look at the eyes of the Medici Venus and compare them with the eyes of the Pordenone Magdalen (in the possession of Monsieur de Sommariva).

took her from him. Three years later in Rome, he became friendly with two women, one as beautiful as the day and the other thin and pitted with smallpox, and no beauty at that: I saw him fall in love with the ugly one at the end of a week employed in effacing her ugliness by his memories; and with pardonable coquetry this less favoured one was not slow in encouraging him, which helped the matter to come to a head.[2] A man meets a woman and is appalled at her ugliness; soon, unless she suffers from affectation, her expression makes him forget the defects of her features; he finds her charming and imagines that it would be possible to love her; a week later he begins to hope; another week and his hopes are destroyed; yet another and he is mad.

[2] If one is sure of a woman's love one asks one's self if she is more or less beautiful; if one is in doubt as to her feelings one has no time to think of her appearance.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

ONE sees an analogous process going on at the theatre in the case of popular actors: the audience lose all sense of their actual beauty or ugliness. Le Kain, in spite of his extraordinary ugliness, made continual conquests. Garrick, too, for several reasons. The principal reason, however, in these cases was that people no longer saw the true beauty of their features or of their bearing but rather those which long use had accustomed their imagination to attribute to them, in gratitude for, and in remembrance of all the pleasure they had given them; just think of the laughter with which a comic actor is greeted as soon as he appears on the stage.

A young girl being taken to the Théâtre-Français for the first time might well have felt some repugnance for Le Kain during the first scene; but he soon made her cry or shudder; and how could she resist the roles of Tancrède [1] or of Orosmane? Even if she was still conscious of his ugliness, the rapture of the entire audience, and the nervous effect produced by it on her young heart [2] soon

[1] See Madame de Staël, in *Delphine*, I think: it is the expedient of women who are not pretty.

[2] It is to this nervous sympathy that I should be tempted to attribute the remarkable effect of fashionable music (at Dresden in 1821, for Rossini). As soon as it is no longer fashionable it does not thereby become any worse, yet it no longer has the same effect on the simple hearts of young girls. It may perhaps also have found favour with them in the first instance because it stimulated the emotions of young men.

Madame de Sévigné (Letter 273, May 6, 1672) says to her daughter: "Baptiste [Lully] got the utmost out of the King's

succeeded in eclipsing any such consciousness. All that remained of the ugliness was the name, and not even the name, for one heard enthusiastic women admirers of Le Kain exclaiming: "Isn't he beautiful!"

Let us recollect that beauty is the expression of character, or, in other words, of moral habits, and that in consequence it is free from all passion. Now, it is *passion* that we want; beauty can only supply us with *probabilities* about a woman, and even then, only probabilities about her when she is in a state of calm; whilst the glances of your pockmarked mistress are a charming actuality which destroys all possible probabilities.

Band; even the beautiful *Miserere* was improved; and during the *Libera* all eyes were full of tears."

One can no more doubt the truth of this effect than one can dispute the wit or the delicacy of Madame de Sévigné. Lully's music, which charmed her, would empty the house to-day; at that time this music encouraged crystallization, but to-day it makes it impossible.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

MORE EXCEPTIONS TO BEAUTY

INTELLIGENT and sensitive women who are at the same time reserved and diffident and who, the day after they have been out into Society, turn over and over again in their minds with painful shyness all that they could have said or betrayed; these women, I say, grow so easily accustomed to lack of beauty in a man, that it is hardly any obstacle in the way of their falling in love.

It is on the same principle that one is almost entirely indifferent to the degree of beauty of an adored but unkind mistress. There is practically no more crystallization of beauty, and when a friend coming to the rescue tells one that she is not pretty, one almost agrees with him, and he thinks he has made great strides.

My friend, the worthy Captain Trab, described to me to-day his feelings many years ago on seeing Mirabeau.

No one, in looking at this great man, experienced any disagreeable feeling through the sense of sight, that is to say, found him ugly. Carried away by his fulminating words, one only noticed and one only wanted to notice what was beautiful in his face. As he had practically no beautiful features (in the sculptural or pictorial sense of beauty), one only noticed what was beautiful with another kind of beauty,[1] the beauty of expression.

Whilst shutting the eyes of one's mind to everything

[1] In this lies the advantage of being in the fashion. Setting aside the imperfections of a face which one already knows, and

that was ugly, pictorially speaking, one noticed with delight any little detail that was tolerable, as for instance the *beauty* of his great shock of hair; if he had worn horns one would have thought them beautiful.[2]

which cease to have any effect on the imagination, beauty is connected with one of the three following ideas:

1. Amongst the people, with the idea of riches.

2. In Society, with the idea of elegance, either material or mental.

3. At Court, with the idea: "I want to please women." And nearly everywhere with a mixture of these three ideas. The happiness connected with the idea of riches is joined to the refinement of pleasure attending the idea of elegance, and the combination gives an impulse to love. In one way or in another imagination is always fired by novelty. That is how one comes to be interested in a very ugly man without thinking of his ugliness (*e.g.* Le Petit Germain in the *Mémoires de Grammont*), and in course of time his ugliness becomes beauty. In Vienna, in 1788, Madame Viganò, dancer and leader of fashion, was stout, and ladies soon began to wear little stomachs *à la Viganò*. Conversely, nothing is so hideous as an obsolete fashion. To have bad taste is to confuse fashion, which only exists through constant change, with permanent beauty, the result of some particular government dictated by its appropriateness to a particular climate. A building that is fashionable now will, in ten years time, belong to an antiquated fashion. It will be less unpleasing in two hundred years when the fashion has been forgotten. Lovers are very foolish to think of the way in which they are turned out; one has got other things to do in looking at the person one loves than to think of clothes; Rousseau says: "One looks at one's lover, but one does not examine him." If this examination does take place, then it is a question of sympathy-love and not of passion-love. Dazzling beauty almost irritates one in the woman one loves; one is not concerned with seeing her beautiful, one wants her tender and languishing. Clothing makes no impression in love, except on young girls who, carefully sheltered from harm in their father's house, often fall in love entirely through the eyes.

Said by L., September 15, 1820.

2 Either because of their polish, or of their size or of their shape; it is thus, or by a connection of ideas (as in the example

The nightly presence of a pretty dancing girl compels attention from the jaded or unimaginative creatures who adorn the box-tier at the Opera. By her graceful, daring and peculiar movements she awakens sensual love in them and procures for them what is perhaps the only form of crystallization still possible to them. Thus it happens that an ungainly woman who would not have drawn a single glance of admiration in the street, especially from jaded men, if she appear often enough on the stage can get herself extremely well kept. Geoffroy used to say that the theatre was woman's pedestal. The more famous and worn out a dancing girl is, the more she is worth; whence the theatrical proverb: "Many manage to sell what they could never give away." These girls rob their lovers of a part of their passions and are very susceptible to love engendered by pique.

How can you avoid attributing a generous and charming character to the face of an actress whose features have nothing repellent about them, whom you watch for two hours every evening expressing the most noble sentiments, and of whom you have no other knowledge? When at last you are introduced to her, her features recall such agreeable feelings, that everything real about her, however squalid it may sometimes be, is instantly enveloped in a veil of romance and pathos.

"In my early youth, being an enthusiast for that tedious

given earlier of pockmarks) that a woman in love grows used to the defects of her lover. The Russian Princess C. grew quite accustomed to a man who definitely had no nose. The picture of his courage and of the loaded pistol with which he was about to kill himself because of his misfortune, together with her pity for his appalling calamity, helped by the idea that he could be cured and was indeed beginning to be cured, brought this miracle about. The unfortunate man who has been wounded ought not to appear to think of his trouble.

Berlin, 1807.

form of entertainment, the French Tragedy,[3] whenever I had the happiness of supping with Mademoiselle Olivier, I continually surprised myself, with my heart full of reverence, imagining that I was talking to a queen: and to this day I do not know whether in her case I was in love with a queen or merely with a pretty wench."

[3] An unseemly passage, copied from the Memoirs of my friend, the late Baron von Bothmer. It is by means of the same device that Feramorz attracted Lalla Rookh. See that charming poem.

CHAPTER TWENTY

IT may be that men who are not susceptible to passion-love are those who feel the effect of beauty most keenly; it is at any rate the strongest impression that they can get from women.

The man who has experienced the quickening of the pulses that the white satin hat of the lady whom he loves gives him even at a distance, is astounded at the coldness with which he views the appearance of the greatest beauty in the world. Seeing the ecstasy of others, he may even feel rather distressed about it.

Extremely beautiful women do not amaze us so much the second time we see them. This is a great pity, for it discourages crystallization. Their qualities being visible to all and being, as it were, their insignia, they must necessarily count more foolish people in the list of their lovers, such as Princes, millionaires, etc.[1]

[1] It is plain that the author is neither a Prince nor a millionaire. I am taking these words out of the reader's mouth.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

ON FIRST MEETING

AN imaginative soul is sensitive and diffident, even the most artless.[1] It may be distrustful without realizing it; it has met with so many disappointments in life! So that everything that is foreseen and formal in the introduction of a man scares the imagination and lessens the possibility of crystallization. On the other hand, love glories in people meeting each other for the first time in romantic circumstances.

Nothing could be easier to understand; the amazement with which one ponders for a long time over any extraordinary occurrence, is already half the mental activity necessary for crystallization.

I will quote the beginning of the love affairs of Séraphine (*Gil Blas*). Don Fernando is relating his flight pursued by the myrmidons of the Inquisition.

"After passing through several passages in the utmost darkness whilst the rain went on falling in torrents, I

[1] *E.g.*, Lammermoor's betrothed, Miss Ashton. A man who has lived his life has in his memory a great many examples of *love affairs* and his only difficulty is in selecting which to quote. But, if he wants to refer to them in support of what he is writing, he is at once at a loss. The stories of the particular society in which he has lived are unknown to the public and it would require a large number of pages to report them with all the necessary details. It is for this reason that I quote from sufficiently well-known books, but I do not base the ideas I am submitting to the public on such empty fictions which for the most part are designed more for their picturesque effect than for their truth.

reached a room whose door was open; I went in and after noticing the full magnificence of its furnishing . . . I saw that in one of the walls there was a door that stood ajar; I pushed it open a little way and I saw that it led to a suite of rooms leading out of one another, of which only the last was lit up. 'What ought I do?' I asked myself. . . . I could not resist my curiosity. I made my way through all the rooms until I reached the one in which was the light, which was shed by a candle in a silver gilt candlestick on a marble table. After a moment I glanced towards a bed whose curtains were half drawn back on account of the heat, and there I saw something which riveted my whole attention; it was a young woman who, in spite of the thunderstorm that was beginning to rage, was sleeping deeply. . . . I drew closer to her. . . . I felt a thrill. . . . Whilst I stood gazing at her in ecstasy she awoke.

"Imagine her surprise on seeing an unknown man in her room at dead of night. She cowered back on seeing me and screamed. . . . I did my best to reassure her and falling on one knee I said: 'Madam, please do not be alarmed.' . . . She called her maid. . . . Her courage returned with the presence of this little servant girl and she asked me haughtily who I was . . ." (and so on).

A meeting of this sort is not easily forgotten. What, on the other hand, is more stupid in our present-day conventions than the official and quasi-sentimental presentation of her "intended" to a young girl. Such legalized prostitution almost succeeds in shocking one's modesty.

"To-day, February 17, 1790" (says Chamfort, 4, 155), "I have witnessed a family function, that is to say, a function amongst men reputed to be well-bred and of a respectable position in society. They were all wishing

happiness to Mademoiselle de Marille, a handsome young woman, cultured and modest, who had been privileged to become the wife of Monsieur R., an unwholesome, repulsive, bad tempered, crazy, but rich old man, whom she had only seen for the third time on signing the marriage contract.

"If there is one thing that stands out by itself in this squalid century it is that such an occurrence should be the subject of triumph, the absurdity of such rejoicings, and, in perspective, the cruel prudery with which those same people will crush beneath the weight of their contempt the very slightest imprudence of a poor young woman who falls in love."

Anything in the nature of a ceremony, by the very fact that it is unnatural and prearranged and demands that one should behave conventionally, paralyzes the imagination so that it only remains aware of things which are contrary to the aim of the ceremony or are ridiculous; hence the magic effect of the poorest joke. A wretched young girl, overwhelmed with shyness and outraged modesty during the formal introduction of her "intended" can only think of the part she is playing; this is another certain way of stifling imagination.

It is a much greater shock to modesty to go to bed with a man whom one has only seen twice, after half a dozen words mumbled in Latin by a priest, than to yield in spite of one's self to a man whom one has adored for two years. But I am speaking in an unintelligible language.

The papacy is one of the most fertile sources of the vice and misery which follow on our present-day marriages. It makes it impossible for young girls to enjoy any liberty before marriage or to get a divorce afterwards when they find they have made a mistake, or rather that they have

been deceived in the choice they have been compelled to make. Look at Germany, that land of happy marriages; a charming Princess (the Duchess of Sa——) has just been married there with the best and most honourable intentions for the fourth time, and she made a point of inviting her three former husbands, with whom she is on the best of terms, to the celebrations. This is carrying it too far; but a single divorce which punishes a husband for his tyranny, prevents thousands of unhappy marriages. One really amusing point is that Rome is one of the places in which there are most divorces.[2]

To be loved at first sight, a man should have at the same time something to respect and something to pity in his face.

[2] All this was written in Rome in about 1820.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

INFATUATION

VERY fastidious people are highly susceptible to curiosity and infatuation; this is especially remarkable in those people in whom the sacred fire which is the source of passion has died out, and it is one of its most melancholy symptoms. Infatuation also comes to young men just entering the world. At the two extremities of life, therefore, when one has too much or too little sensibility, one does not lay one's self open to feeling the normal and simple effect of things, and to experiencing the true sensations which they ought to produce. These over ardent people with their paroxysms of love, in love on credit, if one may say so, throw themselves at the objects of their affection instead of waiting for them.

Before any of the sensation which is the consequence of the nature of an object has time to reach them, they endow that object from a distance, and before even seeing it, with that imaginary charm of which they have an inexhaustible supply within themselves. On drawing closer to this object, they see it, not as it really is, but as they have created it, and they take a delight in themselves under the guise of the object, imagining all the time that they are taking a delight in the object itself. But one fine day they grow tired of the continued effort and discover that the object of their adoration does not play up to them; infatuation ceases and the sudden check to their conceit makes them unjust to the object which they have set on too high a pedestal.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT[1]

THIS absurd expression should be altered; nevertheless the thing actually exists. I have seen the charming and noble Wilhelmina, the despair of all the fashionable young men of Berlin, scoff at love and ridicule its follies. She was magnificent in her youth, her wit, her beauty, and gifts of every kind; a huge fortune, in giving her the opportunity of developing all her qualities, seemed to conspire with nature to show the world a rare example of perfect happiness granted to a person who was supremely worthy of it. She was twenty-three years old; she had already been some time at Court and had declined the homage of men of the very noblest birth; her modesty and impregnable virtue were held up as an example, and even the most charming men after a time despaired of attracting her and only aspired to her friendship. One evening she went to a ball at Prince Ferdinand's and danced for ten minutes with a young Captain.

"From that moment," she afterward wrote to a friend,[2] "he was master of my heart and of myself, to such an extent that I should have been panic-stricken about it if the joy of feasting my eyes on Herman had left me time to think of anything else. My only thought was to try to find out if he was paying any attention to me.

[1] The heading of this chapter is *Des coups de foudre* (*thunderbolts*), the French equivalent for love at first sight. This explains the opening words of the chapter. [Translator's Note.]

[2] Translated literally from the Memoirs of von Bothmer.

"To-day, the only consolation I can find for my faults is to nurse the illusion that some superior power bereft me of my personality and of my reason. I can think of no words with which to describe in any way approaching reality, the degree of confusion into which the mere sight of him threw my whole being. I blush with shame when I think of the haste and violence with which I was drawn towards him. If his first words when at last he spoke to me, had been: 'Do you adore me?' I really believe that I should have lacked the strength not to reply 'Yes'. I never dreamt that the effects of an emotion could be at once so sudden and so unforeseen. So much so that for a moment I thought I had been drugged.

"Unfortunately, my dear friend, you and the rest of the world know how much I loved Herman: well, he was so dear to me after a quarter of an hour that he has never been able to become dearer to me since. I saw all his faults, but I was prepared to forgive him them all, if only he would love me.

"Shortly after I had danced with him the King left; Herman, who was in attendance, was compelled to accompany him. With his departure everything in nature disappeared for me. It would be useless for me to try to depict to you the terrible boredom which seemed to come over me as soon as I no longer saw him. It was only equalled by the intensity with which I longed to be alone with myself.

"At last I was able to leave. As soon as I had double-locked myself into my room I tried to master my passion. I imagined that I had succeeded. Ah! my dear friend, how dearly that evening and during the days that followed, did I pay for the pleasure of being able to preen myself on my virtue!"

The foregoing passage is an exact account of an incident which was the talk of the day, for at the end of a month

or two poor Wilhelmina was unhappy enough for her feelings to be revealed. Such was the beginning of that long series of misfortunes which ended in her dying so young and in so tragic a manner, poisoned either by herself or by her lover. The only thing that we ourselves could see in this young Captain was that he danced very well; he was full of high spirits and even more self-assurance, had a pleasant face and liked the society of strumpets; moreover, he was barely of noble birth, very poor, and did not go to Court.

It is not sufficient for a woman not to be diffident, she must be tired of being diffident, and she must have become, as it were, impatient of facing the accidents of life courageously. Her mind is, unknown to her, weary of living without love; she is convinced in spite of herself by the example of other women; having surmounted all the anxieties of life she is discontented with the dreary joys of her own pride; and she has in consequence, without realizing it, set up an ideal for herself. One day she meets a man who closely resembles this ideal, crystallization recognizes an object for its action by the turmoil it inspires, and consecrates for ever to the master of her destiny all that she has been dreaming of for so long.[3]

Women who are subject to such misfortunes have too much nobility of mind to love other than passionately. They would be saved if they could only lower themselves to intrigue.

As love at first sight arises from a latent lassitude with what the catechism calls virtue, and from the tedium caused by uniform perfection, I should imagine that it must be inspired most often by dissolute people. I doubt very much if a Catonian bearing has ever inspired love at first sight.

[3] Several sentences taken from Crébillon.

A woman whom unhappiness has made distrustful is not susceptible to this upheaval of the soul.

Nothing is so conducive to love at first sight as praise given beforehand by women to the person who is destined to be the object of it.

One of the most ludicrous sources of love affairs is spurious love at first sight. A woman who is bored but not very sensitive imagines for a whole evening that she has fallen in love for the rest of her life. She is proud of having at last experienced one of those great upheavals of the soul for which she has always longed in her imagination. The next day, she does not know where to hide herself and still more how to avoid the wretched object she adored the day before.

Clever men know how to recognize, that is to say, to take advantage of this kind of love at first sight.

There is also purely sensual love at first sight. The other day we saw the prettiest and most wanton woman in Berlin blush suddenly as we sat with her in her carriage. The handsome Lieutenant Findorff had just passed by. She became absent-minded and uneasy. That evening at the theatre she admitted to me that she was distracted and light-headed and could think of nothing but of Findorff, whom she had never met. Had she dared, she told me, she would have sent for him: her pretty features bore all the signs of the most violent passion. The next day it was the same; at the end of three days, Findorff having proved a nincompoop, she thought no more of him. A month later she could not bear him.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

TRAVELS IN AN UNKNOWN LAND

I ADVISE the majority of people born in Northern countries to skip this chapter. It is an obscure disquisition on certain phenomena connected with the orange-tree, a tree which only grows or at any rate only reaches full maturity in Italy and in Spain. To be intelligible in any other country I should have had to attenuate the facts.

I should not have hesitated to do this if for one moment my object had been to write a book containing a general appeal. But as Heaven has denied me literary talent, my only aim has been to describe with unrelieved scientific tediousness but at the same time with scientific accuracy, certain facts of which my lengthy stay in the land of the orange-tree has made me the unwilling witness. Frederick the Great, or any other distinguished Northerner who has never had the opportunity of seeing the orange-tree in its natural surroundings, would doubtless have denied the facts I am about to state, and he would have denied them in perfectly good faith. I have the utmost respect for good faith and I see the wherefore of it.

As this perfectly sincere statement may appear arrogant, I add the following reflection:

We each write at random what seems true to ourselves, and each of us contradicts his neighbour. I regard our books as being so many lottery tickets; they really have little more value than that. Posterity, by forgetting some

of them and reprinting others, will declare the winning tickets. Until that time not one of us, having written what seemed true to himself and to the best of his ability, has any right to poke fun at his neighbour, unless his satire is amusing, in which case he always has the right, especially if he writes like Monsieur Courrier to Del Furia.

After this preamble I am going to embark bravely on the examination of facts which, I am convinced, have rarely been observed in Paris. But, after all, in Paris, which is without any doubt the finest city in the world, one does not see orange-trees in their natural surroundings as one does at Sorrento, and it is at Sorrento, the birthplace of Tasso, on the Gulf of Naples, half-way up the hill overlooking the sea in a position even more picturesque than Naples itself, but where no one reads the *Miroir,* that Lisio Visconti observed and made a note of the following facts:

When you are to see the woman you love in the evening, the expectation of such great happiness makes all the moments that separate you from it unbearable.

A devouring fever makes you take up and abandon a dozen different occupations. You keep on looking at your watch, and you are delighted when ten minutes have gone by without your having done so; the longed-for hour comes at last, and when you are on her doorstep with the knocker poised you feel that it would be a relief if she were out; this should not worry you unless you brood over it; actually, it is the expectation of seeing her that has produced this unpleasant effect.

It is this kind of thing that makes matter-of-fact people say that love is madness.

What happens is that the imagination, violently wrenched out of delicious reveries in which every step brings happiness, is dragged back to stern reality.

The sensitive person knows so well that in the struggle

that will begin as soon as he sees her, the least neglect, the slightest lack of attention or of zeal, will be punished by a rebuff that will poison his imaginative reveries for a long time to come, and, quite apart from the interests of passion, will be humiliating to his self-esteem, should he try to seek refuge in that. He says to himself: "I have been wanting in intelligence and in courage"; but when one shows courage in dealing with the person one loves it is a sign that one is beginning to love that person less.

So little attention can we snatch from the reveries of crystallization, and that little with such great effort, that during the first conversations we have with the woman we love, a crowd of statements escape us which have no meaning, or have a meaning opposed to our real feelings, or, what is more painful still, we exaggerate our own feelings so that they become ridiculous in her eyes. We feel vaguely that we are not thinking enough of what we are saying, and our conversation automatically becomes stilted and cumbersome. And yet we cannot keep quiet because we would be still more embarrassed by silence, during which we would be able to think of her even less. Consequently we adopt an air of importance and give vent to a mass of opinions which we do not hold and which it would embarrass us very much to repeat; and we persist in keeping away from her in order really to belong more to her. During my first experience of love these strange emotions made me think that I was not really in love.

I understand cowardice, and how conscripts stifle their fear by throwing themselves headlong into the thick of the fight. I become perfectly wretched when I think of the number of idiotic things I have said during the past two years in order not to remain silent.

It is this which should show women clearly the differ-

ence between passion-love and mere intrigue, between the romantic man and the prosaic one.[1]

In these decisive moments one gains as much as the other loses; the prosaic man receives just the amount of warmth which he usually lacks, whilst the poor romantic man is driven crazy by the excess of his emotions, and to make matters worse, is trying all the time to hide his madness. Fully occupied in curbing his own transports, he entirely lacks that calmness he must have if he is to seize his opportunities, and he comes away crushed from a visit in the course of which the prosaic man would have made great strides. As soon as there is any question of the all too ardent interests of his passion, a man who is romantic and at the same time proud becomes tongue-tied in the presence of the lady he loves; the thought of a rebuff is too painful to him. The coarser man, on the other hand, calculates the chances of success to a nicety, is not deterred by any dread of the humiliation of defeat, and, proud of what gives him his coarseness, jeers at the romantic man, who with all the will in the world is never sufficiently at ease to say the simplest things even when their successful reception seems assured. The romantic man, so far from ever being able to carry anything by storm, should resign himself never to receive anything except through the *charity* of the woman he loves. If the woman you love is really sensitive you always have good reason to regret having wished to force yourself to speak to her of love. You are shamefaced and stiff, and would even seem to be insincere did not passion betray itself by other unquestionable signs. To express what one feels so keenly and in such detail, on every occasion in life, is a burden one imposes on one's self because of the novels one has read, for, if one were natural, one would never undertake such a difficult task. Instead of wanting

[1] This is one of Leonora's sayings.

to talk of what one felt a quarter of an hour before, and of trying to make the description a broad and interesting one, one would express with simplicity and in detail what one thought at the moment; but no, we make a violent effort to attain a much smaller degree of success and as the things we say are not supported by our actual feelings at the moment and as our memory is not free, we say things which seem quite reasonable at the time but which are really most humiliatingly stupid.

When at last, after an hour of misery, we make a desperate effort to withdraw ourselves from the enchanted gardens of the imagination in order just simply to enjoy the presence of the person we love, it often happens that it is time to leave her.

All this seems an extravaganza. But I have seen something still stranger than this. A woman whom one of my friends loved to distraction, professing to be offended by some lack of delicacy which was never confided to me, suddenly condemned him only to see her twice a month. These visits, so rare and so eagerly looked forward to, drove him nearly insane, and it required all Salviati's strength of character not to show it.

From the very first the thought of the end of the visit loomed too large for him to be really happy. He talked a great deal without heeding what he was saying; often saying the exact opposite to what he thought. He would launch out on arguments which he was compelled to cut short, because they seemed so ridiculous when he pulled himself together and reflected on what he was saying. The efforts he made were so violent that they made him appear casual. Love was concealed by its very excess.

When away from her, his imagination was lulled by the most delightful dialogues; he thought of the most tender and touching things to say. In this way for ten or twelve days he thought he had the courage to declare himself;

but two days before the one which should have crowned his happiness the fever would begin and increase rapidly as the terrible moment approached.

At the moment of entering her drawing-room he was reduced, in order not to utter incredible inanities, to cling to the resolution of keeping silence, and to stare at her so as to be able to remember what she looked like. Hardly was he in her presence than a kind of intoxication came into his eyes. He found himself impelled by a maniacal desire to do odd things, and he had the impression of possessing two souls: one to do things with and the other to blame what he did. He felt confusedly that by applying himself earnestly to silliness he could cool his blood for a moment, by losing sight of the end of the visit and of the misery of having to leave her for a fortnight.

If some dullard happened to be present who was telling a pointless story, the wretched lover, in his inexplicable folly, became all attention, just as if he were eager to waste such precious moments. The hour which he had promised himself would be so delicious, would pass like a searing flash, and yet he would feel with indescribable bitterness all those little circumstances which showed him how far he had drifted from the person he loved. Amongst the casual friends who were visiting her at the same time he would be the only one who knew nothing of the little details of her recent daily life. At last he would take his leave; and in bidding her an indifferent farewell he had the awful feeling that he would not see her again for a fortnight; there is no doubt that he would have suffered less if he had never seen the lady at all. It is the same kind of case, only much worse, as that of the Duke of Policastro who travelled a hundred leagues every six months to Lecce to pay a visit of a quarter of an hour to an adored mistress closely guarded by a jealous husband.

In this case one can clearly see that the will has no

influence over love; furious with his mistress and with himself, how eagerly would he have welcomed indifference! Whereas the only effect of his visit was to give fresh vigour to the treasure of crystallization.

Salviati's life was divided into periods of a fortnight, which took their hue from the evening on which he was allowed to see Madame ——; for instance, he was in ecstasy on the twenty-first of May, but on the second of June he was afraid of going home lest he should yield to the temptation of blowing out his brains.

That evening I realized how badly novelists have described the moment of suicide. "I am thirsty," said Salviati to me, simply, "and that is the glass of water that I need." I did not try to combat his resolution, and bade him good-bye; and he began to weep.

The remarks made by lovers are so wrapped up in emotion that it would not be wise to draw any too serious conclusions from an isolated detail of their conversation. They do not betray their real sentiments except when they speak on impulse; then it becomes a heart cry. Otherwise it is only by weighing all the things they say together that one can draw any conclusions. It must be remembered that very often a person under the influence of strong emotion has no time to notice the emotion of the person causing his own.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

INTRODUCTIONS

I AM full of admiration for the shrewdness and unerring judgment with which women seem to me to grasp certain details; and yet the next moment I find them praising some dullard to the skies, allowing themselves to be moved to tears by a platitude, or gravely treating some hollow affectation as a sign of character. I cannot understand such folly. There must be some general law beyond my ken governing these matters.

They concentrate on *one* praiseworthy trait in a man and are swept away by *one* detail and they feel it so strongly that they have no eyes for the rest. All their nervous fluid is employed in enjoying this quality, leaving none for the consideration of the others.

I have seen the most remarkable men introduced to very intelligent women, and in every case a grain of prejudice determined the effect of this first meeting.

If I may be allowed a homely example, I will mention the case of that charming Colonel L. B—— when he was about to be presented to Frau von Struve of Königsberg, who was a most remarkable woman. We asked each other: "Farà colpo? (Will he make an impression?)" We even made bets about it. I took Frau von Struve aside and told her that the Colonel wore his stocks two days running, turning them on the second day, and that if she looked carefully she could see the vertical folds on them. Nothing could have been more obviously untrue.

As I finished speaking this charming man was announced.

The most insignificant Paris fop would have made a better impression. It should be observed that Frau von Struve was already in love; she was a respectable woman and there could be no question of intrigue between them.

Never were two characters more made for one another. Frau von Struve was accused of being romantic and nothing but virtue pushed to the point of romance could touch L. B——. She had him shot whilst he was still quite young.

It has been given to women to feel in the most admirable way all the shades of affection, the most subtle variations of the human heart, the very slightest impulses of pride.

In this respect they possess an organ which we lack. Watch them nursing a wounded man.

But perhaps indeed they do not understand intellect, which is an ethical combination. I have seen the most distinguished women fascinated by an intelligent man (not myself), and suddenly, almost in the same breath, express admiration for the most vapid fools. This leaves me quite at a loss, like an expert who sees the finest diamonds mistaken for paste and paste preferred because of its size.

I have come to the conclusion that one should be thoroughly bold with women. Where General Lassale failed, a moustachioed, swashbuckling Captain succeeded.[1] I am sure that there is a whole side of man's character to which women are completely blind.

As for me, I always come back to the physical laws. In men the nervous fluid is used up by the brain, in women by the heart; which is why they are more sensitive. Hard, necessary work in the profession we have followed all our lives consoles us, but only distractions can console women.

Appiani, who only believes in virtue as a last resort, and

[1] Posen, 1807.

with whom I went in pursuit of ideas this evening, divulging those of this chapter to him, answered me:

"The strength of character which Eponina employed with such heroism to keep her husband alive in his subterranean cavern, and to prevent him from giving way to despair, would have been employed to conceal a lover from him, had they lived quietly in Rome; great souls require nourishment."

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

MODESTY

A NATIVE woman in Madagascar exposes without giving the matter a thought things which are most carefully covered up here, but she would die of shame rather than bare her arms. It is clear that three-quarters of modesty are acquired by upbringing. It is perhaps the only law resulting from civilization which produces nothing but happiness.

It has been observed that birds of prey hide themselves when they want to drink, because, being obliged to plunge their heads into the water, they are defenceless at that moment. After considering what goes on in Tahiti,[1] I see no other natural basis for modesty.

Love is the marvel of civilization. One only finds sensual love of the coarsest kind amongst savage or too barbaric peoples.

And modesty lends to love the help of the imagination, thus giving it life.

Modesty is taught by mothers to their daughters at a very early age and with the utmost jealousy, in a sort of *esprit de corps;* it is because women cherish in anticipation the happiness of the lover they are going to have.

For a modest and sensitive woman there can be no torture greater than to let slip, in the presence of a man,

[1] See the travels of Bougainville, Cook, etc. In the case of certain animals, the female seems to refuse herself at the moment of yielding. It is to comparative anatomy that we should look for the most important revelations about ourselves.

something for which she thinks she ought to blush; I am convinced that a woman of any pride would prefer a thousand deaths. A slight familiarity, received with tenderness by the man she loves, produces its moment of keen pleasure;[2] but if he appears to disapprove, or even not to take the greatest delight in it, it must leave the most terrible doubt in her mind. For any woman who is out of the ordinary, everything is, therefore, to be gained by being extremely reserved. The odds are not fair; against a little pleasure or against the advantage of seeming a little more charming, she risks the danger of acute remorse and of a feeling of shame which must even make her lover less dear to her. A merry evening passed heedlessly and without care of consequences is dearly paid for at such a price. The sight of a lover with whom she is afraid of having behaved in this way must become hateful to her for several days. Can one then wonder at a custom becoming so firmly established when the least infraction of it is punished by the most dreadful shame?

As for the use of modesty, it is the mother of love; when that is said one can no longer call it into question. And the mechanics of this sentiment are quite simple; the mind is occupied by shame instead of being occupied by desire; one denies one's self desire, and desire leads to action.

It is clear that every woman who is sensitive and proud (and these two qualities being cause and effect are seldom found without each other) must contract habits of coldness which are called prudery by the persons whom they disconcert. The accusation is all the more plausible, owing to the extreme difficulty of steering a middle course; if a woman combines a lack of intelligence with a great deal of pride she will soon begin to think that no one can be too modest. So it is that an Englishwoman thinks herself insulted if certain articles of clothing are mentioned

2 It reveals her love in a new light.

in her presence. An Englishwoman in the country is very careful not to be seen leaving the drawing-room with her husband in the evening; and, what is more serious, she imagines that she is doing violence to her modesty if she exhibit any playfulness before any one but that husband.[3] It is perhaps because of such delicate attentions that Englishmen, who are intelligent beings, seem so bored with their domestic happiness. The fault is their own, so why all this pride? [4]

On the other hand, going suddenly from Plymouth to Cadiz and Seville, I found that in Spain the warmth of the climate and of passion made people neglect a necessary modicum of reserve. I have seen people there publicly indulge in the most affectionate caresses which, so far from seeming touching to me, inspired me with quite the opposite emotion. Nothing is so painful to watch.

One must be prepared to be baffled by the force of habits inspired in women under the pretext of modesty. A common woman, in exaggerating modesty, thinks she is putting herself on a level with a woman of distinction.

The domination of modesty is so great that a sensitive woman will often betray herself to her lover by her actions rather than by her words.

The prettiest, richest and frailest woman in Bologna told me that yesterday evening an idiotic Frenchman who is giving a very strange idea of his nation here, took it into his head to hide beneath her bed. He was apparently unwilling that the countless silly declarations, with which he had pestered her for a whole month, should be wasted. But this great man lacked presence of mind; he carefully waited until Signora M—— had dismissed her maid and got

[3] See the admirable description of this stupid way of life at the end of *Corinne;* and even there Madame de Staël has been kind.

[4] The Bible and the Aristocracy both take a cruel revenge on people who believe they owe everything to them.

into bed, but he had not the patience to give her servants time to get to sleep. She rushed to the bell, and had him shamefully ejected amidst the execrations and blows of half a dozen lackeys. "And if he had waited for a couple of hours?" I asked her. "It would have been very awkward for me: 'Who would ever believe,' he might have said to me, 'that I am not here by your orders?' " [5]

On leaving this pretty woman, I went to visit the woman who is more worthy of love than any other woman I know. Her extreme fastidiousness is, if possible, greater than her touching beauty. I found her alone and told her the story of Signora M——. We began to discuss it: "Listen," she said to me; "if the man who dared so much were attractive to this woman in the first place, he would be forgiven and later he would be loved." I admit that I was confounded by this unexpected light cast on the inner workings of the human heart. After a moment's silence I answered: "But if one really loves, has one the courage to resort to such extremes of violence?"

This chapter would have been much less vague had it been written by a woman. All that deals with the dignity of feminine pride, with the habit of modesty and its excesses, with certain delicate feelings wholly dependent for the most part on the association of sensations,[6] which cannot exist in man, and with delicate feelings, which often have no natural origin; all these things, I may say, have only

[5] I have been advised to suppress this anecdote: "You must think me a very light woman, to dare tell such a story before me."

[6] Modesty is one of the sources of the taste for adornment; by her method of dressing a woman can hold out more or less promise. This explains why personal adornment is abandoned in old age.

A provincial woman, if she tries to follow fashion in Paris, promises herself in an awkward way which makes her ridiculous: on arriving in Paris she ought to start by dressing as if she were thirty.

found a place here insofar as I have allowed myself to write from hearsay.

A woman once told me in a moment of philosophic frankness something of which the following is the gist: "Were I ever to sacrifice my liberty, the man whom I should succeed in liking would be more appreciative of my sentiments if he saw how sparing I have always been of even the slightest preferences." It is for the benefit of such a lover, whom she will perhaps never meet, that a charming woman displays such coldness towards any man who speaks to her at present. This is the first exaggeration of modesty and is a praiseworthy one; the second comes from woman's pride; the third source of exaggeration is a husband's pride.

It seems to me that this possibility of future love comes into the day-dreams of even the most virtuous woman, and rightly so. Not to love when Heaven has given one a soul made for love is to deprive one's self and other people of a great happiness. It is as though an orange-tree refused to flower for fear of committing a sin; and note that a woman made for love is incapable of feeling ecstasy in any other form of happiness. She finds that the so-called pleasures of the world are intolerably empty after she has experienced them once or twice; she often thinks that she loves Art and the sublime aspects of Nature, but these things really only hold out the promise of love to her and exaggerate its wonders, if that be possible, and she soon finds out that they are speaking to her of the very happiness of which she has resolved to deprive herself.

The only fault I can find with modesty is that it leads to the habit of falsehood; that is the only advantage a frivolous woman has over a sensitive one. A frivolous woman says to you: "My dear friend, as soon as you attract me I will tell you so and I shall be even more

delighted than you are because I think very highly of you."

Think of the wild delight of Constance crying, after her lover's victory: "How glad I am not to have given myself to any one during the eight years since I quarrelled with my husband!"

However absurd I may find her reasoning, her joy seems to me to be very refreshing.

I must really describe here the nature of the regrets of a lady of Seville abandoned by her lover. It is necessary for the reader to remember that in love everything is a symbol, and above all for him to make allowances for my style.[7]

. . . . . .

My masculine eyes seem to distinguish nine peculiarities about modesty:

1. Much is staked against little, hence one is very guarded and consequently often affected; one does not laugh, for instance, at the things that amuse one the most. Consequently one requires a very balanced mind to have just the right amount of modesty.[8] So it happens that many women do not display enough modesty at small intimate parties, or, to be more accurate, do not insist on the stories told them being sufficiently veiled, only dropping these veils as their degree of intoxication and folly increases.[9]

[7] See note 5 on page 75.

[8] See, for instance, the tone of Geneva society, particularly in the best families; the uses of Court life in correcting the tendency to prudery by ridiculing it; Duclos telling stories to Madame de Rochefort: "In truth you think we are too respectable." Nothing in the world is so annoying as insincere modesty.

[9] "Ah! my dear Fronsac, there are twenty bottles of champagne between the story you are beginning to tell us and the stories we tell at this hour."

Is it in consequence of modesty and the deadly dullness to which it must condemn so many women, that most of them admire nothing in a man so much as effrontery? Or do they mistake effrontery for strength of character?

2. Second law: my lover will think more of me for it.

3. Force of habit prevails even in the most passionate moments.

4. Modesty is very flattering to a lover's pleasure; it makes him feel how many laws are being broken for him;

5. Whilst to women it gives much more intoxicating pleasures; as these pleasures have to overcome a powerful habit, they have a much more emotional effect on the soul. The Comte de Valmont finds himself at midnight in a pretty woman's bedroom; this probably happens to him once a fortnight and to her perhaps only once in two years; the rareness of the occasion and modesty must therefore pave the way to much keener pleasures for women.[10]

6. The disadvantage of modesty is that it constantly leads one into falsehood.

7. Too much modesty and its accompanying austerity discourage sensitive and retiring women from loving [11] just

[10] It is the story of the melancholy temperament compared with the sanguine temperament. Take a virtuous woman even with the commercial virtue of certain devout women (virtuous in consideration of a hundredfold reward in Heaven), and a disillusioned rake at forty. Although Valmont in the *Liaisons Dangereuses* has not yet reached that condition, the Présidente de Tourvel is happier than he throughout the book; and if the clever author had been a little cleverer he would have made this the moral of his ingenious tale.

[11] Melancholy temperament which one might call the temperament of love. I have seen the most distinguished women, preeminently made for love, give the preference, owing to lack of spirit, to the prosaic sanguine temperament. The Story of Alfred, Grande Chartreuse, 1810.

I know no idea which induces me more to appreciate what is called bad company.

(Here poor Visconti loses himself in the clouds.)

the very women who are made for giving and feeling the raptures of love.

8. In sensitive women who have not had many lovers, modesty is an obstacle to ease of manner, with the result that they allow themselves to be influenced in some degree by friends who have not the same failing with which to reproach themselves.[12] They treat each case by itself instead of trusting blindly to habit. Their fastidious modesty communicates a certain restraint to their actions so that by dint of being natural they give the impression of affectation; but this awkwardness has a touch of Heavenly grace about it.

If at times their friendship bears a resemblance to affection, it is that these angelic souls are, all unwittingly, coquettes. Through a disinclination to interrupt their train of thought, or to avoid the trouble of talking and of finding something charming and gracious, and which will probably only be gracious, to say to a friend, they begin to lean tenderly on his arm.[13]

9. The reason that women when they become authors seldom become really great, and that their shortest letters are full of grace, is that they never dare to be more than half sincere; to be sincere would be for them like going out without their tucker. On the other hand, nothing is more usual than for a man to write absolutely as dictated

All women are the same as far as the impulses of the heart and of the passions are concerned; it is only the form the passions take that is different. There is the difference resulting from greater fortune, a more cultivated mind, the habit of loftier thoughts and, above all, unfortunately, a more irritable pride.

A statement that irritates a Princess does not in the least shock an Alpine peasant girl. But once they are angry the Princess and the peasant girl have the same impulses of passion.

(*The Editor's only note.*)

12 An expression of M——'s.

13 Volterra *Guarna.*

by his imagination, quite unaware of whither it is leading him.

Résumé

The most common mistake is to treat women as though they were a species of man, only more generous, more variable and above all with whom there is no possibility of rivalry. We are too easily apt to forget that there are two new and peculiar laws which tyrannize over these fickle creatures, conflicting with all the ordinary tendencies of human nature; I mean these:

Feminine pride and modesty, and the habits, often quite inexplicable, engendered by modesty.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

GLANCES

THIS is the great weapon of the virtuous coquette. Anything can be said by a glance, and yet one can always repudiate a glance because it cannot be quoted word for word.

This reminds me of Count G——, the Mirabeau of Rome: the charming little government of that state has given him an original way of making statements, by means of isolated words which might mean everything or nothing. He conveys all that he wants to convey; but even though any one who wants can repeat what he says, word for word, it is impossible to compromise him. Cardinal Lante told him that he had filched this faculty from women, and from the most respectable of them, at that. This roguishness on their part is a cruel but just reprisal for the tyranny of man.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

FEMININE PRIDE

ALL their lives women hear men talking about things alleged to be important, huge profits, victories in battle, people killed in duels, bitter or admirable revenges, etc. Those amongst them who are naturally proud-spirited feel that, being unable to attain these objects, they are not justified in displaying any very remarkable pride by reason of the importance of any of their own activities. They are conscious that in their bosoms there beats a heart which by the strength and ardour of its impulses is superior to everything around them, and yet they see the most insignificant man consider himself to be their superior. They find that they can only show their pride in small matters, or at any rate in things which have only a sentimental value, and which cannot be appreciated by a third person. Tormented by this distressing contrast between the humility of their lot and the loftiness of their souls, they attempt to obtain deference for their pride by the violence of its transports or by the relentless tenacity with which they maintain its decrees. Before becoming intimate with a lover, these women assume on seeing him that he has undertaken to lay siege to them. They employ their imagination in irritation against his overtures, which, after all, cannot be a sign of anything but of love, since he does love. Instead of feeling pleasure in the emotions of the man who attracts them, all their vanity is aroused on his account; and, in fact, however sensitive their souls may

be, unless this sensitiveness is concentrated on one sole object, as soon as they fall in love they have nothing left but vanity, like a common little coquette.

A woman with a really generous character will sacrifice her life a thousand times for her lover, and will break with him for ever over a quarrel in which her pride is involved, even if it be only on a question of the opening or shutting of a door. Napoleon lost everything to avoid surrendering a village.

I have seen a quarrel of this sort last for more than a year. In that case a most distinguished woman preferred to sacrifice her whole happiness rather than to put her lover in the position of being able to entertain the slightest doubt concerning the inflexibility of her pride. Their reconciliation was the work of chance and, for the lady, of a moment of weakness which she was unable to overcome on suddenly meeting her lover when she imagined him to be forty leagues away; and indeed she was the last person whom he himself expected to meet in that particular place. She could not conceal her first feeling of delight and her lover was even more affected than she was; they almost fell on their knees before each other and never have I seen so many tears shed; it was the sudden unexpected glimpse of happiness. Tears are but the brimming over of a smile.

The Duke of Argyll gave a fine example of presence of mind in not engaging himself in a battle of feminine pride during the interview which he had at Richmond with Queen Caroline [1]. The more noble a woman's character, the more terrible are these storms.

> As the blackest sky
> Foretells the heaviest tempest.
>
> BYRON, *Don Juan.*

[1] *The Heart of Midlothian.*

Can it be that the more ecstatically a woman enjoys the special qualities of her lover in the ordinary course of life, the more, during those bitter moments when all sympathy seems to be destroyed, does she seek to revenge herself for the superiority over other men that she usually sees in him? She is afraid of being confused with them.

It is a long time since I read that tiresome book *Clarissa Harlowe;* it seems to me, however, that it is through feminine pride that she lets herself die and does not accept Lovelace's hand.

Lovelace's offence was a considerable one; but since she loved him a little she ought to have been able to find it in her heart to forgive him a crime of which love was the cause.

Monima, on the other hand, seems to me to be a touching model of feminine delicacy. Who does not flush with pleasure on hearing some actress worthy of the part recite:

> That fatal love which I had crush'd and conquer'd,
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Your wiles detected; and I cannot now
> Disown what I confess'd; you cannot raze
> Its memory; the shame of that avowal,
> To which you forced me, will abide for ever
> Present before my mind, and I should think
> That you were always of my faith uncertain.
> The grave itself to me were less abhorrent
> Than marriage bed shared with a spouse who took
> Cruel advantage of my simple trust,
> And, to destroy my peace for ever, fann'd
> A flame that fired my cheek for other love
> Than his.
>
> RACINE [2]

[2] *Mithridates* iv, 4. R. B. Boswell's translation. [Translator's Note.]

I imagine that the verdict of future centuries will be: "This is what monarchy was good for,[3] to produce characters of this sort, and their portrayal by great artists."

Nevertheless, even amongst the Mediæval Republics I find an admirable example of this delicacy, which seems to destroy my theory of the influence of governments over passions and which I will frankly quote.

It concerns these touching lines of Dante:

The woman who speaks with such reticence had suffered in secret the fate of Desdemona, and could in one word have made known her husband's crime to the friends she had left on earth.

Nello della Pietra won the hand in marriage of Madonna Pia, the sole heiress of the Tolomei, the richest and most noble family of Sienna. Her beauty, which was the admiration of Tuscany, roused in her husband's heart a gnawing jealousy which, embittered by false reports and constantly recurring suspicions, led him to carry out an appalling project. It is difficult to decide to-day whether the woman was altogether innocent, but Dante would have us believe her so.

Her husband took her into the fever-laden marshes of Volterra, notorious in those days as now for the effects

> Deh! quando tu sarai tornato al mondo
>
> . . .
>
> Ricordati di me, che son la Pia:
> Siena me fe'; disfecemi Maremma;
> Salsi colui, che 'nannellata pria,
> Disposando, m'avea con la sua gemma.
>
> *Purgatorio*, Canto V.[4]

[3] Monarchies with neither Charters nor Parliaments.

[4] Alas! when you return to the land of the living, deign to give a thought to me. I am Pia; Sienna gave me life; I found death in our marshes. He who in marrying me gave me his ring knows my story.

of the *aria cattiva*. He would never tell his wretched wife the reason for her exile into so dangerous a place. His pride prevented him from uttering either reproach or accusation. He lived alone with her in a deserted tower, whose ruins on the edge of the sea I have visited; there he never broke his contemptuous silence, never answered his young wife's questions, never heeded her entreaties. He waited relentlessly beside her for the pestilential air to do its work. It was not long before the miasma of the marshes blighted the features which were said to be the most perfect that had appeared on earth in that century. In a few months she died. Some of the chroniclers of these far-off times declare that Nello used a dagger to hasten her end: she died in the marshes in some dreadful manner, but the nature of her death was a mystery, even to people living at the time. Nello della Pietra survived her, to spend the rest of his days in a silence which he never broke.

Nothing could be nobler and more delicate than the way in which the youthful Pia addresses Dante. She asks to be remembered to the friends whom she left on earth whilst still so young; yet, whilst naming herself and mentioning her husband, she will not allow herself the smallest complaint about his unheard-of and now irreparable cruelty, and only indicates that he knows the story of her death.

This steadfastness in the vengeance of pride is not, I think, to be found except in southern countries.

In Piedmont I was the involuntary witness of an almost similar incident; but at the time I was ignorant of the details. I had been sent with twenty-five dragoons into the woods lining the River Sesia, to prevent smuggling. Arriving in the evening in this wild and desolate spot, I saw the ruins of an old castle through the trees; I approached it and saw, to my great surprise, that it was inhabited. In it I found one of the nobles of the

country, a forbidding looking man, six feet in height and about forty years of age; he grudgingly gave me two rooms. I used to play music there with my quartermaster: after several days we discovered that our man kept a woman there, whom we jokingly called Camilla; we were far from suspecting the terrible truth. At the end of six weeks she died. I had the morbid curiosity to go and see her in her coffin; I bribed a monk who was watching beside her, and towards midnight, under pretext of wanting to throw a little holy water on her, he let me into the chapel. There I saw one of those exquisite faces that are beautiful even in the arms of Death; she had a fine aquiline nose whose dignified and sensitive lines I shall never forget. I left this gloomy place; five years later a detachment from my regiment escorted the Emperor to his coronation as King of Italy, and I was told the whole story. I learnt that the jealous husband, Count ——, had one day found, caught in his wife's bed-clothes, an English watch belonging to a young man in the little town in which they lived. That very day he took her to the ruined castle in the heart of the Sesia woods. Like Nello della Pietra, he never uttered a single word. If she besought him, he coldly and silently showed her the English watch which he always carried with him. He spent nearly three years alone with her in this way. At length she died of despair in the flower of her youth. Her husband tried to stab the owner of the watch, missed him, and went to Genoa, where he embarked on a ship. He has never been heard of again and his possessions have been divided up.

If, when dealing with women possessed of feminine pride, you take their insults calmly, which is quite easy to do if you are accustomed to military life, you annoy these proud beings; they take you for a coward and from insults pass to outrage. These proud characters

love to yield to men whom they see to be intolerant to other men. So that this is, I think, the only attitude to adopt, and you must often pick a quarrel with your neighbour in order to avoid one with your mistress.

One day Miss Cornel, a celebrated London actress, received an unexpected visit from a wealthy Colonel who was useful to her. She happened to be with a young lover who was merely attractive. "Mr. So-and-so," she said to the Colonel in a fluster, "has come to see about the pony I am trying to sell." "I am here on quite another errand," proudly interposed the young lover, who was beginning to bore her, and whom, after this reply, she began to love again passionately.[5] A woman of this sort sympathizes with her lover's pride instead of exercising her own tendency towards pride, at his expense.

A character like that of the Duc de Lauzun (the one of 1660[6]) is attractive to these women and perhaps to all women of distinction, if they can forgive him his lack of polish when they first meet him; any greater dignity is

[5] I always return from visiting Miss Cornel full of admiration and of profound insight into naked passions. Her imperious way of ordering her servants about is not despotism; it is that she sees swiftly and clearly exactly what is to be done.

If she is in a rage with me at the beginning of my visit, she forgets all about it at the end. She describes to me in detail the whole economics of her passion for Mortimer, "I would rather see him with others than alone with myself." The most intelligent woman in the world could do no better, for she has the courage to be perfectly natural and is not hampered by any abstract principles. "I am happier as an actress than as the wife of a peer." She is a great personality with whom I must always retain friendship for my own edification.

[6] His dignity and courage in small matters, and at the same time his passionate attention to them; the violence of his choleric temperament. His behaviour with Madame de Monaco (Saint-Simon, V. 383); his adventure under Madame de Montespan's bed whilst the King was with her. Unless they pay attention to small matters, this kind of character is imperceptible to women.

lost on them; they think the calm gaze that sees everything and is not concerned with details merely betokens lack of feeling. Have I not heard women at the Court of Saint-Cloud maintain that Napoleon had a harsh and prosaic character?[7] A great man is like an eagle; the higher he soars the less is he visible and he is punished for his greatness by the solitude of his soul.

One of the results of feminine pride is the invention of what women call *want of delicacy*. To my mind this is very like what kings call *lèse-majesté*, a crime which is all the more dangerous because one commits it without being aware that one is doing so. The most affectionate lover may be accused of lacking in delicacy if he is not very clever, and what is still sadder, if he dares abandon himself to the greatest charm of love, to the joy of being perfectly natural with the person he loves, and of not listening to what people say to him.

These are things of which a well-bred man could have no suspicion, and which we must have experienced to believe, for we are influenced by the habit of treating our men friends with justice and candour.

It must constantly be remembered that one is dealing with beings who are, however mistakenly, capable of considering themselves inferior in strength of character, or, to be more accurate, of thinking that people believe them to be inferior.

Should not a woman's true pride have as its object the intensity of the sentiments she inspires? One of the

7 "When Minna Toil heard a tale of woe or of injustice, it was then her blood rushed to her cheeks, and shewed plainly how warm it beat notwithstanding the generally serious, composed, and retiring disposition which her countenance and demeanor seemed to exhibit." (*The Pirate*, Vol. I, Ch. III.)

Ordinary persons think that people like Minna Toil are unfeeling, because they do not happen to think ordinary circumstances worthy of their emotion.

maids of honour of the Queen Consort of François I was chaffed about the fickleness of her lover who, they said, did not really love her at all. Shortly afterwards this lover had an illness and when he returned to Court he was dumb. One day, two years later, when some one expressed surprise that she still loved him, she said to him: "Speak" and he spoke.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

WOMEN'S COURAGE

I tell thee, proud Templar, that not in thy fiercest battles hast thou displayed more of thy vaunted courage, than has been shewn by woman when called upon to suffer by affection or duty.

Ivanhoe, Vol. III, Ch. IX.

I REMEMBER reading the following sentence in a history book: "All the men were losing their heads; that is the moment when women take upon themselves an incontestable superiority."

Their courage has something *in reserve* which is lacking in that of their lovers; they take a jealous pride in their courage and find so much pleasure in being able, in the heat of danger, to match its strength against that of the man who galls them so often with the arrogance of his protection and of his strength, that the intensity of this delight raises them above whatever fear is gripping him at the moment. A man, too, if he were to receive such aid in such a moment would rise above everything; for fear is never in the danger itself, it is in our own selves.

I am not trying to belittle women's courage; I have, on occasion, seen them braver than the bravest men. All that they need is a man to love; since they no longer feel except through him, the most appalling immediate per-

sonal danger becomes for them like a rose to be plucked in his presence.[1]

I have also found the coolest, most amazing and nerveless intrepidity in women who were not in love.

It is true that I thought they were only so brave because they knew nothing of the unpleasantness of being wounded.

As for moral courage, which is so much nobler than the other kind, the firmness of a woman who resists her love stands alone as the most amazing thing that can exist on earth. All other possible manifestations of courage are mere trifles compared to something so directly opposed to nature and so agonizing. Perhaps they gain strength in the habit of sacrifice which modesty makes them contract.

It is a great misfortune for women that the proofs of this courage always remain secret and are almost impossible to reveal.

A still greater misfortune is that it is always employed against the interests of their happiness: the Princesse de Clèves should have said nothing to her husband and should have given herself to Monsieur de Nemours.

It may be that women are principally upheld by their pride in putting up a good defence, and that they imagine their lover is making it a point of pride to possess them: a petty and contemptible idea; a passionate man who throws himself light-heartedly into so many ridiculous situations has no time to think of vanity! It is like monks who think they are going to catch the devil and are rewarded by their pride in their hair shirts and their flagellations.

I think that if Madame de Clèves had reached old age,

[1] Mary Stuart talking to Leicester after the interview with Elizabeth in which she sealed her fate.

SCHILLER.

that period when one can judge life, and the pleasures of pride are revealed in all their sordidness, she would have repented. She would have liked to have lived like Madame de la Fayette.[2]

I have just reread a hundred pages of this essay; I have given a very poor idea of real love, of the love that occupies the entire soul, filling it with images sometimes intensely happy and sometimes utterly despairing but always sublime, and makes it completely oblivious to everything else in existence. I am incapable of expressing what I see so clearly; never have I felt the lack of talent so poignantly. How can I do justice to the simplicity of action and character, to the profound seriousness, to those glances which portray so exactly and so candidly each shade of emotion, and above all, I repeat, to that inexpressible disregard for everything but the woman one loves? A "no" or a "yes" uttered by a man who is in love possesses an *unction* which is found nowhere else and which is never found in that man at other times. This morning (August 3rd), at about nine o'clock, I rode my horse past the Marchese Zampieri's lovely English garden, laid out on the furthest ripples of those hills crowned with huge trees, against which Bologna nestles, and from which one enjoys such a fine view of rich lush Lombardy, the fairest land in all the world. In a thicket of laurels in the Zampieri garden which overlooks the path I was following, leading to the falls of the River Reno at Casa Lecchio, I saw Conte Delfante; he was deep in thought and, though we had spent the evening before together until two in the morning, he scarcely returned my greeting. I went on to the falls. I crossed the Reno;

2 It is comparatively well known that this celebrated woman probably wrote the novel *La Princesse de Clèves*, in collaboration with Monsieur de la Rochefoucauld, and that these two authors spent the last twenty years of their life together in perfect friendship. This is typical of Italian love.

eventually, at least three hours later, passing beneath the same thicket in the Zampieri garden, I saw him again; he was in exactly the same attitude, leaning against a large pine that rose above the laurel thicket; I am afraid this detail will be thought to be too ordinary and to prove nothing: he came to me with tears in his eyes, begging me not to make a story out of his immobility. I was touched; I suggested that I should turn back and spend the rest of the day with him in the country. Two hours later he told me everything: he had a fine soul; but how uninspiring are the pages you have just been reading compared with what he told me!

Moreover, he thought he was not loved; but that was not my impression. One could read nothing on the beautiful marble features of the Contessa Ghigi, at whose house we had spent the evening. Only now and then a sudden faint colour which she could not control, betrayed the feelings of that soul in which the most extreme feminine pride vied with the strongest emotions. I saw that alabaster neck and those beautiful shoulders worthy of Canova colour also. She knew how to screen her sad dark eyes from people whose penetration her feminine delicacy redoubted; but that night I saw a sudden blush sweep over her at something Delfante said of which she disapproved. This proud creature found him for the moment less worthy of her.

But after all, even were I mistaken in my conjectures about the happiness of Delfante, apart from vanity, I think he is happier than I am in my indifference, although I am in an extremely happy position, both in appearance and in reality.

Bologna, August 3, 1818.

CHAPTER THIRTY

A STRANGE, SAD SIGHT

WOMEN in their feminine pride revenge themselves for fools on intelligent men, and on the generous-minded for rich swashbuckling prosaic ones. It must be admitted that this is a pretty pass for things to have come to.

Petty considerations of pride and of worldly conventions have brought unhappiness to many women, and by their pride their parents have put them into an abominable position. Destiny has reserved for them as a consolation which should obliterate every sorrow, the joy of loving and of being loved passionately; but one fine day they borrow from their enemies that same insensate pride of which they were the first victims, and in doing so they destroy the only happiness that is left to them, and bring misery on themselves and on those that love them. Some woman friend who is known to have had a dozen intrigues, and not always consecutive ones either, seriously persuades them that if they have a love affair they will be dishonoured in the eyes of the public; and yet this kind public, which never rises to anything but low ideas, generously ascribes a different lover to them every year, because it says that it is customary. So it is that one is saddened by this strange sight: a tender and extremely fastidious woman, an angel of purity, on the advice of a strumpet lost to all delicacy, turns away from the sole and supreme happiness that is left to her, to appear in a dazzlingly white robe before a coarse dolt of a judge who is known to have been blind for a century and who screams at the top of his voice: "She is dressed in black!"

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

EXTRACT FROM SALVIATI'S DIARY

Ingenium nobis ipsa puella facit.
Propertius II, i.

Bologna, April 29, 1818.

IN despair at the misery to which love has reduced me, I curse my very existence. I have no heart for anything. The sky is overcast, it is raining, a belated spell of cold has come to cast a gloom again over Nature, which, after a long Winter, was hurrying towards Spring.

Schiassetti, who is a colonel on half-pay and a rational and unemotional friend, has been spending a couple of hours with me. "You should give up loving her." "But how? Give me back my passion for war." "It is a great misfortune for you ever to have known her." I almost agreed, so dejected and discouraged do I feel, and so much ascendency has melancholy over me to-day. We tried to discover what interest her friend could have had in calumniating me to her; we could find nothing but this old Neapolitan proverb: "The woman whom love and youth have deserted takes offence at anything." The one thing certain is that this cruel woman is *furious* with me: that is the expression used by one of her friends. I am capable of the most bitter revenge; but against her hatred I have not the very feeblest means of defence. When Schiassetti left me I went out in the rain, not

knowing what to do with myself. My apartment, and the sitting-room which I have occupied from the very first days of the acquaintance and where I used to see her every evening, has become unbearable to me. Every print, every piece of furniture taunts me with the happiness of which I dreamt in their presence and which I have lost for ever.

I walked about the streets in the cold rain; chance, if I can call it chance, took me beneath her windows. Suddenly a curtain was pulled a little aside as though some one were looking out into the square, and was immediately let fall again. I experienced an actual contraction in the region of my heart. I could hardly stand upright and I took refuge in the doorway of a neighbouring house. A whirl of emotions crowded into my brain; some chance circumstance might have caused the curtain to move; but supposing that it were her hand that had pulled it aside!

There are two miseries in the world: that of thwarted passion and that of the *dead blank*.[1]

With love, I feel that at two paces from me there exists an immense happiness, more than I have ever hoped for, and that it only depends on a word or a smile.

As passionless as Schiassetti on gloomy days, I can see no happiness anywhere, I begin to doubt whether it exists for me and I become bitter. One should avoid strong passions and have nothing but a little curiosity or vanity.

It is two o'clock in the morning; it was six o'clock when I saw the curtain move; I have paid ten visits and have been to the theatre; but wherever I happened to be in the course of the evening, I kept silently and thoughtfully turning this question over in my mind: "After so much anger with so little cause (for, after all, did I want to

1 The words in italics are Stendhal's own. [Translator.]

offend her, and is there anything in the world whose intention will not excuse it?) has she ever experienced one moment of love?"

The unfortunate Salviati, who wrote the foregoing in his Petrarch, died shortly afterwards; he was the intimate friend of Schiassetti and myself; we knew all his thoughts and it is from him that I gathered all the gloomy part of this essay. He was imprudence incarnate; moreover, the woman for whom he committed all these follies is the most interesting person I have ever met. Schiassetti used to say to me: "But do you think this unhappy passion has been without its advantages for Salviati? In the first place he had had the most annoying money troubles imaginable. The calamity which reduced him to a very moderate fortune after a brilliant youth, and which in any other circumstances would have driven him mad with rage, only occurred to his mind about once every fortnight.

"Then, what is a good deal more important for a man of his ability, this passion was the first real course of logic he had ever made. This may seem strange for a man who has been at Court; but it is explained by his extreme bravery. For instance he spent the day of ——, which was that of his downfall, without a tremor; he was amazed there, as in Russia, at feeling nothing extraordinary; it is a fact that he has never feared anything enough to think about it for two days on end. Instead of this former indifference, for the past two years he has been continuously trying to be brave; until that time he never knew what danger was.

"At the time when, as the result of his indiscretions and of his reliance on a favourable construction being put on things,[2] he had himself condemned only to see

[2] Sotto l'usbergo del sentirse pura.

DANTE, *Inferno*, XXVIII, 117.

the woman he loved twice a month, we had seen him drunk with joy spending those evenings talking to her, because he had been received with that noble candour he adored in her. He maintained that Signora —— and he possessed two peerless souls which should understand each other with a glance. He could not conceive that it was possible for her to pay the least heed to petty and mean constructions that might make him appear a criminal. The result of this high confidence in a woman surrounded by his enemies was to have the door shut to him."

"With Signora ——," I said to him, "you forget your own maxims and that you must not believe in loftiness of soul except in the last resort."

"Do you think," he replied, "that there is in the world any heart more suited to her own? It is true that I pay for my passionate nature, which makes me see an angry Leonora in the skyline of the rocks of Poligny, by the failure of everything I undertake in real life, a failure which comes from a lack of patient industry and from indiscretions brought about by the force of the impression of the moment." One can see a hint of madness in this.

For Salviati, life was divided into periods of a fortnight, which took their hue from the last interview she had granted him. But I often noticed that his joy when his reception seemed a little warmer was not nearly so great as the despair into which a harsh reception flung him.[3] Signora —— was sometimes lacking in frankness with him: these are the only two objections I have ever dared make to him. Apart from the more intimate side to his sorrow, of which he had the delicacy never to speak, even to those friends who were dearest and most

[3] It is a thing I have often seemed to observe in love, this tendency to derive more unhappiness from disagreeable things than happiness from pleasant ones.

free from envy, he saw in a harsh reception from Leonora the triumph of prosaic and intriguing persons over those who were frank and generous. At those times he despaired of virtue and especially of glory. He would only allow himself to talk with his friends about the ideas to which his passion led him, unhappy ideas, it is true, but which indeed might have some interest in the eyes of philosophy. It interested me to watch this strange being; generally speaking, passion-love is found amongst people suffering from slightly Teutonic stupidity.[4] Salviati, on the contrary, was one of the most resolute and intelligent men I have ever known.

I seemed to notice that after a harsh reception, he was only calm when he could justify Leonora's unkindness. So long, however, as he felt that she might have been unfair in her treatment of him, he was miserable. I should never have thought love could be so exempt from vanity.

He was always praising love to us: "If a Supernatural Power were to say to me: break this watch glass, and Leonora will be for you what she was three years ago, an ordinary friend, I really do not believe that at any moment of my life I should have the courage to break it." I considered him to be so crazy in reasoning thus, that I never had the courage to put the foregoing objections to him.

He added: "Just as Luther's Reformation, at the close of the Middle Ages, shaking society to its very foundations, refreshed and reconstructed the world on a rational basis, so is a man of generous character refreshed and invigorated by love.

"It is only then that he casts off all the trifles of life; without this revolution there would always have been something vaguely affected and theatrical about him.

[4] Like Don Carlos, Saint-Preux, and Racine's Hippolytus and Bajazet.

It is only since I have been in love that I have learnt to have any loftiness in my character, so absurd is our Military School Education.

"Although I behaved myself well, I was a child at Napoleon's Court and at Moscow. I did my duty; but I knew nothing of the heroic simplicity that comes from complete and sincere sacrifice. It is only a year, for instance, since my mind has been able to grasp the simplicity of the Romans of Livy. Formerly I used to think them phlegmatic when compared with our brilliant colonels. What they did for their Rome I find in my heart for Leonora. Were I fortunate enough to be able to do something for her, my first desire would be to hide it. The conduct of men like Regulus and Decius was a foregone conclusion and had no right to surprise them. I was petty before falling in love, precisely because at times I was tempted to consider myself great; I was conscious of a certain effort in which I gloried.

"And from the point of view of the affections what do we not owe to love? After the ventures of our early youth, our heart closes to sympathy. Death or absence takes away the companions of our childhood, and we are reduced to passing our life with unsympathetic companions, with a foot rule in our hand ever ready to measure ideas of interest or of vanity. Little by little all the tender and generous side of the mind becomes sterile for want of cultivation, and before he is thirty a man finds himself petrified against all sensations of gentleness and tenderness. In the midst of this barren desert love causes a well of emotions to spring up, even more bountiful and cooling than that of early youth. In those early days there was a vague hope, erratic and ever listless,[5] without any devotion to anything and without any steadfast and deep-rooted desires; the soul in its fickleness thirsted

[5] Mordaunt Mertoun, in the first volume of *The Pirate*.

for novelty and neglected to-day what it adored yesterday. But nothing is more concentrated, more mysterious, more eternally the same in its object, than the crystallization of love. In those days only things pleasant in themselves could please one, and then only please one for the moment; now everything connected with the person we love, however remotely, touches us deeply. On arriving in a large town, a hundred miles from where Leonora was living, I found myself shy and trembling: at every street corner, I thrilled at the thought of meeting Alviza, whom I did not even know, but who was an intimate friend of Signora ——. Everything took on a mysterious and hallowed shade for me, and my heart beat even when I talked to an old scholar. I could not hear any one mention the name of the gate near which Leonora's friend lived without colouring.

"Even the unkindness of the woman one loves contains an exquisite graciousness which one does not find in the most flattering moments with other women. In the same way the large shadows in Correggio's pictures, far from being, as in the case of other painters, somewhat unattractive passages, necessary only to give value to the lighter tones and to make the figures stand out, have a charm and beauty in themselves that throw one into a soft reverie.[6]

"Yes, one half of life, the most beautiful half, is hidden from a man who has never been passionately in love."

Salviati had need of the whole force of his logic to cope with the wise Schiassetti, who always said to him: "If you want to be happy, you must be content with a life free from worries, with a daily modicum of happi-

[6] Since I have referred to Correggio, I will mention that in the sketch of an angel's head on the tribune of the Gallery in Florence one can see the look of requited love; and at Parma, in the Madonna crowned by Jesus, the downcast eyes of love.

ness. Avoid the lottery of great passions." "Give me your curiosity, then," Salviati would reply.

There were, I think, many days on which he would have liked to have followed the advice of our sapient colonel; he would struggle for a little and imagine he was succeeding; but this course was quite beyond his powers; and yet what strength of character he really possessed!

A white satin hat, somewhat resembling that of Signora ——, which he saw at a distance in the street, made his heart stop beating, and compelled him to lean against the wall. Even in his saddest moments the joy of meeting her always gave him several hours of intoxication overruling the influence of all his misfortunes and all reason.[7] Moreover, it is a fact that at his death,[8] after two years

[7] Come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy,
That one short moment gives me in her sight.
Romeo and Juliet, II, 6.

[8] A few days before his death he wrote a little ode which has the merit of expressing exactly the sentiments he unfolded to us:

L'ULTIMO DI

Anacreontica

A ELVIRA

Vedi tu dove il rio
Lambendo un mirto va.
Là del riposo mio
La pietra surgerà.

Il passero amoroso,
E il nobile usignuol
Entro quel mirto ombroso
Racoglieranno il vol.

Vieni, diletta Elvira,
A quella tomba vien,
E sulla muta lira,
Appoggia il bianco sen.

of this unselfish and boundless passion, his character had acquired several noble habits, and in this respect, at least, he judged himself correctly; had he lived, and had circumstances been a little kinder to him, he would have made a name for himself. Or perhaps because of his simplicity his qualities would have passed unnoticed on this earth:

O lasso
Quanti dolci pensier', quanto desio,
Meno costoro al doloroso passo!
Biondo era, e bello, e di gentile aspetto;
Ma l'un de' cigli un colpo avea diviso.[9]

DANTE. *Inferno,* Cant. V, and *Purgatorio,* Cant. III.

Su quella bruna pietra,
Le tortore verran,
E intorno alla mia cetra,
Il nido intrecieran.

E ogni anno, il di che offendere
M'osasti tu infedel,
Farò la su discendere
La folgore del ciel.

Odi d'un uom che muore
Odi l'estremo suon,
Questo appassito fiore
Ti lascio, Elvira, in don

Quanto prezioso ei sia
Saper tu il devi appien;
Il di che fosti mia,
Te l'involai dal sen.

Simbolo allor d'affetto,
Or pegno di dolor,
Torno a posarti in petto,
Quest' appassito fior.

E avrai nel cuor scolpito,
Se crudo il cor non è,
Come ti fu rapito,
Come fu reso a te.

S. RADAEL.

[9] Poor unfortunate! How many sweet thoughts and what constant desire led him to his last hour. His face was fair and gentle, his hair was golden, only an honourable scar had cleft one of his eyebrows.

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

INTIMACY

THE greatest happiness that love can give is the first hand-pressure of the woman one loves.

The happiness of intrigue, on the contrary, is much more real, and much more subject to mockery.

In passion-love, intimacy is not so much perfect happiness as the last step towards it.

But how can one depict happiness if it leaves no memories behind it?

Mortimer came back trembling from a long journey; he adored Jenny; she had not replied to his letters. On arriving in London he mounted his horse and went to look for her at her country house. He arrived whilst she was walking in the park; he hastened to her with a beating heart; when they met she gave him her hand and appeared confused: he saw that she loved him. Whilst walking through the park rides with her, Jenny's dress caught in a thorny acacia bush. As a result Mortimer's love was requited, but Jenny proved faithless. I maintain to him that Jenny never loved him; he mentions as proof of her love her reception of him on his return from the Continent, but he has never been able to give me the slightest detail about it. He is however visibly agitated whenever he sees an acacia bush: this is really the only distinct memory he has retained of the happiest moment of his life.[1]

[1] *The Life of Haydn.*

A sensitive and open-hearted man, an old cavalier, confided in me this evening [2] (at the bottom of our ship buffeted by a heavy storm on the Lake of Garda) the story of his love affairs, which I shall not in my turn confide to the public, but from which I feel entitled to conclude that the moment of intimacy is like those lovely days in the month of May, an anxious season for the fairest flowers, a moment which may prove fatal and wither in one instant the sweetest hopes.[3]

. . . . . .

One cannot praise *naturalness* too highly. That is the only coquettishness permissible in anything as serious as love in the Werther fashion in which one knows not whither one is bound. And at the same time, by a lucky chance for virtue, it is the best course of action. Without realizing it, a man who is really smitten says charming things, talking in a language he does not know.

Woe betide the man who is in the least affected! Even if he should be really in love, even with all the wit possible, he loses three-quarters of his advantages. If we yield for one instant to affectation, there is immediately a moment of constraint.

The whole art of love reduces itself, it appears to me, to saying exactly what the degree of intoxication of the

[2] September 20, 1811.

[3] At their first quarrel Madame Ivernetta dismissed poor Bariac. Bariac was genuinely in love and this dismissal threw him into despair; but his friend Guillaume Balaon, whose life we are writing, was of great help to him, and managed matters so well that he pacified the harsh Ivernetta. They made their peace, and their reunion was accompanied by such delicious circumstances that Bariac swore to his friend Balaon that the moment of the first favours he had received from his mistress was not so sweet as that of this voluptuous reconciliation. This statement turned Balaon's head and he wanted to experience this pleasure which his friend had just described to him, etc., etc.

The Lives of Some of the Troubadours, by Nivernois.

moment suggests, that is to say, in other words, to listening to the dictates of one's heart. It must not be thought that this is easy to do; a man who is really in love often becomes tongue-tied when his lady says things to him that make him happy.

In this way he misses the deeds to which his words would have given rise,[4] but it is better for him to keep silence than to say over-passionate things at the wrong time. A remark which would be just right at any given moment may cease to be so ten seconds later, in fact, may be extremely tactless. Every time I have disregarded this rule,[5] and said something which had occurred to me three minutes before, and which I thought charming, Leonora never failed to punish me for it. Afterwards, on leaving, I used to say to myself: "She is quite right; things of this sort must be very obnoxious to a sensitive woman: they are an outrage on sentiment." Indeed they would prefer, like Professors who have no taste, to admit a certain weakness and lack of enthusiasm. Having nothing to fear in the world save the falseness of her lover, the smallest insincerity of detail, even the most innocent in the world, instantly robs a woman of all happiness and fills her with misgivings.

Respectable women have an aversion to the impetuous and the unexpected, which are nevertheless characteristic of passion; impetuousness, moreover, alarms their modesty, and puts them on the defensive.

When a fit of jealousy or annoyance has brought about a certain coolness, we can, as a rule, start a conversation

[4] This kind of timidity is a conclusive proof of the existence of passion-love in an intelligent man.

[5] It must again be remembered that if from time to time the author uses the word "I," it is in order to put some variety into this essay. He is not pretending to be describing his own feelings to his readers. He is only trying to impart what he has observed in others with as little monotony as he possibly can.

leading up to the intoxication which favours love; and if, after a few introductory phrases, we seize the opportunity of saying exactly what we have in our minds, we will give the keenest pleasure to the person we love. The mistake which most men make is to try to say something which they think neat or witty or touching; instead of freeing their minds from worldly pomposity and reaching that point of intimacy and naturalness which enables them to express in the simplest way exactly what they feel at the moment in their hearts. If we have the courage to do this, we are immediately rewarded by a kind of reconciliation.

It is this reward, as sudden as it is involuntary, for the pleasure one gives the person one loves, which places this passion so far above all others.

Where there is perfect naturalness, the happiness of two people becomes commingled.[6] By reason of sympathy and of many other laws of our nature, this is absolutely the greatest happiness that can exist.

It is far from being easy to define this word *naturalness*, which is a necessary condition for happiness through love.

We say a thing is *natural* if it does not depart from the usual methods of procedure. It goes without saying that we must not only never lie to the person we love but we must not even exaggerate the least bit in the world or tamper with the strict outline of truth. For, if we exaggerate, our mind is taken up with exaggerating and no longer responds simply like the notes of a piano to the emotions shining from our eyes. The woman we are addressing soon notices this and begins to cool and in her turn falls back on insincerity. Perhaps this is the reason underlying the fact that we cannot love a woman who is too much beneath us in intelligence. For with her we can pretend with impunity, and as it is easier to pre-

[6] *I.e.*, Centred in exactly the same actions.

tend, we grow accustomed to do so, and give ourselves up to this want of naturalness. From that moment our love is no longer love, but degenerates into an ordinary matter of business, the only difference being that instead of money we earn pleasure or vanity, or a mixture of the two. But it is difficult not to feel some degree of contempt for a woman with whom you can play a part with impunity, and consequently all that is necessary for you to give her up is to meet something better of the same kind. Habit or your vows may be able to keep you; but I am speaking of the inclinations of the heart, which naturally flies to whatever promises the greatest pleasure.

Reverting to the word *naturalness,* I maintain that naturalness and habit are two different things. For if we confuse the meaning of these two words, it is evident that the more sensitive we are, the more difficult it is for us to be *natural,* for our way of life is less controlled by habit and more by our individuality at every fresh circumstance that arises. Every page of the life of a phlegmatic man is the same; whether you take him to-day or yesterday there is always the same wooden touch.

A sensitive man, as soon as his heart is touched, no longer finds in himself any trace of habit to guide his actions; and how can he follow a path the feeling of which he has lost?

He feels the enormous weight attached to each word he says to the person he loves, for it seems to him that a word will decide his fate. How can he avoid labouring to say the right thing? Or at any rate how can he avoid the feeling that he is saying the right thing? From that moment candour disappears. Consequently we should not strive after candour, that quality of a soul which is never introspective. We are what we can be, but we feel what we are.

I think we have now reached the last degree of natural-

ness to which the most fastidious soul can aspire in love.

A passionate man can only, as his sole refuge in the storm, strongly embrace the vow never to alter the truth in any way and to interpret clearly the feelings in his heart; if the conversation is lively and disjointed, he may hope for some delightfully natural moments, otherwise he will only be perfectly natural during those hours when he is a little less madly in love.

When we are actually with the person we love, even our movements hardly remain natural, even though the habit of them is so firmly rooted in our muscles; when Leonora took my arm, I always seemed about to fall down, and I had to give my mind to walking properly. All we can do is never to be guilty of conscious affectation; it is sufficient to be persuaded that want of naturalness is the greatest possible disadvantage and might even be the source of great misery. The heart of the woman you love no longer understands yours and you lose that nervous and instinctive impression of frankness responding to frankness. It means that you lose any means of touching her, I almost said of seducing her, and I do not profess to deny that a woman who is worthy of being loved may see her destiny in the charming allegory of the ivy which *dies if it does not cling;* it is a law of nature, but to make the man you love happy is always a sure step towards your own happiness. It seems to me that a wise woman should not yield completely to her lover until she can no longer resist, and the slightest suspicion concerning the sincerity of your heart at once gives her back a little strength, enough at any rate to retard her defeat for a day.[7]

[7] Hæc autem ad acerbam rei memoriam, amara quadam dulcedine, scribere visum est . . . ut cogitem nihil esse debere quod amplius mihi placeat in hac vita.

PETRARCH (Marsand Edition).

January 15, 1819.

Is it necessary to add that, in order to make the whole of this perfectly absurd, it is only necessary to apply it to sympathy-love?

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

ALWAYS some little doubt to calm, that is what keeps one ever eager, that is what keeps alive the spark of happy love. Since it is never devoid of fear, its joys can never pall. The characteristic of this happiness is its extreme seriousness.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

CONFIDENCES

THERE is no insolence in the world that is so swiftly punished as that which makes you confide passion-love to an intimate friend. He knows that if what you say is true your pleasures are a thousand times greater than his, which in consequence you despise.

It is far worse between women, since the success of their lives depends on inspiring passion, and, since, as a rule, the lady in whom they confide has also exposed her sweetness to a lover's gaze.

From another point of view, when one is consumed by this fever, there is no moral need in the world more imperative than that of a friend to whom one can expatiate on all the appalling doubts that continually pervade one's mind, for in this frightful passion, *a thing imagined is always a thing existent.*

"A great fault in Salviati's character," he himself wrote in 1817, "in which it is quite opposite to that of Napoleon, is that when in the course of a discussion relating to the interests of some passion anything happens to be proved morally, he cannot make up his mind to start from this basis as from a permanently established fact; and in spite of himself, to his great disadvantage he keeps on reopening the discussion about it." The fact is that it is easy to have courage where ambition is concerned; for in that case, crystallization, not being entirely absorbed in the desire of the object to be obtained, is employed in strengthening one's courage; whereas in love it is entirely at the

service of the object against whom one's courage is needed.

A woman may find a treacherous friend, she may also find a friend who is bored.

A princess of thirty-five,[1] bored, and haunted by the need of action, intrigue, etc., etc., dissatisfied with her lover's coolness, and yet despairing of being able to inspire a new love, not knowing what to do with the restlessness which consumes her, and with no other distraction save fits of spleen, can easily find an occupation, that is to say, pleasure, and an object in life, in wrecking a real passion, a passion which some one has had the insolence to feel for another than herself, whilst her own lover falls asleep at her side.

This is the only case in which hatred produces happiness, because it procures an occupation and work.

At first, the pleasure of having something to do, and, as soon as her object is suspected by Society, the pride she takes in succeeding, give a charm to this employment. Behind the mask of hatred for the lover lurks bitter jealousy of the friend; for how else can she nurse such bitter hatred for a man she has never seen? She must be careful not to admit envy, because to do so would admit her to be worthy of it, and there are sycophants at her Court who only keep their place there by making the friend appear ridiculous.

The treacherous confidante, even whilst committing actions of the basest perfidy, can quite easily persuade herself that she is actuated solely by the desire not to lose a precious friendship. The woman who is bored tells herself that even friendship languishes in a heart consumed by love and its mortal anxieties; beside love friendship can only be maintained by confidences; and what can be more odious to an envious person than such confidences?

The only confidences well received amongst women are

[1] Venice, 1819.

those which are accompanied by the following candid argument: "My dear friend, help me to-day in the war, as absurd as it is relentless, which the prejudices engendered by our tyrants wage against us; to-morrow it may be your turn." [2]

Before this exception there is that of true friendship born in childhood and never spoilt since by any jealousy. . . . . .

. . . . . .

The confidences of passion-love are only welcome amongst schoolboys in love with love and young girls eaten up with curiosity and unused affection, and perhaps already egged on by instinct,[3] which tells them that in this lies the great business of their lives and that they cannot begin to study it too early.

Every one has seen little girls of three accurately discharging all the duties of a flirt.

Sympathy-love is inflamed and passion-love is cooled by confidences.

Apart from the danger of confidences, there is also their difficulty. In passion-love the things that one cannot express (because language is too coarse a medium in which

[2] Memoirs of Madame d'Epinay. Geliotte.

Prague, Klagenfurth, the whole of Moravia, etc., etc. The women there are very amusing, the men great sportsmen. Friendship is very common amongst the women. The best time of the year there is the winter; they have a succession of hunting parties each lasting fifteen to twenty days on the estates of the great nobles. One of the wittiest of these told me one day that Charles V had reigned legitimately over the whole of Italy and that consequently it was useless for the Italians to think of revolting. The wife of this good man was reading the letters of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse.

Znaim, 1816.

[3] A doubtful point. It seems to me that apart from their education which begins at eight or ten months, there is a certain amount of instinct as well.

to give all its subtleties) do not exist any the less because of that; only, because they are so very delicate, one is more apt to be mistaken in one's observation of them.

Again, an emotional observer observes very badly; he does not give chance its due.

Perhaps the wisest course to pursue is to make yourself your own confidant. Write down this evening, using fictitious names, but with every characteristic detail, the conversation that has just taken place between you and your mistress, and all the difficulties that are vexing you. In a week, if you are suffering from passion-love, you will have entirely altered: and then, by reading over your deliberations you will be able to give yourself good advice.

Amongst men, when there are more than two present and when envy might appear, politeness compels one only to talk of sensual love: take, for instance, the end of a man's dinner party. It is Baffo's sonnets[4] which they recite and which please them immensely because every one takes in their literal sense the praises and the transports of his neighbour who very often is only trying to be amusing or polite. The sweet charm of Petrarch or of French madrigals would be out of place.

[4] The Venetian dialect possesses some descriptions of sensual love that leave Horace, Propertius, La Fontaine and all the poets miles behind. Signor Buratti, of Venice, is at the present time the finest satirical poet in the whole of our unhappy Europe. He excels particularly in the description of the grotesque physical qualities of his heroes, so they often put him in prison. See the *Elefanteide*, the *Uomo*, the *Strefeide*.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

JEALOUSY

WHEN you are in love, as each new object strikes your eye or your memory, whether you are wedged in a gallery listening attentively to a parliamentary debate or are on your way to relieve an outpost under enemy fire, you always add some fresh perfection to the idea you have of your mistress, or you discover a new way, which at first seems excellent, of making her love you more.

Each flight of imagination is rewarded by a moment of delight. It is not surprising that such a method of existence should grow upon one.

As soon as jealousy is born, imagination works as before, but produces an exactly opposite effect. Every perfection you add to the diadem of your beloved whom you suspect of loving some one else, far from procuring you an ecstatic happiness, plunges a dagger into your heart. A voice cries out to you: "This fascinating pleasure is for the enjoyment of your rival." [1]

And the objects which strike you without producing this first effect, instead of pointing out to you as before a new way of making her love you, make you see a fresh advantage for your rival.

You meet a pretty woman galloping on horseback through the park,[2] and your rival is famous for his beautiful horses which enable him to travel ten miles in fifty minutes.

1 This is one of the follies of love, for this perfection which you see is probably nothing of the kind to him.

2 Montagnola. April 13, 1819.

In this condition rage is easily roused; you no longer remember that in love *possession is nothing, enjoyment is everything;* you exaggerate in your mind your rival's bliss, and the insolent pride it engenders in him, and you experience the very worst possible torment, namely, extreme misery still further poisoned by a small remnant of hope.

The only remedy is perhaps to be found in the close examination of your rival's happiness. Often you will find him peacefully sleeping in the room in which is sitting the woman, the thought of whom makes your heart miss a beat every time you see a hat in the street that looks like hers.

If you want to rouse him, you have only to show your jealousy. You will perhaps have the pleasure of teaching him the value of the woman who prefers him to you, and it will be to you that he will owe the love he will develop for her.

In dealing with a rival there is no middle course: you must either jest with him with the utmost unconcern, or you must frighten him.

Jealousy being the greatest of all evils, one will find risking one's life a pleasant distraction. For then one's reveries are not all poisoned and do not all end in gloom (by the mechanism explained above); one can sometimes imagine that one is killing one's rival.

On the principle that one must never reinforce the enemy, you must conceal your love from your rival, and on a pretext of vanity as far as possible removed from love, you must tell him in strict confidence, with all possible courtesy, in the calmest and simplest way: "Sir, I do not know why people presume to couple my name with that of little So-and-so; they are even kind enough to think I am in love with her; if you want her yourself, I would let you have her with the greatest pleasure were it not that, unfortunately, in doing so I should expose myself to playing a ridiculous part. In six months' time take her

by all means; but at present honour, which for some reason is attached to these affairs, compels me to tell you, to my great regret, that if by any chance you have not the fairness to wait your turn, one of us two will have to die."

Your rival is probably not a very passionate man, perhaps he is even a very prudent one, who, once he is convinced that you mean what you say, will be only too glad to leave the woman in question to you, if only he can find some satisfactory pretext for doing so. That is why you must put your case as cheerfully as you can, and veil the whole transaction in profound secrecy.

What makes the pangs of jealousy so sharp is that vanity cannot help you to bear them, and, by the method I have indicated, your vanity has something on which to feed. You can pride yourself on your bravery, even if you are reduced to despising your personal charm.

If you prefer not to make a tragedy out of it, you must go off and, forty leagues away, amuse yourself with some dancing girl for whose charms you appear to have taken a sudden fancy.

Unless your rival is a man of exceptional intelligence, he will think you are consoled.

Very often the best line to adopt is to wait without betraying yourself until your rival exhausts his attractions in the eyes of the loved one by his own folly. For, except in the case of a great love affair which has grown up gradually from earliest youth, an intelligent woman does not love a commonplace man for long.[3] In the case of jealousy after intimacy, an appearance of indifference and real inconstancy is still necessary, for many women, when they are offended with a lover whom they still love, turn to the man for whom he has betrayed jealousy, and the game begins to become serious.[4]

[3] *La Princesse de Tarente*, a story by Scarron.
[4] As in *El Curioso Imprudente*, a story by Cervantes.

I have gone into this matter in some detail because in moments of jealousy one usually loses one's head; much of the advice written a long time ago is very sound and, the essential thing being to feign calm, it is expedient to take this tone in a philosophic treatise such as this.

Since their only power over you is to deprive you of, or to make you hope for, things to which only passion gives a value, if you can only succeed in making them think you are indifferent, your enemies are disarmed.

If you can take no definite action and can beguile yourself by seeking relief, you will find some pleasure in reading *Othello;* it will make you doubt the most convincing appearances. Your eyes will rest delightedly on these words:

> Trifles light as air,
> Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
> As proofs from Holy Writ.
>
> *Othello,* Act III

I have found that the sight of a beautiful sea is consoling.

"The morning, which had arisen calm and bright, gave a pleasant effect even to the waste moorland view which was seen from the castle on looking to the landward and the glorious ocean, crisped with a thousand rippling waves of silver, extended on the other side in awful yet complacent majesty to the verge of the horizon. With such scenes of calm sublimity the human heart sympathizes even in its most disturbed moods, and deeds of honour and virtue are inspired by their majestic influence."

(*The Bride of Lammermoor,* Vol. I, Ch. VII.)

I find Salviati writes:

"July 20, 1818.—Often, and perhaps unreasonably, I apply to the whole of life the feelings experienced by an

ambitious man or a good citizen during a battle, if he finds himself employed in guarding the stores camp, or in any other post where there is neither danger nor action. I should have been sorry at the age of forty to have passed by the age of love without some deep passion. I should have had that bitter and humiliating regret of discovering too late that I had been blind enough to let life pass without ever having lived.

"Yesterday I spent three hours with the woman I love and a rival whom she wants me to think she favours. Doubtless there were bitter moments on seeing her beautiful eyes fixed on him, and, on leaving her, the most violent emotions ranging from utter despair to hope. But how many new sensations! What wonderful thoughts! What swift understanding! And in spite of the apparent happiness of my rival, how proud and happy I was to feel how far my love was above his! I said to myself: Those cheeks of his would pale with the most abject fear at the very least of the sacrifices my love would think nothing of making, nay, would make with joy; for instance, to put his hand into a hat to draw one of these two lots: *to be loved by her* or *to die here and now;* and this feeling is so much a matter of course to me that it did not prevent me from taking a cheerful part in the conversation.

"Had any one told me all this two years ago, I should have laughed at him."

I take the following extract from Lewis and Clarke's *Travels to the Source of the Missouri River,* in 1806.[5]

"The Ricaras are poor, but kind and generous; we spent some time in three of their villages. Their women are handsomer than those of all the other tribes we have

[5] The original text has been much altered by Stendhal; as much of the original wording as possible has been retained in this retranslation. [Translator's Note.]

encountered; they are also not at all disposed to let their lovers languish. We found a fresh example of the truth that it is sufficient to travel about the world to find examples of every point of view. Amongst the Ricaras, that the wife or the sister should submit to a stranger's embraces without the consent of her husband or brother, is a cause of great disgrace and offence. However, the brothers and husbands are quite pleased to have an opportunity of doing their friends this little favour.

"We had a negro amongst our men; he was an object of great interest to these people as it was the first time they had seen a man of his colour. He was soon a favourite with the fair sex and, instead of being jealous, we found the husbands enchanted at having him amongst them. And the strangest part of all is that within the narrow confines of their huts, everything that occurs is visible." [6]

[6] An academy ought to be established in Philadelphia, devoted to the collection of material for the study of man in his savage state; we ought not to wait until these curious tribes are exterminated.

I know, of course, that such academies exist, but their regulations are apparently worthy of our European academies (compare the Memoir and Discussion on the Denderah Zodiac at the Academy of Science in Paris, in 1821). I see that the Academy of Massachusetts, I think it is, wisely entrusts a member of the clergy (a Mr. Jarvis) with making a report on the religions of the savages. This clergyman lost no time in energetically refuting an impious Frenchman named Volney. According to the clergyman, the savages have the clearest and loftiest ideas of the Divinity, etc. If he lived in England, such a report would have been worth a preferment, to this worthy academician, of three or four hundred pounds and the protection of all the noble lords in the County. But in America! Moreover, the absurdity of this Academy reminds me that the free-born American attaches the greatest importance to having fine coats of arms painted on the panels of his carriages; but what worries him is that owing to the ignorance of their carriage painter, mistakes of heraldry often occur.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

JEALOUSY (*Continued*)

LET us consider the woman suspected of inconstancy. We will suppose that she leaves you because you have discouraged crystallization, and yet perhaps the fact that she is used to you weighs in your favour in her affections.

Or she leaves you because she is too sure of you. You have destroyed fear, and the little doubts of happy love can no longer arise; make her anxious, and above all beware of the absurdity of protestations.

In the course of your long intimacy with her you will doubtless have discovered which woman in the town or in Society she is most jealous of and fears the most. Make advances to this woman; but, so far from advertising the fact, you must try to conceal it, and try really hard; you can rely on the eyes of hatred seeing and guessing everything. The profound detachment which you will have experienced for several months from all women[1] ought to make this easy for you. Remember that in the position in which you find yourself you will spoil everything by a show of passion: see very little of the woman you love, and drink plenty of champagne in bright surroundings.

In order to gauge the love of your mistress, you must remember:

1. That the more sensual pleasure enters into the basis

[1] One compares the bough covered with diamonds with the bare branch, and the contrast makes the recollection still more vivid.

of love, and in what formerly brought about your intimacy, the more subject is it to inconstancy and above all to infidelity. This applies particularly to love the crystallization of which has been favoured by the fervour of youth, at the age of sixteen.

2. The degree of love experienced by two lovers is hardly ever the same.[2] Passion-love has its phases during which, in turn, each loves more than the other. Often a mere desire for intrigue or vanity-love is returned for passion-love, and it is generally the woman who loves with passion. Whatever may be the love felt by one of two lovers, as soon as he is jealous he insists upon the other fulfilling the conditions of passion-love; vanity simulates all the necessities of a tender heart in him.

On the whole, nothing bores sympathy-love so much as to be returned by passion-love.

An intelligent man in paying court to a woman often only engenders the idea of love in her mind, and softens her heart. She is very kind to this intelligent man who gives her this pleasure. He begins to hope.

But one fine day this woman meets the man who makes her feel what the other one has described.

I do not know what effect a man's jealousy has on the heart of the woman he loves. Jealousy on the part of a lover who bores her must inspire extreme irritation almost to the point of hatred, if the object of this jealousy is more attractive than the jealous man, for, as Madame de Coulanges used to say, one only likes jealousy in those of whom one might be jealous one's self.

If she loves the jealous man and he has no cause for jealousy, it may offend that feminine pride which is so hard to deal with and to recognize. Jealousy may please

[2] For instance, the love of Alfieri for that great English lady (Lady Ligonier), who also had an intrigue with her lackey and so humorously aped *Penelope*. Vita, 2.

a high-spirited woman, as a new way of showing her her power.

Jealousy may please her as a fresh proof of love. Jealousy may shock the modesty of an ultra-delicate woman.

Jealousy may please her by showing her the bravery of her lover, *ferrum est quod amant.* Observe that the bravery she loves is not mere physical courage like that of Turenne, which may quite well be accompanied by heartlessness.

One of the consequences of the principle of crystallization is that a woman must never confess to a lover to whom she has been unfaithful if she ever wants to make anything of him.

Such is the pleasure of continuing to delight in that perfect image we have formed of the object to whom we have pledged ourselves that until that fatal confession:

> "We will seek high and low, rather than die,
> Some friendly pretext to go on living and suffering."
>
> ANDRÉ CHÉNIER.

Every one in France knows the anecdote of Mademoiselle de Sommery, who, surprised in the very act by her lover, denied the fact brazenly and, when he protested, exclaimed: "Ah! how well I see you don't love me any more; you believe what you see sooner than what I tell you!"

To become reconciled to an adored mistress who has been unfaithful to one is to resign oneself to destroying with repeated dagger thrusts a continuously reviving crystallization. Love must inevitably die, and your heart will suffer the most appalling pangs through every phase of its agony. It is one of the saddest combinations of this passion and of life: one should steel one's self only to be reconciled as a friend.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

ROXANA

COMING to jealousy between women, they are apt to be suspicious, they risk infinitely more than we do, they have made greater sacrifices to love, they have far fewer means of distraction, and above all they have far fewer means of following their lovers' actions. A woman feels degraded by jealousy; it makes her seem to be running after a man: she thinks it makes her ridiculous in her lover's eyes and that he is particularly amused by her tenderest transports; she must long to be cruel and yet she cannot legally kill her rival.

For women jealousy must be a still more abominable evil, if that is possible, than for men. The human heart cannot, without breaking, bear any greater weight of impotent rage and self-contempt.[1]

I know of no remedy for this terrible complaint but the death either of the person who inspires it or of the one who experiences it. French jealousy can be studied in the story of Madame de la Pommeraie in *Jacques le Fataliste*.[2]

La Rochefoucauld says: "We are ashamed of admitting jealousy, and yet we pride ourselves on having suffered from it and of being capable of it again." [3] The unfor-

[1] This self-contempt is one of the principal causes of suicide; one kills one's self in order to satisfy one's honour.

[2] By Diderot.

[3] Thought number 495. The reader will have recognized, without my pointing them out each time, several other thoughts from celebrated writers. I am trying to write history, and such thoughts are facts.

tunate woman does not even dare admit that she has ever experienced this cruel torment, so ridiculous does it make her appear. Such a painful wound can never heal up completely.

If cold reason could face the fire of imagination with the smallest atom of success, I should say to those wretched women who are made unhappy by jealousy: "There is a great difference between infidelity in a man and in you. With you this act is partly *direct action* and partly a *symbol*. As a result of our military school education, it symbolizes nothing in a man. As a result of modesty it is, on the contrary, the most conclusive of all the symbols of devotion in a woman. Bad habit makes it almost a necessity to men. During the whole of their early youth, the example of what are called 'seniors' at college makes us put all our vanity and the whole proof of our worth, in the number of our successes of this kind. But your own education acts in an exactly opposite way."

As for the value of an action as a symbol:—in a fit of anger I upset a table onto my neighbour's foot; this hurts him like the devil, but can easily be put right, or I make a feint at him as though to slap his face.

The difference in infidelity between the two sexes is such a real one, that a loving woman can forgive an infidelity, which it is impossible for a man to do.

There is one infallible way of differentiating between passion-love and love arising from pique: a woman's infidelity almost destroys the one but it greatly increases the other.

High-spirited women conceal their jealousy out of pride. They spend long silent stoical evenings with the man whom they adore, whom they are terrified of losing and in whose eyes they see themselves without charm. This must be one of the worst possible torments, as it is also one of the most fertile sources of unhappiness in love. To cure

these women, who are so worthy of all our esteem, the man must take some unexpected and vigorous measure, and above all he must not seem to realize what is happening: he might, for instance, undertake a long journey with them at twenty-four hours' notice.

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

PIQUED[1] *VANITY*

PIQUE is an impulse of vanity: I do not want my antagonist to get the better of me, and *I want this antagonist to be himself the judge of my worth.* I want to ruffle him. This is why we go so much further than is reasonable.

Sometimes, in order to justify our own extravagances, we reach the point of persuading ourselves that this rival is trying to make a dupe of us.

Pique, being an *infirmity of the honour,* is much more frequent under monarchies, and must make a much rarer appearance in countries where they have acquired the habit of judging actions by their degree of utility, as, for instance, in the United States of America.

All men, and Frenchmen more than others, hate being made a dupe of; and yet the frailty of the old French monarchic character[2] prevented pique from causing any great ravages anywhere but in intrigue and sympathy-love. Pique only produces real atrocities in monarchies in which the climatic conditions tend to make people morose (as in Portugal or in Piedmont).

Provincial Frenchmen set up an absurd standard of the qualifications necessary for a gentleman in Society and

1 *Puntiglio* in Italian, *pique* in English.

2 Three-quarters of the great French nobles, in about 1778, would have been in danger of becoming habitual criminals in a country in which the laws were carried out without distinction of persons.

then they lie in wait and spend their lives watching to see if any one transgresses this standard. Thus there is an end to naturalness, they are always in a state of pique, and this mania makes even their love ridiculous. It is this which, after envy, makes living in small towns so unbearable, and one should bear this in mind whenever one admires the picturesque surroundings of some of them. The most generous and noble emotions are stifled there by contact with the basest of all the products of civilization. To put the finishing touch on their repulsiveness, these respectable citizens talk of nothing but of the corruption of great cities.[3]

Pique cannot exist in passion-love; it either comes from feminine pride ("If I let my lover ill-treat me, he will despise me and will no longer love me."); or it is jealousy in all its fury.

Jealousy longs for the death of the person it fears. The man who is piqued, so far from wishing this, wants his enemy to live and above all to witness his triumph.

The man who is piqued hates to see his rival abandon the struggle, because he might have the insolence to think, deep down in his heart: "If I had gone on troubling about the lady, I would have got the better of him."

In pique one is in no way concerned with the apparent aim, it is just a question of victory. This is clearly seen in a chorus girl's love affairs; if you remove her rival, the boasted passion which almost drove her to fling herself from the window, at once subsides.

Love arising out of pique may disappear in a moment, in contrast to passion-love. It is sufficient for our antagonist to give up the struggle by some unmistakable action. I hesitate however to insist on this, as I know

[3] As they spy on one another, out of envy, in everything connected with love, there is less love and more moral laxity in the Provinces. Italy is happier in this respect.

of only one case and I am doubtful about that. These are the facts; the reader may judge for himself.

Doña Diana was a young lady of twenty-three, daughter of one of the richest and proudest citizens in Seville. She was unquestionably handsome in a rather obvious way and she was supposed to have a very great deal of intelligence and still greater pride. She was passionately in love, to all appearance, with a young officer with whom her family would have nothing to do. The officer left for America with Morillo; the lovers wrote to each other constantly. One day, at Doña Diana's mother's house, in the presence of a large number of people, some idiot announced the death of this charming young man. Every eye was turned towards her, and she merely remarked: "What a pity, when he was so young!" We had, that very day, been reading a play of Massinger's which ends tragically, but in which the heroine receives the news of her lover's death with this apparent calm. I saw the mother shudder, in spite of her pride and her hatred; the father left the room to hide his delight. In the midst of all this, amongst the confusion of those present who kept glaring at the fool who blurted out the news, Doña Diana was the only one who remained calm and continued the conversation as though nothing had happened. Her mother, thoroughly alarmed, told her maid to keep an eye on her, but she made no change at all in her mode of life.

Two years later a very handsome young man paid his addresses to her. Once again, and again for the same reason, that the suitor was not of noble birth, Doña Diana's parents violently opposed the marriage; she declared that it would take place. A condition of piqued vanity sprang up between father and daughter. The young man was forbidden the house. Doña Diana was no longer taken into the country and hardly ever to

church; every possible means of meeting her lover was carefully removed from her. He disguised himself and met her clandestinely at long intervals. She became more and more obstinate and refused the most brilliant matches, even a title and a large establishment at the Court of Fernando VII. The misfortunes of these two lovers and their heroic constancy were the talk of the entire city. At last the day of Doña Diana's majority approached; she gave her father to understand that she would exercise her right of disposing of herself. The family, forced to the last line of defence, began negotiating for the marriage; halfway through the negotiations, at an official reunion of the two families, after six years of constancy, the young man threw Doña Diana over.[4]

A quarter of an hour later all signs of the affair had disappeared. She was consoled; was her love only pique? Or was she just one of those great souls who disdain to make themselves and their grief a spectacle for the world to gape at?

A man suffering from passion-love often cannot reach happiness, if I may so express it, except by piquing the vanity of the person he loves; then he apparently obtains everything he can possibly desire, and any complaints would be absurd and would seem meaningless; he cannot confide his woes in any one and yet he is ever conscious of them and is constantly receiving fresh proofs of them; these proofs are interlaced, as it were, with the most encouraging circumstances eminently calculated to give him the most entrancing illusions. His calamity rears its hideous head in the most ecstatic moments, as though to

[4] Every year there are many cases of women being abandoned just as vilely, and I forgive virtuous women their lack of confidence in men.–MIRABEAU, *Letters to Sophie.* In despotic countries opinion carries no weight: nothing is real but the friendship of the Pasha.

defy him and to make him feel all the happiness of being loved by the charming and unfeeling creature whom he clasps in his arms, knowing all the time that this happiness will never be his. This is perhaps, after jealousy, the worst calamity.

In a certain large town [5] they still remember a gentle and affectionate man who was impelled by rage of this kind to kill his mistress who only loved him out of pique against her sister. He persuaded her to come for a row with him on the sea in a pretty little rowing boat which he had designed himself; when well out at sea he touched a spring, and the boat opened and disappeared for ever.

I have seen a man of sixty start an affair with the most capricious, wayward, charming and amazing actress on the London stage, Miss Cornel. "And you imagine that she will be faithful to you?" he was asked. "Not the least in the world; but she will love me and perhaps madly."

And she loved him for a whole year, often to distraction, and for three consecutive months she never gave any cause for complaint. He had established a condition of piqued vanity, which, according to many reports was of a disgraceful kind, between his mistress and his daughter.

Pique triumphs in sympathy-love, whose very essence it is. It is the best way of distinguishing between sympathy-love and passion-love. There is an old campaigner's saying which recruits are told when they join their regiment, that if you are billeted on a house where there are two sisters, and you want one of them to be kind to you, you must pay your court to the other. With most young Spanish women who are not averse to a little love-making, if you want them to love you, it is enough to proclaim candidly and modestly that you have no tender feelings at all for the mistress of the house. I owe this useful

[5] Leghorn, 1819.

maxim to that charming man, General Lassale. It is the most dangerous way of attacking passion-love.

Piqued vanity is the happiest form of marriage bond, always excepting, of course, marriages which are based on love. Many a husband has made sure of his wife's love for long years by taking a little mistress two months after marriage.[6] This gives rise in her to the habit of thinking of one man only, and family ties arrive and consolidate it for ever.

If in the century and the Court of Louis XV a great lady (Madame de Choiseul) was seen to adore her husband,[7] it was because he seemed to take such a lively interest in her sister, the Duchesse de Grammont.

The most neglected mistress, as soon as she lets us see that she prefers another man, disturbs our peace of mind and fills our hearts with every semblance of passion.

The courage of an Italian is a fit of anger, the courage of a German is a moment of intoxication, the courage of a Spaniard is an outburst of pride. Were there any nation in which courage was, as a rule, a question of piqued vanity between the soldiers of each company and between the regiments of each division, one would not know, in the case of a rout, how to rally the armies of that nation, for there would be no point of support between them. It would be utterly absurd to try to foresee danger and to try to remedy it amongst these vainglorious fugitives.

"One has only to have opened some tale of travel amongst the North American savages," says one of the most delightful French philosophers,[8] "to know that the ordinary fate of prisoners of war is, not only to be burnt

[6] See the *Confessions of An Odd Tempered Man* (story by Amelia Opie, *New Tales*, Vol. IV).

[7] Letters of Madame du Deffand; Memoirs of Lauzun.

[8] Volney, *Tableau des Etats-Unis d'Amérique*, pp. 491-496.

alive and eaten, but to be tied beforehand to a stake near a burning pyre, there to be tormented for several hours with all the fiercest and most refined tortures that fury can devise. One must read the descriptions of these appalling scenes by the travellers who have witnessed the cannibal joy of the onlookers, and especially the fury of the women and children, and their fiendish delight in rivalling each other in cruelty. One must see what they add of the heroic steadfastness, the unchanging calm of the prisoner, who not only betrays no sign of pain, but taunts and defies his tormentors by all that is haughty in pride, bitter in irony and most insulting in sarcasm; singing of his own exploits, enumerating the blood-relations and friends of the spectators whom he has killed, detailing the tortures he has made them suffer, and accusing all those around him of cowardice, poltroonery, and of ignorance of the art of torture; until at last, falling to pieces and devoured alive before his own eyes by his enemies drunk with rage, his last breath and his last insult expire with his life.[9] All this would be incredible in civilized nations, will seem like a fable to our most intrepid captains of grenadiers, and will one day have a doubt cast over it by posterity."

This physiological phenomenon arises from the peculiar state of mind of the prisoner who establishes between himself on the one hand, and his executioners on the other, a battle of pride, a wager of vanity as to which will give in first.

Our brave military surgeons have often observed that wounded men who, in a calm state of mind and body would have screamed aloud during certain operations, show

[9] Any one who is used to such a spectacle and who feels that he may one day be the hero of one like it, perhaps only notices the greatness of the soul, and then the spectacle would become the most intimate and the greatest passive pleasure.

themselves, on the contrary, calm and brave if they are prepared in a certain manner. Their sense of honour must be piqued and the surgeon must maintain, first of all vaguely, and then with an irritating note of contradiction, that they are not in a condition to stand the operation without screaming.

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

QUARRELSOME LOVE

THIS is of two kinds:

1. That in which the person who quarrels loves the other.

2. That in which he does not love the other.

If one of the two lovers predominates too much in those qualities which they both prize, the other's love is bound to die, for fear of contempt must succeed sooner or later in bringing the progress of crystallization to an abrupt stop.

Nothing is so odious to mediocrity as intellectual superiority; in our present-day world this is the chief source of hatred; and if we do not owe the most desperate feuds to this principle, it is solely because the people it estranges from one another are not compelled to live together. What, then, happens in the case of love, where, everything being quite natural, particularly on the part of the superior being, superiority is not masked by any social precaution?

In order that passion may survive, it is necessary for the inferior person to ill-treat the other, otherwise the latter would not be able even to shut a window without the other feeling slighted.

So far as the superior is concerned, he deludes himself, and not only does the love he feels run no risk, but nearly all the shortcomings in the person he loves make that person dearer to him.

Immediately after passion-love, and returned in like

manner amongst people of the same degree of intelligence, we must place, for durability, *quarrelsome love* in which the person who quarrels is not in love. Examples of this will be found in the anecdotes told of the Duchesse de Berri (in the Memoirs of Duclos).

This kind of love partakes of the nature of those calculated habits founded on the prosaic and egotistical side of life which are man's companions to the tomb, and is therefore capable of lasting even longer than passion-love itself. But it is no longer love, it is a habit arising out of love, and has nothing in common with that passion save memories of it and physical pleasure. The formation of this habit necessarily implies less nobility of soul. Every day a little drama: "Will he scold me?" is staged in the mind, and this occupies the imagination, in the same way that in the case of passion-love some fresh proof of affection is required every day. See the anecdotes about Madame d'Houdetot and Saint-Lambert.[1]

It is possible that pride will refuse to grow accustomed to this kind of interest; then, after a few stormy months, pride kills love. But we see this noble passion struggling for a long time before it expires. The little quarrels of happy love continue for a long time to deceive a heart that still loves and finds itself being ill-treated. A few tender reconciliations may make the passing easier to bear. A woman forgives a man she has loved deeply, on the ground that he has some secret sorrow, or has some stroke of bad luck; at last she grows accustomed to his fault-finding. And indeed, where could one find, apart from passion-love, gambling or the possession of power,[2] any other source

[1] In the Memoirs of Madame d'Epinay, I think, or of Marmontel.

[2] Whatever certain hypocritical Ministers may say, power is the greatest of all pleasures. It seems to me that love alone can outweigh it, and love is a lucky accident which one cannot procure for one's self like a Ministry.

of daily interest to be compared with it in keenness? If the one who is always finding fault dies, the surviving victim is never consoled. This principle forms the bond of many a middle-class marriage; the person who is nagged at listens all day long to what interests him most.

There is a spurious kind of quarrelsome love. Chapter Thirty-three is an extract from the letter of an extremely intelligent woman:

"Always some little doubt to calm, that is what keeps one ever eager for passion-love. . . . Since it is never devoid of the most haunting fear, its joys can never pall."

Amongst surly or badly brought up people, or those who have an extremely violent nature, this little doubt to calm, this trivial fear, manifest themselves by a quarrel.

If the loved one is not extremely susceptible, as a result of careful upbringing, he or she may derive more excitement and consequently more pleasure from love of this kind; and, be one as fastidious as you please, if one sees that an angry man is the chief victim of his own rage, it is very difficult not to love him the more for it. In musing over the mistress who had left him, Lord Mortimer possibly missed the candlesticks she used to throw at his head more than anything else. And indeed, if one's pride can forgive and permit such feelings about things of this sort, it must be admitted that they wage a relentless war against boredom, that great enemy of all happy people.

Saint-Simon, the only historian France has ever had, says:

"After many interludes, the Duchesse de Berri fell in love, in real earnest, with Riom, a younger son of the house of Aydie, and son of a sister of Madame de Biron. He possessed neither presence nor wit; he was a short, stout

youth, whose puffy, sallow face, covered with spots, closely resembled an abscess; he had fine teeth, and had no idea of inspiring a passion which in less than no time became quite out of hand and permanent, without however preventing occasional intrigues and passing fancies; he had no possessions save a large number of brothers and sisters in the same case. He was related to Monsieur and Madame de Pons (who was lady of the bedchamber to the Duchesse de Berri), and came from the same part of the country; they had sent for the young man, who was a lieutenant of dragoons, to try to make something of him. Hardly had he arrived when the Duchesse betrayed her preference for him, and he took command at the Luxembourg.

"Monsieur de Lauzun, whose great-nephew he was, laughed in his sleeve; he was delighted, and he saw in imagination a reincarnation of himself in the days of Mademoiselle [3] at the Luxembourg; he gave him instructions, and Riom, who was tractable, naturally polite and respectful, and an easy-going, simple soul, followed them carefully: but he soon began to feel the power of his charms, which could only be captivating to the incomprehensible fancy of this Princess. Without abusing his power with any one else, he made himself loved by every one; but he treated his Duchesse as Monsieur de Lauzun had treated Mademoiselle. He was soon decked out in the finest lace and the richest clothes, provided with money, buckles and jewelry; he made himself desired and amused himself by making the Princess jealous and pretending to be jealous himself; he often made her cry; little by little he reduced her to the state of never daring to do anything without his permission, even in the most trifling matters: sometimes when she was dressed to go to the

[3] *Mademoiselle*, the title given to the eldest daughter of the eldest brother of the King of France. The lady here referred to is the Duchesse de Montpensier. [Translator's note.]

Opera he made her stay behind; at others he would make her go against her will; he obliged her to render services to ladies whom she did not like, or of whom she was jealous, and to harm men whom she liked and of whom he pretended to be jealous. She had not the least liberty of action, even in her dress; he amused himself by having her hair redressed or by making her change her clothes when she was ready to go out; and this happened so often and sometimes so publicly that he had accustomed her to take his orders every evening for her dress and as to how she should spend her time on the following day; and the next day he would change his mind about everything and the Princess would go into floods of tears; at last she reached the point of sending him messages by confidential lackeys (for he lived at the Luxembourg almost from the day of his arrival); these messages used to come several times whilst she was dressing, for instructions as to what dress, ribbons, and other adornment she should wear; and he nearly always made her wear the things she did not want to wear. If at any time she dared to do the least thing without his permission, he treated her like a servant, and her tears would often last for several days.

"This proud Princess who had delighted so much in displaying and exerting the most immoderate arrogance, lowered herself to take humble meals with him and with vagabonds, she with whom none could eat who was not a Prince of the Blood. The Jesuit Riglet, whom she had known as a child, and who had taught her, was admitted to these private meals, without shame on his part or embarrassment on that of the Duchesse: Madame de Mouchy was the confidante of all these strange occurrences; she and Riom invited the guests and fixed the days. This lady used to reconcile the lovers, and this state of affairs was quite understood at the Luxembourg where everything was referred to Riom, who, for his part,

took care to be on good terms with every one, showing them a respect which he refused, in public, to his Princess alone. In front of every one he would give her curt answers which would make those present drop their eyes and bring colour to the cheeks of the Duchesse who never tried to conceal the passion she felt for him."

Riom was a sovereign remedy against boredom for the Duchesse.

A famous woman once said suddenly to General Bonaparte, then a young hero covered with glory and guiltless of any crime against liberty: "General, for you a woman can only be a wife or a sister." The hero did not understand the compliment, which has been made up for since by plenty of abuse. Women like the Duchesse de Berri like to be despised by their lover; they only like him when he is cruel.

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE A

ANTIDOTES TO LOVE

THE Lovers Leap of Leucadia was a beautiful piece of imagery amongst the ancients. Actually it is practically impossible to cure love. It requires not only an actual danger that urgently recalls a man's mind to the needs of self-preservation,[1] but, and this is much more difficult to find, the danger must be a persisting one capable of being staved off by skill, so that this dwelling on self-preservation may have time to become a habit. I can think of nothing of the sort except a sixteen-day storm like that experienced by Don Juan,[2] or Monsieur Cochelet's shipwreck amongst the Moors; in other cases one soon grows accustomed to danger, and one can even turn once more to the person one loves, and with even greater delight, when one is on outpost twenty yards from the enemy lines.

We have constantly repeated that the love of a man who is deeply in love either thrills to or shrinks from every thought which comes into his mind, and that there is nothing in Nature which does not speak to him of the woman he loves. Now delight and fear form a very absorbing occupation, which puts all others in the shade.

The friend who wishes to contrive the cure of the invalid should in the first place always be on the side of the woman who is the object of this passion, and all friends

1 Henry Morton's danger in the Clyde. *Old Mortality*, Vol. III, Ch. 10.

2 By that over-estimated man, Lord Byron.

who have more zeal than wit invariably do just the opposite.

To do so is to attack, with forces which are too absurdly outnumbered, this conglomeration of charming illusions which we have before called crystallization.[3]

The friend who comes to the rescue should constantly bear in mind the fact that if any absurd proposition arises, as the lover must either accept it or give up everything that holds him to life, he will accept it, and however intelligent he may be he will deny in his mistress the most obvious vices and the most wanton infidelities. That is how, in passion-love, given a little time, everything can be forgiven.

If a man is by nature cold and analytical, in order for him to swallow the vices of his mistress he must not become aware of their existence until after several months of passion.[4]

So far from trying to distract the lover bluntly and openly, the rescuing friend should talk to him of his love and of his mistress *ad nauseam,* at the same time continually trying to interest him in little incidents taking place around him. If travelling means *isolation* it is no remedy,[5] and in fact nothing recalls the person one loves more tenderly than contrasts. It was amongst brilliant Paris salons, and in the company of women who were famous for their charm, that I felt the deepest love for my poor mistress, sad and alone, in her little apartment in the depths of Romagna.[6]

On the face of the exquisite clock in the brilliant drawing-

[3] Merely for the sake of abbreviation and apologizing for this new word.

[4] Madame Dornal and Serigny. *Confessions of Count* * * * by Duclos. See note on page 65; the death of General Abdullah at Bologna.

[5] I have cried nearly every day (precious words of June 10th).

[6] Salviati.

room in which I sat, an exile, I would note the hour at which she would be going out, even through the rain, to visit her friend. It was whilst trying to forget her that I discovered that contrasts bring memories perhaps less vivid but certainly much more heavenly than those which one seeks in the places where in days gone by one used to meet her.

In order that absence may be of any use, the rescuing friend ought always to be on the spot to make the lover reflect as much as possible on the incidents of his love affair, and to try to make these reflections boring by their length or inappropriateness; this should have the effect of making them appear commonplace: for instance, he must be tender and sentimental after a dinner enlivened by good wines.

The reason that it is so difficult to forget a woman with whom one has been intimate is that there are certain moments which the imagination cannot tire of picturing and embellishing.

I will not mention pride, which is a cruel but sovereign remedy, but one which cannot be employed by sensitive people.

The early scenes of *Romeo and Juliet* teach us an admirable lesson. There is all the difference in the world between the man who says sadly to himslf: "She hath forsworn to love," and the one who cries in an ecstasy of happiness: "Come what sorrow can!"

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE B

Her passion will die like a lamp, for want of that the flame should feed upon.

The Bride of Lammermoor, Vol. II, Ch. VI.

THE friend to the rescue should beware of faulty reasoning, as, for instance, of talking of ingratitude. You revive crystallization by procuring a victory and a new pleasure for it.

There is no such thing as ingratitude in love; its actual pleasure always more than repays even the greatest apparent sacrifices. To my mind, the only crime at which one can take offence in love is want of candour; one should always reveal the exact state of one's heart.

If the rescuing friend makes ever so slight a frontal attack on love, the lover replies: "To be in love, even if the person you love is angry with you, is no less (to come down to your sordid level) than to hold a ticket in a lottery whose prize is a thousand leagues above anything that you could offer me from your world of indifference and personal interests. You must have a great deal of very petty vanity to be happy because people think well of you. I do not blame men for behaving thus in their own world. But with Leonora I found a world where everything was divine, open-hearted and tender. The most sublime and almost incredible virtue of your world, in our intercourse only counted as an ordinary everyday virtue. Let me at any rate dream of the happiness of passing my life beside such a creature. Although I quite realize that calumny has ruined me and that I have nothing more to

hope for, I can at least sacrifice my vengeance to her."

The course of love can only be arrested at its outset. Apart from prompt departure and the forced distractions of Society, as in the case of the Countess Kalemberg, there are many other little ruses for the rescuing friend to employ. For instance, he can, as though by chance, call your attention to the fact that the woman you love, apart from the tussle in hand, does not even extend to you the politeness and regard which she shows your rival. The slightest hint is enough, for in love everything is symbolic; for instance, she does not let you hand her into her box; trifles of this sort, taken tragically by a passionate heart, by linking an act of humiliation to every judgment formed by crystallization, poisons the source of love and may succeed in destroying it.

We can accuse the woman who is ill-treating our friend of some ludicrous physical defect which it is impossible to verify; if the lover were able to verify the calumny, even if it were true his imagination would make it easy to swallow, and the defect would soon cease to exist for him. Imagination can only be fought with imagination; Henri III was quite aware of this when he slandered the famous Duchesse de Montpensier.

Consequently if you wish to preserve a young girl from the contagion of love, you must above all guard her imagination. And the less trivial her mind, the more noble and generous her soul, in a word, the more worthy she be of our respect, the greater will be the danger which she runs.

It is always dangerous for a young girl to allow her thoughts to rest repeatedly and too kindly on the same person. If gratitude, admiration or curiosity happen to strengthen the bonds of memory, she is almost certainly on the brink of the chasm. The greater the tedium of her usual life, the more virulent are the poisons called grati-

tude, admiration, curiosity. It is then that swift, prompt and energetic distraction is required.

It is thus that an almost certain method of winning the respect of an intelligent woman when one first meets her is to be somewhat uncouth and "off-hand," if only the drug be administered in a natural way.

End of Book I

ON LOVE

BOOK II

CHAPTER FORTY

TEMPERAMENT AND GOVERNMENT

ALL love and all imagination partake of the quality of one of six temperaments, according to the individual:

The sanguine, or French, that of Monsieur de Francueil (Memoirs of Madame d'Épinay);

The choleric, or Spanish, that of Lauzun (Peguilhen in the Memoirs of Saint-Simon);

The melancholy, or German, that of Schiller's Don Carlos;

The phlegmatic, or Dutch;

The nervous, that of Voltaire;

The athletic, that of Milo of Crotona.[1]

If the influence of temperament makes itself felt in ambition, avarice, friendship, and so on, what must it be in love, in which the physical also comes unavoidably into play?

Let us suppose that all forms of love can be reduced to the four varieties we have noted:

Passion-love, that of Julie d'Étanges;

Sympathy-love or gallantry;

Sensual love;

Vanity-love (a duchess is never more than thirty years old to a snob).

We must consider each of these four kinds of love in relation to their dependence on the different habits given to the imagination by each of the six different tempera-

1 See Cabanis, the influence of physique, etc.

ments enumerated above. Tiberius had not the crazy imagination of Henry VIII.

We must consider all the combinations we obtain in this way in relation to the difference of habit dependent on governments or national characteristics:

1. Asiatic Despotism as it is seen in Constantinople.
2. Absolute Monarchy like that of Louis XIV.
3. Aristocracy disguised by a charter, or the government of a country for the benefit of the rich, as in England, all following the rules of so-called Biblical morality;
4. Federal Republicanism, or government for the benefit of all, as in the United States of America;
5. Constitutional Monarchy, or . . .
6. A State in Revolution, like Spain, Portugal, France. This condition of a country, by giving every one a strong passion, makes for naturalness of morals; it does away with trifles, conventional virtues and stupid ceremonial;[2] it steadies young men and makes them despise vanity-love and avoid gallantry.

This condition may last for a long time and form the habits of a generation. In France, it began in 1788, was interrupted in 1802, and began again in 1815, to end God knows when.

After all these general ways of considering love, we have the differences of age, and lastly we come to individual peculiarities.

For instance, one might say:

At Dresden, in the case of Count Wolfstein, I found vanity-love, a melancholy temperament, monarchic habits, the age of thirty and . . . his individual peculiarities.

This method of looking at things makes for brevity and gives the person who is forming an opinion about love the

[2] The minister Roland's shoes without ribbons: "Ah! Monsieur, all is lost," answered Dumouriez. At the Royal Council meeting the President of the Assembly crosses his legs.

dispassionate outlook which is so essential and so very difficult to acquire.

Now, as in physiology man knows practically nothing about himself except through comparative anatomy, so, in considering the passions, vanity and many other causes of illusion prevent us from clearly understanding what is happening within ourselves, except through the weaknesses we have observed in others. If by any chance this essay has any useful effect, it will be to lead the mind to make comparisons of this sort. To encourage people to make them I propose to try to outline some of the general characteristics of love amongst the different nations.

I beg to be forgiven if I often revert to Italy: in the present state of ethics in Europe, Italy is the only country where the plant I am describing grows quite untrammelled. In France, vanity; in Germany, a sham philosophy so stupid that one could die of laughing at it; in England, a timid, painful, spiteful pride, torment it, smother it and twist it into strange shapes.[3]

[3] It will have been only too evident that this treatise is made up of scraps jotted down as Lisio Visconti saw the incidents happen before his eyes, during his travels. All these incidents are set out at length in his diary; perhaps I should have inserted them here, but they would have been found rather unseemly. The earliest notes bear the date "Berlin 1807" and the latest date from a few days before his death in June 1819. I have purposely altered some of the dates so as not to be indiscreet; but my alterations have ended there: I did not think I was entitled to remodel the style. This book was written in a hundred different places; may it be read in as many.

CHAPTER FORTY-ONE

ASPECTS OF LOVE IN VARIOUS NATIONS

FRANCE

I INTEND to avoid partiality and to be nothing but the cold philosopher.

Moulded by the amiable Frenchman, who has nothing but his vanity and his physical desires, French women are less active, less energetic, less feared and above all less loved and less powerful than Spanish or Italian women.

The measure of a woman's power is the degree of suffering with which she can punish her lover; now, to a man who has nothing but his vanity, all women are useful, but none are necessary; the success which flatters is to conquer a woman, not to keep her love. Where men have nothing but physical desire one finds strumpets, and that is why strumpets in France are charming, and Spanish ones so very inferior. In France strumpets can give many men as much happiness as virtuous women, that is to say, happiness without love; there is always one thing which a Frenchman respects more than his mistress, and that is his vanity.

A young Parisian in choosing a mistress requires a sort of slave doomed above all to gratify his vanity. If she resists the demands of this dominating passion, he leaves her, and is more pleased with himself than ever in telling

his friends with what dignity and how cleverly he cast her off.

A Frenchman who knew his country well (Meilhan) said: "In France great love is as rare as great men."

Language has no words to describe how impossible to a Frenchman is the part of a deserted, despairing lover in the sight and to the knowledge of a whole town. Nothing is more common in Venice or Bologna.

To find love in Paris, one must descend to the classes in which the absence of education and of vanity and the struggle with real want have left more energy.

To allow it to be known that one has a great unsatisfied desire is to reveal one's mediocrity, which is impossible in France, except perhaps for people who are quite submerged; it amounts to exposing one's self to every conceivable kind of gibe: whence the exaggerated praise of strumpets in the mouths of young men who are frightened of their own feelings. The abject and sordid fear of letting one's mediocrity appear is the keynote of conversation amongst provincial people. Did not one of them remark recently, on learning for the first time that the Duc de Berri had been assassinated: "I knew it." [1]

In the Middle Ages the constant presence of danger *nerved* people's hearts and therein, unless I am mistaken, lies the amazing superiority of the men of the sixteenth century. Originality, which nowadays is rare, ridiculous, dangerous and often affected was then common and undisguised. Countries in which danger often still shows its iron hand, like Corsica,[2] Spain, Italy, can still produce

1 A historic fact. Many people, strange as it may appear, hate being given news; they are afraid of seeming inferior to the man who gives it to them.

2 Memoirs of Monsieur Réalier-Dumas. Corsica, whose population of a hundred and eighty thousand is less than half that of most of the French Departments, has recently produced Sallicetti, Pozzo di Borgo, General Sébastiani, Cervoni, Abatucci, Lucien

great men. In these climates where the fierce heat inflames men's spleen during three months of the year, the only thing missing is an outlet for their energy; in Paris I am afraid it is energy itself which is lacking.[3]

Many of our young men, so brave on occasion at Montmirail or in the Bois de Boulogne, are frightened of love, and it is really faint-heartedness which makes them at twenty avoid the society of a young girl who strikes them as being pretty. When they recall what they have read in novels to be the right thing for a lover to do, they shrivel up. These cold-blooded beings do not realize that the storm of passions, whilst it breaks the sea up into waves, fills the vessel's sails and gives it strength to breast them.

Love is an exquisite flower, but one must have the courage to go and gather it on the brink of a dreadful precipice. Apart from ridicule, love is always haunted by the despair of being abandoned by the beloved and of

and Napoleon Bonaparte, Arena. The Nord Department with its nine hundred thousand inhabitants has nothing like such a list. This is because in Corsica any one may be shot as he leaves his house; and the Corsican, instead of humbly submitting like a true Christian, tries to defend and above all to revenge himself. That is how men like Napoleon are made. There is a great deal of difference between that and a palace full of minions and chamberlains, and Fénélon obliged to explain his respect for the Dauphin in talking to the Dauphin himself aged twelve. See the writings of this great author.

[3] To succeed in Paris, you must pay attention to thousands of small details. And yet there is this one great objection to my theory, namely, that far more women kill themselves for love in Paris than in every city in Italy together. This fact puzzles me very much; I do not know how to explain it for the moment, but it does not alter my opinion. It may be that nowadays death seems such an unimportant thing to French people, so ultra-civilized and tedious has life become, or perhaps they blow their brains out in an access of wounded vanity.

being left nothing but a *dead blank* for the remainder of life.

The most perfect form of civilization would be to combine all the dainty pleasures of the nineteenth century with the constant presence of danger.[4] The joys of one's private life ought to be immeasurably increased by frequently exposing one's self to danger. I am not merely referring to military danger. I should like that continuous variegated danger in everything connected with existence, that formed the essence of daily life in the Middle Ages. Danger as it has been organized and guarded against by our civilization, is quite compatible with the most tiresome weakness of character.

I find in *A Voice from Saint Helena,* by O'Meara, the following words of a great man:

"Order Murat to attack and destroy four or five thousand men in such a direction, it was done in a moment; but leave him to himself, he was an *imbécile* without judgment. I cannot conceive how so brave a man could be so *lâche.* He was nowhere brave unless before the enemy. *There* he was probably the bravest man in the world.

"He was a paladine, in fact a Don Quixote in the field; but take him into the cabinet, he was a poltroon without judgment or decision. Murat and Ney were the bravest men I ever witnessed." (O'Meara, Vol. II, pp. 95-96.)

[4] I admire the way of life under Louis XIV: a man might at any time be called upon to leave the drawing-rooms of Marly at three days' notice to repair to the battle-fields of Senef or of Ramillies. Wives, mothers, sweethearts were in a continuous state of anxiety. See Madame de Sévigné's letters. The presence of danger had preserved an energy and frankness in conversation which nowadays we should not venture to attempt; but at the same time Monsieur de Lameth killed his wife's lover; we should be very surprised if any one like Sir Walter Scott were to write a novel about the days of Louis XIV.

CHAPTER FORTY-TWO

FRANCE (Continued)

I CRAVE leave to slander France a little more. The reader need not fear that my satire will go unpunished; if any one reads this essay, my insults will be returned a hundredfold; the National Honour is on the watch.

France is very important in the scheme of this book, because Paris, owing to the superiority of its conversation and of its literature is and always will be, the salon of Europe.

Three-quarters of the love letters that pass, whether in Vienna or in London, are written in French or are full of allusions and quotations in French,[1] and what French too!

So far as great passions are concerned, French people are debarred from any originality for two reasons:

1. A real sense of honour or the desire to be like Bayard, to be respected in the world and to see their vanity satisfied daily;

2. A false sense of honour or the desire to ape fashionable people and smart society in Paris. The art of entering a drawing-room, of snubbing a rival, of quarrelling with their mistresses, etc.

[1] In England the most solemn writers imagine they can give an impression of flippancy by quoting French words which, as a rule, have never been French at all except in English grammars. The Editors of the *Edinburgh Review*, for instance; see also the Memoirs of the Countess von Lichtenau, the mistress of the last King of Prussia but one.

This false sense of honour, both on its own account, as coming within the understanding of stupid people, and also because it can be applied to daily and indeed to hourly actions, is more satisfying to our vanity than a real sense of honour. We see people enthusiastically welcomed into society who have a false but no real sense of honour, but the converse would be impossible.

The attitude of fashionable people is:

1. To treat all absorbing interests with irony. Nothing could be more natural; at one time really fashionable people could not be deeply affected by anything; they had not the time. The custom of visiting the country has altered that. Moreover, it is against a Frenchman's nature to let himself be caught *admiring*[2] anything, that is to say, to admit himself to be inferior; not only to the thing admired, which would not matter so much, but also to his neighbour, if that neighbour decides to scoff at what he admires.

In Germany, Italy and Spain, on the other hand, admiration is generous and good-natured; in those countries the admirer is proud of his enthusiasm and is sorry for the sceptic; I say nothing of the scoffer, as his position is an impossible one in countries where the only absurdity is to miss the road to happiness, not to fail to imitate a certain method of conduct. In the South, mistrust and the fear of being disturbed in any keenly felt pleasure results in an innate admiration for luxury and pomp. Take, for instance, the Courts of Madrid and of Naples, or a *función* at Cadiz which is apt to become quite frenzied.[3]

2. A Frenchman thinks himself the most unhappy and

[2] Unless it becomes fashionable to admire something like Hume in about 1775 or Franklin in 1784. This does not alter my point.

[3] Semple's *Travels in Spain;* he describes things with accuracy, and there is a description of the battle of Trafalgar, heard in the distance, which is not easily forgotten.

almost the most ridiculous of men if he is compelled to spend his time by himself. But what is love without solitude?

3. A passionate man thinks only of himself, a man who wants to be respected thinks only of other people; this goes further; before 1789, individual safety in France could only be secured by belonging to some guild or body, the magistracy, for instance,[4] and being protected by the members of that body. The opinion of your neighbour was therefore an integral and essential part of your happiness. This was still more true at Court than in Paris.

[4] Grimm's Correspondence, January 1783.

"The Comte de N . . . , hereditary captain in the guard of the Duke of Orleans, irritated at not finding a place in the balcony on the occasion of the opening of the new Hall, was so ill-advised as to dispute an honest attorney's right to his own seat; the attorney, Maître Pernot, refused to give his seat up. "You are in my place." "I am in my own." "And who are you?" "I am Mr. Six Francs" (mentioning the price of the seats). And then sharper words, insults and jostling. The Comte de N—— pushed his indiscretion to the point of treating the poor lawyer as a thief, finally taking it upon himself to order the duty sergeant to arrest him and take him to the guard-room. Maître Pernot went off with a great deal of dignity, and immediately on his release went and entered a plaint with a magistrate. The formidable corps of which he had the honour to be a member refused to allow him to let the action drop. The case has just come before the High Court. Monsieur de N—— has been ordered to pay all costs, to apologize to the attorney, to pay him two thousand crowns damages, to be applied, at his request, for the benefit of the poor prisoners at the Conciergerie; in addition to this, the said Comte has been especially forbidden for the future to plead the King's orders to create disturbances at the theatre, etc. This event has caused a great stir, as such great interests were involved: the whole legal profession considered itself insulted by such an outrage against a man of its livery, etc. Monsieur de N——, to let the story die down, has gone to seek laurels on the field of Saint-Roch. It is the best thing he could do, every one says, as no one can dispute his talent of carrying things off with a high

It is easy to realize to what extent these habits which, to tell the truth, are daily losing their hold but which will last Frenchmen for another century, encourage great passions.

To my mind it is like a man who flings himself from a window and tries at the same time to reach the pavement in a graceful attitude.

This is what the passionate man is like as compared to the ordinary man, and he is a source of everlasting ridicule in France; and what is more, he offends the ordinary man, a fact which causes the ridicule to be much more widely disseminated.

hand. Put an obscure philosopher into the position of Maître Pernot. Hence the utility of duels. *Grimm*, Part III, Vol. II, p. 102.

See also, later on, on page 496 a very moderate letter from Beaumarchais, refusing a closed box for which one of his friends asked him for *Figaro*. So long as this answer was thought to be addressed to a Duke, there was a great deal of commotion, and severe punishments were hinted at. But all this changed to laughter when Beaumarchais declared that his letter was addressed to the Président du Paty. Things have altered a great deal between 1785 and 1822. We no longer understand such feelings. And yet people claim that the same tragedies that touched these people are enough for us!

CHAPTER FORTY-THREE

ITALY

ITALY is fortunate in being left to the inspiration of the moment, a state of affairs which is shared up to a certain point by Germany and England.

In addition to this, Italy is a country where utility, which was the virtue of the mediæval republics,[1] has never been dethroned by honour, or virtue accommodated to the habits of kings,[2] and where a true sense of honour

[1] G. Pecchio nelle sue vivacissime lettere ad una bella giovane Inglese sopra la Spagna libera, la quale è un medio-evo, non redidivo ma sempre vivo, dice, pagina 60.

"*Lo scopo degli Spagnuoli* non era la gloria, ma la indipendenza. Se gli *Spagnuoli* non si fossero battuti che per l'onore, la guerra era finita colla bataglia di Tudela. L'onore è di una natura bizarra; macchiato una volta, perde tutta la forza per agire. . . . L'esercito di linea spagnuolo imbevuto anch' egli, dei pregiudizi dell' onore (vale a dire fatto Europeo moderno) vinto che fosse si sbandava col pensiero che tutto coll' *onore* era perduto," etc.

[2] A man took a pride, in 1620, in repeating endlessly and as servilely as possible: *My master the King* (see the Memoirs of Noailles, of Torcy and of all Louis XIV's ambassadors); the explanation is quite simple; by this mode of expression he proclaimed the *rank* he occupied among subjects. This rank which he held from the King took the place, in the opinion of his contemporaries, of the rank which a man held in ancient Rome in the opinion of his fellow citizens who had seen him fight at Lake Trasimenus and speak in the Forum. Absolute monarchy is battered down by destroying vanity and its outposts to which it gives the name of *conventions*. The dispute about Shakespeare and Racine is merely another form of the dispute between Louis XIV and the laws of the Constitution.

opens the road to a false sense of honour; it accustoms one to ask one's self: "What does my neighbour think of my happiness?" Whereas emotional happiness cannot be the object of vanity because it is invisible.[3] As a proof of this, it should be noted that France is the country where there are less love matches than in any other country in the world.[4]

Amongst the other advantages of Italy, there are the long leisure hours under a marvellous sky which render one sensitive to beauty in all its forms; there is the extreme and yet reasonable diffidence that increases isolation and doubles the charm of intimacy; there is the absence of novel reading and indeed of almost any reading, and this leaves still more to the inspiration of the moment; there is the passion for music which excites in the mind an emotion so very similar to that of love.

In France, towards 1770, there was no such thing as reticence; on the contrary, the proper thing to do was to live and to die in public, and, inasmuch as the Duchesse de Luxembourg was intimate with a hundred friends, there was, in the strict sense of the words, no such thing as either intimacy or friendship.

In Italy, since to experience passion is not a very rare privilege, it is not considered absurd,[5] and people openly quote general maxims about love in drawing-rooms. Every one is aware of the symptoms and the various stages of this malady and take a great interest in it. A deserted man is told: "You will be miserable for six months; but after that you will be cured like So-and-so and So-and-so."

[3] One can only gauge it in the case of impulsive actions.

[4] Miss O'Neill, Mrs. Coutts, and the majority of English actresses leave the stage in order to make rich marriages.

[5] One overlooks intrigue in a woman, but love makes her ridiculous, wrote the astute Abbé Girard, in Paris, in 1740.

In Italy, public opinion is entirely subservient to passion. There, true pleasure exerts the power which elsewhere is in the hands of Society; this is quite easy to understand; since Society has practically no attractions for a nation which has no time for vanity and is always trying to avoid the attention of the Pasha, it can scarcely have any authority over them. South of the Alps Society is like a tyrant who has no dungeons in which to fling one.

In Paris, honour bids us defend sword in hand or, if possible, by epigrams, every attack on every great interest to which we may admit: consequently it is much more convenient to take refuge in irony. Many young men have chosen another course, which is to join the school of J.-J. Rousseau and Madame de Staël. Since irony became a vulgar affectation, sentiment has become a necessity. A de Pezay, in our days, would write like Monsieur Darlincourt; moreover, since 1789 events have striven in favour of *utility* or individual feeling, against *honour* or the sway of public opinion; the example of Parliament teaches one to argue about everything, even wit. The nation is becoming serious and gallantry is losing ground.

I must, as a Frenchman, point out that the wealth of a country does not consist of a small number of colossal fortunes, but of a large number of moderate ones. Passion is rare in every country, and since gallantry is more graceful and refined it thrives much better in France. This great nation, the first in the world,[6] finds itself in the same position in love that it enjoys in the sphere of intelligence. In 1822 we certainly cannot boast a Moore, a Walter Scott, a Crabbe, a Byron, a Monti, or a Pellico; but we possess more clear-headed, charming people who are in touch with the spirit of the century than either

[6] The only proof I want for this statement is *envy*. She the *Edinburgh Review* in 1821; see the German and Italian literary reviews, and Alfieri's *Scimio-tigre*.

England or Italy. That is why in 1822 the debates in our Chamber of Deputies are so much better than those of the English Parliament, and why when an English liberal comes to France, we are amazed to find him holding so many old-fashioned opinions.

A Roman artist wrote from Paris:

"I feel very unsettled here; I think it is because I have not the leisure to love as I please. Here emotion is allowed to dribble out drop by drop as it is formed, in such a way, at any rate for me, as to exhaust its source. In Rome, because of the scant interest people take in everyday matters, and the lethargy of outside life, emotion is stored up for the benefit of passion."

CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR

ROME

IT is only in Rome [1] that a respectable well-to-do woman will go to another woman with whom she is barely acquainted and say impulsively, as I saw happen this morning: "Ah! my dear friend, do not let Fabio Vitteleschi make love to you; it would be better for you to fall in love with a highwayman. For all his soft and thoughtful ways, he is quite capable of plunging a dagger into your heart, and of saying with a sweet smile as he thrusts it home: 'Sweetheart, does it hurt you?'" And all this was said before a pretty little fifteen-year-old girl, the daughter of the woman who was being given the advice, and a very observant girl at that.

If the Northern man is unfortunate enough not to be shocked at first by the naturalness of this southern courtesy which is no more than the simple development of a magnanimous nature, fostered by the absence both of convention and of any interesting novelty, then, after living for one year in this country the women of all other countries become intolerable to him.

He sees Frenchwomen with their charming mannerisms [2] which are so seductive for the first three days but so irritating on the fourth, the fatal day on which one dis-

[1] September 30, 1819.

[2] Apart from the fact that the author had the misfortune not to be born in Paris, he lived there very little. [Editor's note in the 1853 Edition.]

covers that these carefully studied mannerisms are eternally the same every day and with every one she knows.

He sees German women, on the other hand, so very natural and yielding so enthusiastically to their imagination, often having nothing to show, with all their naturalness, but a depth of sterility, insipidity and sickly sentimentality. The saying of Conte Almaviva seems to have been made in Germany: "And one is utterly surprised, one fine evening, to find cloyment where one had gone to seek happiness."

In Rome, the foreigner must not forget that if nothing palls in countries where everything is natural, evil is more evil there than elsewhere. To speak of men only,[3] one meets there in Society a species of monster who hides himself in other places: namely, people who are at the same time passionate, far-seeing and cowardly. An evil fate brings one of them in some way into contact with a woman; falling madly in love with her, he drains to the dregs the bitter cup of seeing her prefer a rival. He does nothing but hinder this fortunate lover. Nothing escapes him, and every one sees that nothing escapes him; but he continues nonetheless, in defiance of all the dictates of honour, to annoy the woman, her lover and himself, and no one blames him, *for he is doing something that gives him pleasure.* One evening, the lover, exasperated beyond all measure, kicks him in the backside; the next day he humbly begs the lover's pardon and resumes his endless and imperturbable annoyance of the woman, her lover and himself. One shudders to think of the amount of misery which these abject creatures have to stomach every day, and doubtless they only want a little less cowardice to become poisoners.

[3] Heu! male nunc artes miseras hæc secula tractant;
Jam tener assuevit munera velle puer.

Tibullus, I, IV.

Again, nowhere but in Italy can one see young fashionable millionaires supporting in the greatest luxury ballet-girls from the big theatres, in the full view and knowledge of a whole town, at a cost of thirty soldi a day.[4] The brothers ——, handsome young men who are always in the hunting-field, always on horseback, are jealous of a foreigner. Instead of going to him and telling him of their grievances, they quietly spread unpleasant tales about him. In France, public opinion would compel these people to prove their words, or to give the foreigner satisfaction. But here in Rome public opinion and scorn have no meaning. Wealth is always certain of a good reception everywhere. A millionaire who is dishonoured and refused every door in Paris can safely go to Rome; there his position will be decided by the girth of his money-bags.

[4] Consider the mode of life in the century of Louis XV and the way in which the Court and the aristocracy lavished wealth on such women as Duthé and La Guerre. Eighty to a hundred thousand francs a year was not out of the way; a fashionable man would have demeaned himself by giving less.

CHAPTER FORTY-FIVE

ENGLAND

I HAVE spent a great deal of time lately with the ballet-girls of the *Teatro del Sol* at Valencia. I am assured that many of them are extremely virtuous, the reason being that their profession is such an arduous one. Viganò makes them rehearse his ballet *The Jewess of Toledo* every day from ten in the morning until four in the afternoon, and from midnight until three in the morning; in addition they have to dance in both ballets every evening.

This reminds me of Rousseau ordering a great deal of walking for Émile. My chief thought as I walked by the seashore with my little ballet-girls in the cool midnight air this evening was that this supernatural enjoyment of the fresh sea breeze beneath the Valencian sky, beneath all those dazzling stars, which seem so close to one, is unknown in our sad misty countries. That alone is worth the four hundred leagues one has to travel to get there, and it also prevents one from thinking, because one has so many emotions. I was thinking that the chastity of my little ballet-girls explains so well the path followed by man's pride in England in order gradually to revive the morals of the seraglio in the heart of a civilized nation. One sees how it is that some of these young English girls, who after all are so lovely and have such sweet expressions, are a little wanting in ideas. In spite of liberty which has only just been banished from their island and the admirable originality of their national character, they themselves show a lack of interesting ideas and of originality. Very often the only remarkable thing about them

is their fantastic fastidiousness. The simple explanation is that in England a woman's modesty is her husband's pride. But however submissive a slave-girl may be, her society soon palls. Consequently the men have to get dismally drunk every evening [1] instead of spending the time with their mistresses, as they do in Italy. In England, rich people who are bored with their homes ride four or five leagues every day under the pretext that they need exercise, just as though man was only created and put into this world to run about. In this way they use up their nervous fluid through their legs and not through their hearts. After which they have the audacity to speak of feminine delicacy, and to despise Spain and Italy.

A young Italian, on the contrary, is the idlest person imaginable; any activity that might blunt his sensitiveness is irksome to him. He occasionally goes for a short stroll of a mile or two as an unpleasant necessity for his health; and as for the women, a Roman lady does not walk as much in a whole year as an English girl does in a week.

It appears to me that an English husband's pride skilfully inflames his poor wife's vanity. It convinces her above all that she must not be *vulgar,* and mothers who are preparing their daughters to find husbands have grasped this idea very clearly. That is why *fashion* is much more absurd and more tyrannical in hard-headed England than in the bosom of light-hearted France; it is in Bond Street that the *carefully careless* was conceived. In England fashion is a duty, in Paris it is a pleasure. Fashion erects a much stouter brazen wall in London between New Bond Street and Fenchurch Street than it does in Paris between the Chaussée d'Antin and the Rue Saint-Martin. Husbands willingly allow their wives this

[1] This custom is beginning to die out in good society, which is becoming Gallicized as everything else is; but I talk of the vast majority.

aristocratic folly in compensation for the enormous amount of sadness they inflict on them. An excellent picture of women's life in England as it has been moulded by the taciturn pride of Englishmen, is, I think, to be found in the once famous novels of Miss Burney. Since to ask for a glass of water when one is thirsty is vulgar, Miss Burney's heroines do not fail to let themselves die of thirst. In trying to avoid vulgarity one arrives at the most abominable affectation.

Let us compare the prudence of a rich young Englishman of twenty-two with the profound distrust of a young Italian of the same age. The Italian is forced into this attitude for safety's sake, but he casts it from him, this caution, or at any rate forgets it, as soon as he becomes intimate with a woman, whereas it is just in the most apparently affectionate intercourse that the prudence and haughtiness of a young Englishman is redoubled. I have heard said: "For seven months I have not spoken to her of the trip to Brighton." It was a question of a compulsory saving of eighty pounds, the speaker being a young man of twenty-two referring to his mistress, a married woman, whom he adored; but even in the transports of his passion his prudence never deserted him, and still less had he had the candour to say to this mistress: "I am not going to Brighton because I cannot afford it."

Observe that the fate of Giannone de Pellico and of a hundred others forces the Italian to be distrustful, whereas the young English *beau* is only forced into prudence by the excess and morbid sensitiveness of his vanity. The Frenchman, with the charm of his ever-changing ideas, always tells the woman he loves everything. It has become a habit; without it he would feel uneasy, and he knows that without ease there can be no grace.

It is only with difficulty and with tears in my eyes that I have ventured to write all the foregoing; but since I do

not believe in flattering even Royalty, why should I say anything of a country save what I think and which of course may be quite absurd, merely because that country has given birth to the most charming woman I have ever known?

It would be monarchic servility in another form. I will content myself with adding that in the midst of all this ethical jumble, amongst so many Englishwomen who are intellectual victims of the pride of men, there actually exists perfect originality, and it is therefore sufficient for a family to be brought up far from the dreary restrictions destined to reproduce the morals of the seraglio, for them to develop charming characteristics. And how insignificant, in spite of its etymology, and how vulgar is the word "charming" to render what I want to express! Gentle Imogen and loving Ophelia might easily find living counterparts in England. But all these counterparts are far from enjoying the high regard unanimously accorded to the real "accomplished" Englishwoman, destined to submit blindly to every convention and to afford her husband all the pleasures of the most sickly aristocratic pride and a happiness that will make him die of boredom.[2]

In the huge suites of fifteen or twenty rooms, all extremely cool and very dimly lit, where Italian women pass their lives reclining indolently on very low divans, they hear love or music spoken of for six hours of the day. In the evening, at the theatre, hidden in their boxes for four hours, they hear music or love spoken of.

So that, apart from the climate, the whole scheme of life is as favourable to music and to love in Spain and in Italy, as it is inimical to them in England.

I neither blame nor do I approve, I merely observe.

[2] See Richardson. The mode of life of the Harlowe family, brought up to date, is very common in England: their servants are worth more than they are.

CHAPTER FORTY-SIX

ENGLAND (Continued)

I AM too fond of England and I have seen too little of it to say much about it myself. I am making use of the observations of a friend.

The present state of Ireland (1822) has for the twentieth time in two centuries,[1] produced that peculiar condition of Society which is so fruitful in courageous resolutions, and so prejudicial to boredom, where people who breakfast gaily together may meet in two hours' time on the field of battle. Nothing makes a more energetic and a more direct appeal to the state of mind most favourable to tender passions, namely, *naturalness*. Nothing guards a man more effectively from the two great English vices, cant and bashfulness [moral hypocrisy and proud and painful shyness. (See Eustace's *Tour Through Italy*.) Although his description of the country is an indifferent one, on the other hand he gives a very clear idea of his own character; and this character like that of Mr. Beattie, the poet (see his life written by an intimate friend), is unfortunately common enough in England. For the cleric who is honest in spite of his position, see the letters of the Bishop of Llandaff].[2]

1 Spencer's child burnt alive in Ireland.

2 To refute in any way except by abuse the portrait of a certain class of Englishmen presented in these three works, seems to me to be an impossible task.

Satanic School.

One would imagine that Ireland was quite unhappy enough, drenched as she has been for two centuries in blood by the cowardly and cruel tyranny of England; but at this point a sinister figure makes his appearance in the moral state of Ireland: the PRIEST . . .

For two centuries, Ireland has been governed almost as badly as Sicily. An exhaustive comparison of these two islands, in a book of five hundred pages, would annoy a great many people and would make a great many time-honoured theories look very foolish. One thing is certain, namely, that the happier of these two countries, both governed by fools for the sole benefit of a few people, is Sicily. Her rulers have at least left her love and sensuality; they would certainly have robbed her of these as of everything else, only, thank heavens, in Sicily there is little of that moral evil called Law and Order.[3]

Laws are made and administered by old men and priests; this is clearly seen by the species of comic jealousy with which sensuality is persecuted in the British Isles. The people there could say to their rulers, as Diogenes did to Alexander: "Be content with your sinecures and leave me, at least, my sun." [4]

By dint of laws, regulations, counter-regulations and

[3] I call *moral evil*, in 1822, any government which does not consist of two Chambers; the only exception is when the head of the government possesses the greatest integrity, a miracle which can be seen in Saxony and in Naples.

[4] See in the trial of the late Queen of England a curious list of peers with the sums which they and their families receive from the State. For instance, Lord Lauderdale and his family, £28,800. The pint of beer necessary for the wretched subsistence of even the poorest Englishman pays a half-penny tax for the benefit of the belted earl. And, a point which thoroughly supports my contentions, they both know it. Therefore neither the peer nor the peasant has any leisure to think about love; they sharpen their weapons, one proudly and publicly, the other bitterly and secretly. (The Yeomanry and the Whiteboys.)

penalties, the government of Ireland has created the potato, and the population of Ireland is far greater than that of Sicily; that is to say, they have produced a few million degenerate and besotted peasants shattered by labour and suffering, who drag out a miserable existence for forty or fifty years in the bogs of ancient Erin, but who contribute their mite to the coffers of the State. What a beautiful miracle! Under paganism these poor devils would at least have enjoyed one form of happiness; but not at all, they have to adore Saint Patrick.

In Ireland one sees nothing but peasants who are more unhappy than savages. Only, instead of being a hundred thousand as they would be in a state of nature, there are some eight millions of them,[5] and they make it possible for five hundred "absentees" to live in luxury in London and in Paris.

Social life is much more advanced in Scotland [6] where, according to several accounts, the government is good (crime is rare, people read books, there are no bishops, etc.). The tender passions are much more developed and we can abandon gloomy thoughts there and study the comic side of life.

It is impossible not to notice a depth of melancholy in Scottish women. This melancholy is especially seductive at parties, where it adds a peculiar zest to the ardour and the excessive zeal with which they leap through their national dances. Edinburgh has another advantage, that of having utterly escaped the vile omnipotence of gold. In this, as in the strange and savage beauty of its position, this city is in complete contrast to London. Like Rome, the lovely city of Edinburgh seems rather

5 Plunkett Craig, *Life of Curran.*

6 Degree of civilization of the peasant Robert Burns and of his family; a peasant's club where one paid a penny every meeting; the questions discussed there. (See Burns' letters.)

to be the abode of the contemplative life. In London you have all the restless turmoil and the fidgety concerns of active life with its advantages and inconveniences. Edinburgh seems to me to pay tribute to the Evil One by a slight disposition towards pedantry. Every woman will agree with me that the days when Mary Stuart lived at Holyrood, and when Riccio was assassinated in her arms, did more to foster love than these in which men argue at great length, and even before women, as to whether the Neptunian system has more to be said for it than the Vulcanian system of ——. I prefer the discussion on the new uniform given by the King to his Guards or on Sir B. Bloomfield's failure to obtain a peerage, which were absorbing London when I was there, to a discussion to find out who has made the greatest research into the nature of rocks, de Werner or de ——.

I will say nothing of the appalling Scotch Sunday, beside which the London Sunday seems like a pleasure party. This day devoted to honouring Heaven is the best foretaste of Hell to be got on earth. "Let us not go so fast," said a Scotsman to a French friend of his on their way back from church; "people will think we are taking a stroll!" [7]

Of the three countries Ireland seems to me to be the one in which there is least hypocrisy (*cant;* see the *New Monthly Magazine* for January 1822, inveighing against Mozart and the *Marriage of Figaro,* written in a country where they pretend to citizenship. But in every country it is the aristocracy which buys and passes judgment on a literary review and on literature; and for the last four years the English aristocracy has thrown its lot in with the bishops). In Ireland one encounters a heedless and very charming vivacity. In Scotland there is the strict

[7] The same sort of thing happens in America. In Scotland it is a display of respect.

Sunday observance, but on Monday they dance with a light-heartedness and abandon unknown in London. There is a great deal of love amongst the peasant class in Scotland. The omnipotence of imagination gallicized this country in the sixteenth century.

The most terrible flaw in English Society, one which on any given day gives rise to far more misery than debt and its consequences, more even than the mortal struggle between rich and poor, is summed up in a remark that was made to me this autumn at Croydon, before the beautiful statue of the bishop: "In Society, no man wishes to thrust himself forward, for fear of being disappointed in his efforts."

Just think of the laws, under the name of *modesty,* that such men must inflict on their wives and on their mistresses!

CHAPTER FORTY-SEVEN

SPAIN

ANDALUSIA is one of the most delightful homes that voluptuousness has chosen for itself on earth. I know three or four anecdotes which show how thoroughly my ideas on the three or four different acts of folly, which together constitute love, are true in Spain; I have been advised to sacrifice them to French fastidiousness. In vain did I protest that I might be writing in French, but that I was certainly not writing French literature. God forfend that I should have anything in common with the literary men who are esteemed in these days!

When the Moors abandoned Andalusia they left behind them their architecture and most of their customs. Since it is impossible for me to describe these customs in the language of Madame de Sévigné, I will content myself with saying this of Moorish architecture—that its chief feature lay in ensuring that every house should have a little garden surrounded by a graceful and dainty arcade. There, during the intolerable heat of summer, when for whole weeks the Fahrenheit thermometer never falls and remains stationary at a hundred degrees, soft shadows lurk beneath these covered ways. A fountain plays ceaselessly in the centre of the little garden and its monotonous and delightful tinkle is the only sound that disturbs this charming retreat. The marble basin is surrounded by orange-trees and oleanders. A stout cloth like a tent is spread right over the little garden and, protecting it from

the rays of the sun and from the light, lets nothing through save the gentle breezes that roll down from the mountains at midday.

There the exquisite ladies of Andalusia with all their gracefulness and their passion live and receive their friends; just a simple silk dress, black and fringed with black, the suggestion of a dainty ankle, a pale face set with eyes holding all the most elusive shades of all the tenderest and most ardent passions; such are the divine creatures whom I am forbidden to bring upon the scene before you.

I look on the Spanish people as the living representatives of the Middle Ages.

They are ignorant of a host of petty truths (the puerile vanity of their neighbours); but they have a profound knowledge of the greater truths, and have enough character and intelligence to pursue their consequences to the furthest possible effects. The Spanish character offers a fine contrast to the French spirit; hard, blunt, abrupt, full of savage pride, caring nothing for other people: it is a perfect contrast between the fifteenth and eighteenth centuries.

Spain is very useful to me for one particular comparison: the only country that was able to resist Napoleon seems to me to be absolutely free from all false sense of honour and from anything that is stupid in honour.

Instead of inventing admirable military regulations, changing their uniform every six months and wearing huge spurs, there is the general *no importa* (it does not matter).[1]

1 See the charming letters of Pecchio. Italy is full of people like this; but, instead of thrusting themselves forward, they keep quiet: *Paese della virtù sconoscuita.*

CHAPTER FORTY-EIGHT

GERMAN LOVE

IF the Italian, always torn between love and hate, lives on passion, and the Frenchman on vanity, it is on imagination that the good simple descendants of the ancient Germani live. Although they have scarcely emerged from the most immediate and most vital social interests, we are amazed to see them hurl themselves into what they call their philosophy; it is a kind of gentle lovable folly, completely devoid of malice. I am going to quote, not altogether from memory, but from hastily scribbled notes, a work which, although written in a spirit of antagonism, clearly shows, even in the author's appreciations, the military spirit in all its violence; this is Monsieur Cadet de Gassicourt's *Travels in Austria,* in 1809. What would the high-minded and open-hearted Desaix have said if he had seen the pure heroism of 1795 degenerate into this execrable egotism?

Two friends found themselves together in a battery at the battle of Talavera: one, a Captain, was the battery commander, the other was a subaltern. A bullet struck the Captain. "Good," said the subaltern, joyfully; "now that Franz is dead I shall be Captain." "Not quite yet!" cried Franz, picking himself up. He had only been stunned by the bullet. The subaltern as well as the Captain were the best fellows in the world, without any malice at all, only they were rather stupid and worshipped the Emperor enthusiastically; the ardour of the chase and the savage egotism which that man has been able to rouse

under the guise of glory made them forget the claims of humanity.

In the midst of the austere picture afforded by men of this kind contending on the parade ground of Schönbrunn for a glance from the Master and a title of Baron, this is how the Emperor's apothecary describes German love, on page 188:

"Nothing is more yielding or gentler than an Austrian woman. Love is a religion with her and when she becomes attached to a Frenchman, she adores him in the full force of the word.

"There are light and capricious women everywhere, but in general Viennese ladies are faithful and not in the least coquettish; when I say they are faithful, I mean to their chosen lovers, for husbands are in the same plight in Vienna as everywhere else."

June 7, 1809.

The most lovely woman in Vienna has accepted the homage of a friend of mine, Monsieur M——, a Captain attached to the Emperor's staff. He is a charming and witty young man; but certainly neither his figure nor his face are in any way remarkable.

For some days his young mistress created a tremendous stir amongst our brilliant staff officers who spent their time in ransacking every corner of Vienna. It became a question as to who would be most venturesome; all possible tactics were employed, and the lady's house was besieged by the handsomest and richest of them. Pages, gorgeous colonels, generals of the Guard, even Princes wasted their time beneath the lady's windows and their money on her servants. They were all shown the door. These Princes were not used to finding beauty unkind in Paris or Milan. When I laughed over their discomforture

with this charming person she merely remarked: "But, good Heavens! do they not know that I love Monsieur M——?"

Surely a peculiar and very indecent speech.

Page 290: "Whilst we were at Schönbrunn, I noticed that two young men in the Emperor's suite never received any one in their apartments in Vienna. We rallied them a great deal on this discretion. One day one of them said to me: 'I will no longer hide anything from you: a young woman belonging to the town has given herself to me, on condition that she should never leave my apartment and that I should receive no one there without her permission.' I was curious (continued the traveller) to make the acquaintance of this voluntary recluse, and my character of doctor serving me, as in the East, as a suitable pretext, I accepted an invitation which my friend gave me for breakfast. I found a much enamoured young woman absorbed in her home and with no desire at all to leave the house, although the weather seemed to tempt one out into the open air; moreover she was convinced that her lover would take her back to France.

"The other young man who was also never to be found in his quarters in the town, soon afterwards made me a similar confidence. I saw his lady too; like the first she was fair, very pretty and very graceful.

"The first, who was eighteen, was the daughter of a very well-to-do upholsterer; the second, who was about twenty-four, was the wife of an Austrian officer who was on active service with the Archduke John. She carried her love to a point that in our country of vanity would be described as heroism. Not only was her lover unfaithful, but he found himself obliged to make the most scabrous confession to her. She nursed him with unfailing devotion and, absorbed in the gravity of her lover's illness, which

soon became dangerous, she perhaps almost loved him the more for it.

"It is evident that as a foreigner and a conqueror, I had no opportunity of studying love in the upper classes, as all the Viennese aristocracy fled to their estates in Hungary at our approach; but I saw enough to convince me that love in Austria is not love such as we know it in Paris.

"The emotion of love is regarded by the Germans as a virtue, as a divine emanation, as something mystic. It is not impetuous, jealous, tyrannical, as it is in an Italian woman's heart; it is profound and has something of illuminism about it; it is a thousand leagues removed from England in this respect.

"Some years ago, a Leipzig tailor, in a fit of jealousy, lay in wait for his rival in the public gardens and stabbed him. He was condemned to be beheaded. The town moralists, true to the kindly and sentimental disposition of German people (which makes for weakness of character), discussed the sentence, found it very harsh and, establishing a comparison between the tailor and Orosmane, were moved to pity by his fate. They were unable, however, to get the sentence commuted. But on the day of his execution all the young girls in Leipzig, dressed in white, formed a procession and accompanied the tailor to the scaffold, strewing flowers in his path.

"No one saw anything peculiar about this ceremony, and yet, in a country which considers itself rational, one might say that it was honouring a kind of murder. But it was a ceremony and anything in the nature of a ceremony is certain not to be ridiculed in Germany. Think of the Court ceremonies of the petty Princelings, which would reduce us to helpless laughter, but seem very impressive in Meiningen and Coetten. They see in the six gamekeepers strutting before their little Prince with his star

on his chest, the soldiers of Arminius marching to meet the legions of Varus.

"There is this difference between Germans and all other peoples: meditation excites them instead of calming them. Another distinction is that their great ambition is to possess strength of character.

"Court life, usually so favourable to love, retards its development in Germany. You have no idea of the ocean of incomprehensible details and pettinesses which go to make up what is called a German court,[1] even that of the more important Princes (Munich, 1820).

"When we arrived in a German town with a Staff, the local ladies had made their choice by the end of the first fortnight. But this choice was a permanent one; and I have heard it said that the French caused the downfall of many virtues which had been impregnable until their arrival."

. . . . . .

The young Germans whom I met at Göttingen, Dresden, Königsberg, etc., are brought up amongst so-called philosophic systems which are really only obscure and badly written poetry, but which from the ethical point of view hold the most lofty and most pious purpose. They seem to me to have inherited from their own mediævalism not republicanism, suspicion and the dagger-thrust, like the Italians, but a strong disposition towards enthusiasm and sincerity. That is why every ten years they produce a new great man to efface all the others (Kant, Schelling, Fichte, etc., etc.).[2]

Long ago Luther made an appeal to their moral sense

[1] See the Memoirs of the Margrave of Bayreuth and *Twenty Years in Berlin* by Monsieur Thiébaut.

[2] Consider their enthusiasm in 1821 for the tragedy, *The Triumph of the Cross*, which made them forget *William Tell*.

and the Germans fought for thirty years on end in obedience to their conscience. A fine sentiment and one to be much respected, however absurd the belief may have been; I say to be respected, even by the artist. Think of the struggle in the soul of S—— between the Sixth Commandment, *thou shalt not kill,* and what he thought his country needed.

One finds mystic enthusiasm for women and for love even in Tacitus, if, indeed, this writer was not merely writing a satire on Rome.[3]

Scarcely has one travelled fifty leagues in Germany than one detects in this disunited and disrupted nation a foundation of enthusiasm which is gentle and tender rather than ardent and impetuous.

If one did not clearly perceive this disposition, one could reread three or four of the novels of Auguste la Fontaine whom pretty Louisa, Queen of Prussia, made canon of Magdeburg, as a reward for having so well depicted the *peaceful life.*[4]

I find fresh proof of this disposition common to all the Germanic races in the Austrian penal code, which insists on the confession of the guilty person for the punishment of nearly every crime. This code, framed for a people amongst whom crime is rare and is a sudden fit of madness on the part of a weak character rather than the result of courageous, carefully thought-out interests at

[3] I have been fortunate enough to meet a man of the keenest intelligence possessing at the same time the wisdom of a dozen German savants, and able to express his discoveries in clear and precise terms. If ever Monsieur F—— writes a book we shall see the Middle Ages unfold themselves before our eyes with brilliant clarity, and we shall love them.

[4] The title of one of the novels of Auguste la Fontaine, *The Peaceful Life,* is another great feature of German aims; it is the same as the *far niente* of the Italian and is a physiological criticism of the Russian *droshki* or the English *horseback.*

constant war with society, is entirely at variance with the requirements of Italy where they are trying to introduce it; but their mistake is a mistake of upright men.

I have seen German judges in Italy in despair over the sentences of death or the equivalent, heavy irons, when they were obliged to pronounce without the confession of the guilty man.

CHAPTER FORTY-NINE

A DAY IN FLORENCE

Florence, February 12, 1819.

THIS evening in a box at the theatre I came across a man who had a favour to ask of a magistrate of fifty. His first question was: "Who is his mistress? *Chi avvicina adesso?*" Here all affairs of this sort are public property, they have their rules, there is an approved code of behaviour based on justice, regardless of conventionality, and without which one is a *porco* (a swine).

"What is the news?" one of my friends asked yesterday on his return from Volterra. After a few words of bitter lamentation over Napoleon and the English his interlocutor added in a voice of the keenest interest: "The Vitteleschi has changed her lover: poor Gherardesca is in despair." "Whom has she got now?" "Montegalli, the handsome officer with the moustachios who was with the Princess Colonna; there he is on the floor of the theatre sticking close to her box; he remains there all the evening, because her husband will not have him in the house, and over there near the door you can see poor Gherardesca walking gloomily up and down and counting from afar the glances his unfaithful mistress casts on his successor. He is very much changed and quite desperate; his friends have vainly tried to send him to Paris or to London. He feels like death, he says, at the mere thought of leaving Florence."

Every year there are twenty similar cases of despair

in high Florentine Society, and I have known some of them last for three or four years. These poor devils are quite devoid of shame and take the whole world into their confidence. Moreover, there is not much society here and, again, when one is in love one hardly mixes with what there is. It must not be thought that great passions and noble characters are common anywhere, even in Italy; it is only that hearts which are more inflamed and less emaciated by the little cares of vanity find the most delicious pleasure there, even in the subordinate forms of love. I have seen caprice-love, for instance, cause transports and moments of intoxication which the most desperate passion has never produced under the meridian of Paris.[1]

I was struck this evening by the number of words the Italian language possesses to describe a thousand circumstances peculiar to love, which in French would require endlessly roundabout phrases: for instance, the action of turning round abruptly when you are gazing from the floor of the theatre at the woman you want, as she sits in her box and her husband or her servant appears at the front of the box.

The following are the principal characteristics of these people:

1. Their attention, which is accustomed to be at the service of deep passions, *cannot* be rapidly shifted; this is the most marked difference between the Frenchman and the Italian. You must see an Italian getting into a stagecoach, or paying a bill, to realize the *furia francese;* that is why the most vulgar Frenchman, unless he is a witty coxcomb like Démasure, always seems to an Italian

[1] Of that Paris which has given the world Voltaire, Molière, and so many men noted for their intelligence; but one cannot have everything, and it would be stupid to grieve about it.

woman to be a superior thing (*e. g.*, Princess D——'s lover in Rome).

2. Every one makes love, and without any subterfuge as in France; the husband is the lover's best friend.

3. No one ever reads anything.

4. There is no social life. A man does not, in order to fill and occupy his life, rely on the daily pleasure he gets from a couple of hours' conversation and an exhibition of vanity in such and such a house. The word *causerie* will not translate into Italian. They talk when they have something to say to further the interests of passion, but they seldom talk in order to talk well and on the first subject that comes up.

5. *Ridicule* does not exist in Italy.

In France you and I both try to imitate the same model, and I am competent judge of the way in which you copy it.[2] In Italy I am not sure that the strange action I see performed does not please the person who performs it and would probably please me, too.

What is affected in language or behaviour in Rome may be good taste or quite unintelligible in Florence, which is only fifty leagues away. French is spoken in Lyons as it is in Nantes. Venetian, Neapolitan, Genoese, Piedmontese are almost entirely different languages and are only spoken by people who have agreed never to print anything except in a language common to them all, which is the one they speak in Rome. What could be more absurd than a comedy whose scene is laid in Milan and whose characters speak Roman? The Italian language, which is much more suitable to be sung than spoken, cannot, except in music, be defended against the French clarity which is invading it.

In Italy fear of the Pasha and of his spies makes people

2 This habit of the French is daily disappearing and estranging us from Molière's heroes.

respect *expediency;* there is no such thing as a false sense of honour.[3] It is replaced by a kind of petty society hatred called *pettegolismo.*

After all, to ridicule any one is to make a mortal enemy, a very dangerous thing to do in a country in which the power and the function of government are limited to wringing taxes from people and punishing anything out of the ordinary.

6. *Antichamber Patriotism.*

That pride which makes us seek the respect of our fellow citizens and to fall in line with them, having been excluded from any nobility of aim, towards the year 1550, by the jealous tyranny of the Italian Princelings, has given birth to a barbaric offspring, to a kind of Caliban, to a monster full of rage and stupidity, namely, *antichamber patriotism,* as Monsieur Turgot used to call it, in connection with the Siege of Calais (the *Soldier Husbandman* of that time). I have seen this monster nonplus the most intelligent people. For instance, a stranger would get himself into bad odour, even with pretty women, if he ventured to find fault with the painter or the poet of the town, and he would be told emphatically and in all seriousness that he should not come to people's houses to jeer at them, and they would quote him a saying of Louis XIV in this connection on Versailles.

In Florence they say: *Our* Benvenuto, in Brescia *our* Arrici; they put a certain restrained and yet very comical emphasis on the word *our,* something like the *Miroir* speaking with unction about the national music and of Monsieur Monsigny as Europe's musician.

In order not to laugh in these good patriots' faces, one must remember that, as a result of mediæval dissensions

[3] All infractions against this honour are ridiculous in middle-class society in France. (See *La Petite Ville,* by Monsieur Picard.

embittered by the atrocious political intrigue of the Popes,[4] each city conceived a deadly hatred for its neighbour and the name of the inhabitants of one was always synonymous in the other for some barbarous imperfection. The Popes succeeded in making this beautiful land the country of hatred.

This antichamber patriotism is the great moral sore of Italy, a deleterious typhus which will continue to have baleful results long after she has thrown off the yoke of her petty and ridiculous princes.[5] One form this patriotism takes is an inexorable hatred of everything foreign. Thus they consider the Germans to be stupid, and fly into a rage when any one says to them: "What has Italy produced in the eighteenth century to compare with Catherine II or Frederick the Great? Show us your pleasure garden that can compare with the least pretentious German garden, you who because of your climate have such a real need of shade?"

7. In contrast to the English and the French, the Italians have no political prejudices: they know by heart the line of La Fontaine:

Your enemy is your M(aster).

The aristocracy, battening on the priests and the Biblical societies, is for them a worn-out sleight-of-hand trick which only makes them laugh. On the other hand, an Italian has to live for three months in France in order to understand how a draper can be an extremist.

8. As a last characteristic I will mention their intolerance in debate and their rage when they cannot lay their hands on an argument to hurl against that of their opponent. Then it is that one sees their faces darken.

[4] See the excellent and curious *History of the Church*, by Monsieur de Potter.

[5] 1822.

It is a form of extreme sensitiveness, but it is not one of its most attractive forms; consequently it is one that I most readily admit as a proof of its existence.

I always wanted to witness eternal love, and after many difficulties I succeeded in being presented to the Cavaliere C—— and his mistress, with whom he has lived for fifty-four years. I left the box of these charming old people in tears; for they had mastered the art of happiness, that art of which so many young people are ignorant.

Two months ago I saw Monsignor R—— who was delighted to see me because I brought him some numbers of *Minerva*. He was in his country house with Signora D——, with whom he has lived for thirty-four years. She is still beautiful, but there is an undercurrent of melancholy in their life, which people attribute to the loss of a son poisoned years ago by her husband.

To be a lover here is not, as in Paris, to see one's mistress in private for a quarter of an hour a week, and the rest of the time to be content with glances and hand-pressures: the lover, that is to say, the fortunate lover, in this country spends four or five hours of each day with the woman he loves. He talks to her of his lawsuits, his ornamental garden, his shooting parties, his progress, and so on. The most complete and tender intimacy exists between them; he makes no secret of his intimacy with her anywhere, even in the presence of her husband.

A young man of this country who thought himself very ambitious, called to fill a high position in Vienna (no less than that of Ambassador), was unable to grow used to being away. He resigned his position at the end of six months and returned to happiness in the arms of his mistress.

This continuous intercourse would be tedious in France, where a certain amount of affectation is required in Society, and where your mistress may perhaps say to you:

"Monsieur So-and-so, you are very dull this evening, you haven't opened your mouth." In Italy all one has to do is to tell the woman one loves everything that comes into one's mind, in fact, simply to think aloud. There is a certain nervous effect of intimacy and of frankness calling for frankness which can only be obtained in this way. But it has one great drawback; one finds that this kind of love paralyzes all one's tastes and makes every other occupation in life seem insipid; it is undoubtedly the best substitute for passion.

Our Parisians, who are still in the state of imagining that "anybody can be a Persian," not knowing what to say, will raise an outcry against these morals as being indecent. In the first place I am only a historian, and in the second place I reserve the right to demonstrate to them one day, by the most compelling arguments, that, as regards morality, and fundamentally, Paris owes nothing to Bologna. Though they do not realize it these poor people are still repeating their three-halfpenny catechism.

July 12, 1821. In Bologna Society there is no such thing as odium. In Paris, the role of deceived husband is an execrable one to play; here (in Bologna) it is of no consequence, because the husbands are not deceived. Morals, then, are the same as in Paris, save that there is no hatred; the woman's lover is always the husband's friend, and this friendship, cemented by mutual services, often survives all other interests. The majority of these love affairs last for five or six years, and many of them for ever. The lovers only part when they no longer find it sweet to tell each other everything and, after the first month of parting, there is no bitterness.

January, 1822. The old manners of the knights servitor, introduced into Italy by Philip II together with the pride and the customs of Spain, have entirely disappeared in large towns. The only exception I know is in

Calabria, where the elder son always becomes a priest, arranges a marriage for his younger brother and establishes himself as the servant and at the same time the lover of his sister-in-law.

Napoleon banished licentiousness from Northern Italy and even from here (Naples).

The morals of the present generation of pretty women scandalize their mothers; they are more favourable to passion-love. Sensual love has lost much ground.[6]

[6] About 1780 the maxim was:

Molti averne
Un goderne
E cambiar spesso.

Voyage of Sherlock.

CHAPTER FIFTY

LOVE IN THE UNITED STATES

A FREE government is a government which does no harm to its citizens, but which, on the contrary, gives them security and tranquillity. But it is a far cry from this to happiness; man must make his own happiness, for he would be a very callous man who considered himself perfectly happy merely because he enjoyed security and tranquillity. We confuse these things in Europe, and especially in Italy; being accustomed to governments that do us harm, we imagine that the supreme happiness would be to get rid of them, like sick men in the throes of great agony. The example of America clearly shows the contrary. There the government does its work very well and does no one any harm. But, as though destiny wished to confound and belie all our philosophy, or rather to accuse it of not dealing with every side of human nature, we who have been estranged for so many centuries from any actual experience of this kind by the wretched state of Europe, see that when the Americans fail to experience the misery which is usually brought about by governments, they seem to fail in themselves as well. It is as though the source of sensitiveness were dried up in them. They are just and they are rational, but they are anything but happy.

Is the Bible, or rather, are the ridiculous consequences and rules of conduct which warped intelligences deduct from this collection of poems and songs, sufficient to cause

all this wretchedness? The effect seems to me to be very considerable for the cause.

Monsieur de Volney used to tell how, whilst he was seated at table in the country at the house of a worthy American, a well-to-do man surrounded by grown-up children, a young man entered the dining-room: "How do you do, William," said the father, "sit down." The traveller asked who the young man was: "He is my second son." "Where has he come from?" "From Canton."

The return of a son from the ends of the earth created no more excitement than that.

Their whole attention seems to be taken up with ordering their lives in a rational way and in avoiding discomfort; when at last they reach the moment of gathering the fruit of so much care and of such long-sustained habits of orderliness they have no life left for enjoyment.

One would think that the children of Penn have never read that line which seems to contain their history:

Et propter vitam, vivendi perdere causas.

In the Winter, which as in Russia is the festive season of the country, young people of both sexes drive about night and day over the snow in sleighs, gaily travelling distances of fifteen or twenty miles without any one to look after them; and nothing untoward ever occurs.

There is the physical gaiety of youth which soon passes with the warmth of the blood and which is over at the age of twenty-five; but they lack the passions that make one enjoy life. Reasoning has become such a habit in the United States that crystallization is made impossible there.

I admire this happiness but I do not envy it: it is like the happiness of creatures of another and lower species.

I cherish far greater hopes of Florida and of South America.[1]

One thing which confirms my conjecture about North America is the complete lack of artists and writers. The United States have not yet supplied us with one act of a tragedy, one picture or one life of Washington.

[1] Compare the morals of the Azores: the love of God and the other love occupy the whole time there. The Christian religion, as interpreted by the Jesuits, is much less inimical to man, in this sense, than English Protestantism; it at least allows people to dance on Sunday; and one day of pleasure in seven is a great deal for the agriculturalist who toils painstakingly during the other six.

CHAPTER FIFTY-ONE

LOVE IN PROVENCE UP TO THE CONQUEST OF TOULOUSE BY NORTHERN BARBARIANS IN 1328

LOVE assumed a peculiar form in Provence from 1100 to 1328. An established code existed there for the relations between the sexes in questions of love, as strict and as faithfully followed as the laws governing points of honour can be in these days. The laws of love in the first place ignored altogether the sacred rights of husbands. They inferred complete lack of hypocrisy. These laws, taking human nature for what it is, necessarily made for a great deal of happiness.

There was a formal way of declaring that one loved a woman and of being accepted by her in the role of lover. After so many months of courtship on certain lines, one was allowed to kiss her hand. Society, still in its infancy, took a pleasure in formalities and ceremonies which were then a sign of civilization, but which nowadays would bore us to death. The same characteristic is also to be found in the Provençal language, in the intricacy and interweaving of their rhymes, in their masculine and feminine words used to express the same object, and lastly in their innumerable poets. Everything which is *formal* in social life, and which is so insipid to-day, then held all the sweetness and savour of novelty.

After kissing a woman's hand, one progressed step by step, by dint of merit and without any favouritism. It

must be carefully noted that if the feelings of husbands were never considered, on the other hand the official advancement of lovers stopped at what we should call the pleasures of the tenderest friendship between persons of different sexes.[1] But after several months or even several years of trial, when the woman became perfectly sure of the character and of the discretion of a man, and that man showed all the signs and all the aptitudes which make for the most tender friendship, his friendship must have afforded virtue some extremely uneasy moments.

I have spoken of favouritism, for a woman could have several lovers, but only one in the higher ranks. It appears that the others could not be promoted much beyond the degree of friendship which consisted in kissing her hand and seeing her every day. All that survives of this singular civilization is in blank and rhymed verse in the most florid and difficult style; we must not be surprised if the notions which we derive from the ballads of the troubadours are vague and indefinite. Even a marriage settlement has been found in verse. On several occasions during the years following the conquest of 1328 the Popes ordered everything written in the vulgar tongue to be burnt, on the ground that it was heretical. The Italians craftily insisted that Latin was the only language worthy of such an intelligent people. It would be an excellent thing if this law could be re-enacted in 1822.

At first glance so much publicity and formality in love would appear to be inconsistent with true passion. If the lady said to her lover: "To show your love for me, you will make a pilgrimage to the tomb of Our Lord at Jerusalem; you will remain there for three years and will then return," the lover immediately went: to have

[1] Memoirs of the life of Chabanon, written by himself. Rapping the ceiling with a stick.

hesitated for a moment would have been to cover himself with the same ignominy as he would incur in these days if he demurred on a point of honour. In the Provençal language the most evasive shades of sentiment can be expressed with the utmost subtlety. Another sign that the customs of this people had travelled far along the path of true civilization is that although they had hardly emerged from the horrors of mediævalism and of the feudal system in which physical strength was everything, we are struck by the fact that the weaker sex was less tyrannized over than it is *legally* to-day; we see the poor feeble creatures who have more to lose in love and whose attractions are sooner to disappear, shaping the destinies of the men who cross their paths. Three years' exile in Palestine, leaving a civilization full of gaiety for the fanaticism and tedium of a Crusaders' camp must have been a very hard task for any one but an ardent Christian. To-day what can a woman do to her lover in Paris when she is basely deserted by him?

For the moment I can think of only one answer to this: no self-respecting woman in Paris has a lover. It is evident that present-day women are quite rightly dissuaded by considerations of prudence from yielding themselves so completely to passion-love. But do not other considerations of prudence, of which I emphatically disapprove, urge her to compensate herself with sensual love? Our hypocrisy and our asceticism [2] have brought us no credit for virtue (for we cannot oppose nature with impunity), but have merely resulted in less happiness on earth and far fewer generous impulses.

A lover who deserted his unfortunate mistress after ten years of intimacy because he suddenly realized that she was thirty-two years old, was dishonoured in the charm-

[2] The ascetic principle of Jeremy Bentham.

ing land of Provence; the only course left open to him was to bury himself in the solitude of a cloister. So that in those days not only a generous man but even a prudent one did well not to pretend to more passion than he felt.

All this is really only surmise, for there are very few records left to us giving any precise details.

We have to judge of general customs from a few particular facts. The following tale is a well-known example of this. A certain poet had in some way offended his lady: after two years of despair, she at last deigned to reply to his numerous messages and bade him be told if he would have one of his finger-nails torn off and have this nail presented to her by fifty loving and faithful knights, she might perhaps forgive him. The poet hastened to submit himself to the painful ordeal. Fifty knights in high favour with their ladies then laid this finger-nail with all possible pomp before the offended beauty. The ceremony was as imposing as if a Prince of the Blood had been entering one of the cities of the Kingdom. The lover, clad in the garb of repentance, followed his nail from afar. The lady, after witnessing the entire ceremony, which was a very long one, deigned to forgive him, and he was reinstated into all the delights of his former happiness. History has it that they lived many long and happy years together. There is no doubt that the two years of misery proved the genuineness of his passion and indeed would have created passion even had it not existed so ardently before.

I could quote twenty anecdotes to show the prevalence of such high-minded and romantic gallantry between the two sexes, based on strict principles of justice; I say "gallantry" because at all times passion-love is an exception, more curious than frequent, and it is impossible to lay down laws for it. In Provence, anything that was

capable of being calculated or brought within the confines of reason was based on justice and on the equality of rights between the two sexes; I admire this above all as it seems to obviate unhappiness as far as is humanly possible. On the other hand, the absolute monarchy under Louis XV reached the point of making profligacy and infamy fashionable in the same relationships.[3]

Although the beautiful Provençal language, so full of subtlety and so plagued with verse [4] was probably not the language of the people, the customs of the upper class had been adopted by the lower classes, who were at that time quite free from coarseness because of the wide freedom they enjoyed. They were beginning to reap the harvest of a very prosperous and very rich system of trade. The inhabitants of the Mediterranean shores had begun to realize (in the ninth century) that to carry on trade by venturing a few ships on that sea was less laborious and almost as amusing as to plunder travellers on the neighbouring highway at the heels of some petty feudal lord. A little later, the Provençal people of the tenth century gathered from the Arabs that there were sweeter delights than those of pillage, rapine and war.

The Mediterranean must be regarded as the home of European civilization. The happy shores of that beautiful sea, so fortunate in its climate, were still more favoured by the prosperous state of their inhabitants and by the absence of all religion and of all obnoxious legislation. The eminently joyous disposition of the Provençal people of those days had passed through the Christian religion without being affected by it.

[3] You should have heard the charming General Laclos talk in 1802, at Naples. If you have not had that privilege, you can open the *Private Life of the Maréchal de Richelieu*, in nine delightfully presented volumes.

[4] Originating in Narbonne; a mixture of Latin and Arabic.

We see a vivid picture of a similar effect from the same cause in the Italian towns whose history has come down to us in greater detail, and which, moreover, have been fortunate enough to leave us Dante, Petrarch and Italian painting.

The Provençals have not left us any great poem like the *Divine Comedy,* in which are reflected all the peculiarities of the customs of the period. They had, it seems to me, less passion and much more gaiety than the Italians. They got their delightful way of looking at life from their neighbours, the Spanish Moors. Love reigned in the company of mirth, feasting and pleasure in the castles of happy Provence.

Have you ever seen the finale of a brilliant comic opera by Rossini at the Opera? The stage is a mass of gaiety, beauty and splendour. The sordid side of human nature is utterly remote. The opera ends, the curtain falls, the audience disperses, the chandelier is pulled up, the lights are extinguished. The building is full of the smell of smouldering lamps, the curtain is raised halfway, and dirty ill-clad wretches pour on to the stage, their clumsy actions taking the place of the girls who filled it with their graces but a moment before.

Such was the effect on the Kingdom of Provence of the conquest of Toulouse by the Crusaders. Love, grace and gaiety were replaced by Northern Barbarians and Saint Dominic. I will not soil these pages with the tale of the hair-raising horrors of the Inquisition in all the fervour of its youth. As for the Barbarians, they were our forefathers; they left slaughter and pillage in their wake wherever they went; they destroyed what they could not carry away, for the sheer joy of destruction; they were consumed by a bitter loathing of everything that bore any trace of civilization, and their fury was increased by their inability to understand a single word of the beautiful

language of the South. Deeply superstitious, and encouraged by the appalling Saint Dominic, they believed that they were ensuring their place in heaven by killing Provençals. It was the end for those unfortunate people; no more love, no more gaiety, no more poetry; less than twenty years after the conquest, in 1355, they were almost as barbaric and as coarse as the French, our ancestors.[5]

When did this charming form of civilization in which for two centuries the happiness of the higher classes of Society consisted, light on this corner of the world? Apparently it came from the Spanish Moors.

[5] Compare *The Military and Political Power of Russia*, a veracious work by General Sir Robert Wilson.

CHAPTER FIFTY-TWO

PROVENCE IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY

I AM going to translate an anecdote taken from a Provençal manuscript; the events in question took place in about 1180, and the story was written in 1250,[1] the anecdote is certainly very well known; every subtlety of Provençal manners and customs is to be found in its style. I beg leave to translate it word for word, without in any way searching after modern elegance of style.

"My Lord Raymond de Roussillon was a valiant baron, as you know, and had for wife the Lady Marguerite, the most beautiful woman known to that time and the most endowed with all good qualities, with all excellence and all courtesy. Now it happened that Guillaume de Cabstaing, who was the son of a poor knight of the Castle Cabstaing, came to the Court of my Lord Raymond de Roussillon, made himself known to him and prayed, if it pleased him, that he might be a page at his Court. My Lord Raymond seeing that he was fair and comely, bade him be welcome and remain at his Court. So Guillaume remained with him and bore himself so well that he was beloved by high and low; and so much did he distinguish himself that my lord Raymond wished him to be page to

1 The MS is in the Laurentian Library. Monsieur Raynouard quotes it in Volume V of his *Troubadours*, page 189. There are several errors in his text; he praised the troubadours too much and knew too little about them.

the Lady Marguerite, his wife; and it was so. Thereupon Guillaume strove to still greater merit both in word and deed. But thus, as is wont to happen in love, it chanced that love took hold of the Lady Marguerite and inflamed her thoughts. So much did the deeds and words and looks of Guillaume please her that she could not forbear from saying to him one day: 'Now, tell me, Guillaume, if a woman appeared to love you, would you dare love her too?' Guillaume, who saw how the matter stood, answered her frankly: 'Yes, that would I, madam, provided only that the appearance were true.' 'By Saint John!' exclaimed the lady; 'You have replied like a valiant man; but now I wish to prove if you can know and understand as regards appearances, which are true and which not.'

"When Guillaume heard these words, he answered: 'My lady, let it be as it shall please you.'

"He began to be pensive, and immediately Love gave him battle; and the thoughts that Love sent to join his own pierced into the very depths of his heart, and thenceforward he was of the servants of Love and began to find [2] charming and gay little couplets and songs to which to dance, and songs of sweet tune,[3] by which he was much approved and most of all of her for whom he sang. Now Love, who grants his servants their guerdon as he thinks fit, wished to give Guillaume the reward of his; and so he began to take such strong hold of the lady in thought and in reflexions on love that she could rest neither night nor day for dreaming of the valour and the prowess which were so lavishly lodged and set in Guillaume.

"One day it happened that the lady took Guillaume apart and said to him: 'Guillaume, now tell me, have you yet taken account of my appearances, whether they be true or false?' Guillaume answered: 'My lady, so God be my

[2] To compose.

[3] He invented the tunes and the words.

help, from the moment I have been your servant until now, no thought has been able to enter my heart but that you were the best woman that was ever born and the most true both in words and in appearances. That I believe and shall believe all my life.' And the lady answered:

" 'Guillaume, I tell you that with the help of God you will never be betrayed by me, and that your thoughts will neither be in vain nor lost.' And she stretched out her arms to him and clasped him gently to her in the room in which they were both sitting and there began their drudgery;[4] and it was not long ere slanderers, whom God has in hatred, began to talk and chatter about their love because of the songs which Guillaume made, saying he had placed his love in the Lady Marguerite; and so much at random did they talk that the matter reached the ears of my Lord Raymond. Then was he greatly distressed and sorely grieved, first because he must lose his squire and companion whom he loved so well, and still more for his wife's shame.

"One day it happened that Guillaume went a-hawking with one squire only; and my Lord Raymond asked where he had gone; and a varlet answered that he had gone a-hawking and one who knew added that he was in a certain place. Immediately Raymond concealed arms about him and had his horse brought and went alone along the path which Guillaume had taken, and rode until he found him. When Guillaume saw him coming he was much amazed, and immediately sinister thoughts came to him, and he went forward to meet him and said: 'Welcome, my lord. How is it that you are thus alone?' My Lord Raymond replied: 'Guillaume, I have come to look for you to enjoy the sport with you. Have you caught nothing?' 'I have caught nothing, my lord, for I have found nothing; and who finds little can take little, as the

[4] A far all' amore.

proverb says!' 'Enough now of this talk,' said my Lord Raymond; 'and by the fealty that you owe me, answer truly to everything I shall ask you!' 'By God, my lord,' replied Guillaume, 'if it be a thing to be told, I shall certainly tell you.' 'I want no subtlety here,' so spake my Lord Raymond, 'but you shall tell me everything on all that I shall ask you.' 'My lord, as much as it pleases you to ask me,' said Guillaume, 'so much shall I tell you the truth.'

"And my Lord Raymond asked: 'Guillaume, as you love God and the Holy Faith, have you a mistress for whom you sing and for whom Love holds you?' Guillaume answered: 'My lord, and how should I sing if Love did not urge me? Know the truth, my lord, that Love has me wholly in his power.' Raymond answered: 'I can well believe it, for else would you not be able to sing so well; but I wish to know, if it please you, who your lady is.' 'Ah! my lord, in God's name,' said Guillaume, 'think what you are asking me. You know full well that one may not name one's lady and that Bernard de Ventadour says:

'In one thing my reason serves me,[5]
That never has man asked me my joy,
That I have not lied to him willingly about it.
For it does not seem to me good doctrine
But rather folly and the act of a child,
That whoever is well treated in love,
Should wish to bare his heart about it to another man,
Unless he might be able to serve him and help him.'

"My Lord Raymond replied: 'And I give you my faith that I will serve you according to my power!' Raymond said so much about this that Guillaume made reply:

" 'My lord, you must know that I love the sister of the Lady Marguerite, your wife, and that I believe she re-

[5] Literal translation of the Provençal verses quoted by Guillaume.

turns my love. Now that you know this I beg of you to come to my aid or at least to do me no harm.' 'Take my hand and faith,' said Raymond, 'for I swear to you and pledge myself to use all my power to help you.' Then he swore faith to him, and when he had done so Raymond said to him: 'I desire that we should go to her castle for it is near here.' 'And, by God, I pray that we may do so,' said Guillaume. And so they betook themselves to the castle of Liet. And when they reached the castle they were well received by *En*[6] Robert de Tarascon who was the husband of the Lady Agnes, sister to the Lady Marguerite, and by the Lady Agnes herself. And my Lord Raymond took the Lady Agnes by the hand and led her to her room and they sat upon the bed. And my Lord Raymond said: 'Now tell me, sister-in-law, by the faith you owe me, do you cherish any one with love?' and she said: 'Yes, my lord.' 'And whom?' said he. 'Oh! that I do not tell you,' she replied; 'and what is this you are asking me?'

"In the end he besought her so much that she said she loved Guillaume de Cabstaing; this she said because she saw Guillaume so sad and so pensive and she knew well that he loved her sister; and so she feared that Raymond might have evil thoughts of Guillaume. This answer caused Raymond great happiness. Agnes told her husband everything, and her husband answered her that she had done well, and gave her his promise that she should be free to do or say anything that might save Guillaume. Nor did Agnes fail to do this. She called Guillaume alone into her room and remained so long with him that Raymond thought that he must have enjoyed with her the pleasures of love; and all this pleased him and he began to think that what he had been told of him was not true, but was all idle

[6] *En* a mode of address amongst the Provençal people, equivalent to *Sir*.

talk. Agnes and Guillaume left her room, supper was prepared, and they supped with great gaiety. And after supper Agnes had the bed of the two guests placed by the door of her room, and so well did the lady and Guillaume pass from pretence to pretence that Raymond thought that they slept together.

"And on the next day they dined with great joyfulness at the castle, and after dinner they left with all the honours of a noble farewell and came to Roussillon. And, as soon as Raymond was able, he left Guillaume and betook himself to his wife and told her all that he had seen between Guillaume and her sister, of which his wife had great sorrow all that night. And the following day she summoned Guillaume to her, and received him ill, and called him false lover and traitor. And Guillaume asked for mercy in that he had no guilt of what she accused him, and he told her all that had passed, word for word. And the lady sent for her sister and from her she learnt that Guillaume had wrought no evil. And for that she spoke to him and bade him make a song in which to show that he loved no woman but her, and so he made a song which said:

The sweet thought
That love often gives me.

And when Raymond de Roussillon heard the song that Guillaume had made for his wife, he sent for him to speak with him at some distance from the castle and, cutting off his head, placed it in a game-bag; and he cut the heart out of his body and placed it with the head. And he returned to the castle; and he had the heart roasted and brought to his wife at table, and he made her eat it without her knowing anything. When she had eaten it, Raymond rose and told his wife that what she had just eaten was the heart of the Lord Guillaume de Cabstaing, and showed her the head, and asked her if the heart had been

pleasant eating. And she heard what he said and saw and recognized the head of the Lord Guillaume. And she answered him and said that the heart had been so good and so savoury, that never should any other food or drink take from her mouth the taste that the heart of the Lord Guillaume had left there. And Raymond leapt at her with a sword. She took to flight, flung herself from a balcony and killed herself.

"This became known throughout all Catalonia and in all the lands of the King of Aragon. King Alfonso and all the nobles of those countries were sore grieved and sore distressed at the death of the Lord Guillaume and of the lady whom Raymond had thus basely put to death. They waged war on him with fire and sword. King Alfonso of Aragon took Raymond's castle and had Guillaume and his lady placed in a monument before the door of the church in a town called Perpignac. All true lovers and all true ladies prayed to God for the repose of their souls. The King of Aragon took Raymond and made him die in prison and gave all his goods to Guillaume's kin and to the kin of the lady who died for him."

CHAPTER FIFTY-THREE

ARABIA

IT is in the half-light of the Bedouin Arab's tent that one must seek the model and the land of true love. There, as in other places, loveliness and a beautiful climate have called up the most noble of the passions of the human heart, the one which, in order to be truly happy, must inspire the same degree of passion that it feels.

In order that love should reach the highest pitch possible in the heart of man, it was necessary that there should be as much equality as possible between mistress and lover. In our sad western world this equality does not exist at all: a deserted woman is unhappy or she is dishonoured. Beneath an Arab tent a plighted troth *cannot* be violated. Such a crime is swiftly followed by contempt and death.

Generosity is so sacred amongst these people that one is allowed to *steal* in order to give. Moreover they live in hourly danger of death and the whole of life flows, as it were, through a passionate solitude. Even when they meet, Arabs talk very little.

There is no change for the desert dweller; everything is eternal and motionless. Their peculiar customs, of which, owing to my ignorance, I can give but a feeble sketch, probably existed at the time of Homer.[1] They were described for the first time in about the year 600 of our era, two centuries before Charlemagne.

We find that, from the point of view of the East, we

[1] 900 B. C.

were the barbarians when we went to worry them with our Crusades.[2] Also, we owe any nobility there may be in our customs to these Crusades and to the Spanish Moors.

If we compare ourselves with the Arabs, the pride of a prosaic man will make him smile with pity. Our arts are far superior to theirs, our laws are to all appearances still more superior; but I doubt whether we outweigh them in the art of domestic happiness: we have always lacked good faith and simplicity; in family relationships the deceiver is the one who is most unhappy. He no longer feels any sense of security: being always in the wrong he is always afraid.

Beginning with the most ancient historic monuments, we see the Arabs divided from the remotest ages into a large number of independent tribes, wandering in the desert. In proportion as these tribes were able to provide themselves more or less easily with the first necessities of humanity, so their habits became more or less refined. There was the same degree of generosity everywhere, but, according to the degree of wealth of each tribe it was manifested by the gift of the goat's quarter necessary to sustain physical life, or by that of a hundred camels, a gift called for by some family affair or by the laws of hospitality.

The heroic century of the Arabs, in which these generous people shone forth free from all affectation of culture or refinement of feeling, was the one preceding Mahomet and corresponding to the fifth century of our era, to the foundation of Venice and to the reign of Clovis. I invite my readers in their pride to compare the love songs left to us by the Arabs and the high moral standard revealed in the *Thousand and One Nights* with the revolting horrors which bespatter every page of Gregory of Tours, the historian of Clovis, or of Einhard, Charlemagne's biographer.

Mahomet was a *puritan,* and wanted to proscribe the

[2] A. D. 1095.

pleasures that do no one any harm; he has killed love in those countries that have embraced Islam; [3] that is why his religion has always been less practised in Arabia, its cradle, than in any other Mahometan country.

The French brought back from Egypt four large tomes entitled: *The Book of Songs.* The volumes contain:—

1. The biographies of the poets who wrote the songs.

2. The songs themselves. In them each poet sings of what interests him most, praising his fleet courser and his bow, after speaking of his mistress. These songs were often simply their writers' love-letters; they drew their loved one a faithful picture of all the things their hearts loved most. They speak sometimes of cold nights during which they were forced to burn their bows and arrows. The Arabs are a homeless nation.

3. The biographies of the musicians who wrote the music to these songs.

4. Lastly, the airs of the songs in musical notation; the notation is undecipherable to us and the music will always remain hidden from us; it would not, however, give us any pleasure.

There is another collection entitled: *History of those Arabs who have died for love.*

These curious books are very little known; the small number of experts who are able to read them have had their hearts dried up by study and the academic life.

In order to get our bearing amidst records which are so interesting on account of their age and the singular beauty of life which they suggest to us, we must go to history for a few facts.

From time immemorial, and especially before Mahomet, the Arabs used to travel to Mecca to walk round the Caaba,

[3] The morals of Constantinople. The only way to kill passion-love is to prevent any crystallization from taking place, by making things easy.

or house of Abraham. I have seen a very accurate model of the Holy City in London. There are seven or eight hundred flat-roofed houses, dumped into the midst of a sandy sun-scorched desert. At one end of the town lies a huge building almost exactly square in shape; this building surrounds the Caaba; it consists of a long series of arcades which are indispensable beneath the Arabian sun for the Holy Procession. These arcades play an extremely important part in the history of Arabian life and poetry: apparently for centuries they were the only places where men and women found themselves together. They crept slowly round the Caaba in a confused crowd, chanting sacred poems in unison; the circuit occupied three-quarters of an hour and was repeated several times each day; this was the sacred rite for which men and women hastened from every corner of the desert. Arabian morals were given their final polish beneath the arcades of the Caaba. Soon a struggle arose between fathers and lovers; soon in love songs the lover revealed his passion to the young girl strictly watched over by her brothers or by her father and by whose side he walked in the Holy Procession.

These people already possessed a generous and emotional outlook on life, acquired in their camps; but I imagine that Arabian gallantry was born round the Caaba, which is also the home of their literature. At first the songs expressed the poet's passion with simplicity and fervour, just as he felt it; later the poet, instead of thinking of how he could touch his lady's heart, thought only of writing beautiful things; thence was born affectation, which the Moors introduced into Spain and which to this very day spoils the books of those people.[4]

To my mind there is a touching proof of the respect the

[4] There is a very great number of Arabic MSS in Paris. Those of later periods are affected, but never attempt to imitate the Greeks and Romans; this is what makes scholars despise them.

Arabs had for the weaker sex in their divorce ceremony. The woman, in the absence of the husband from whom she wished to separate, struck her tent and repitched it, taking care that the opening should be on the side opposite to the one on which it was before. This simple ceremony separated the husband and wife for ever.

FRAGMENTS[5]

Selected and translated from an Arabic MS entitled
THE BOOK OF LOVE

Compiled by Ibn-Abi-Hajlat. (MSS of the Bibliothèque du Roi, Nos. 1461 and 1462.)

Muhammad, son of Ja'far Al-Ahwazi relates that when Jamil lay on his death-bed, El-Abas, son of Sohail, visited him and found him about to give up the ghost.

"Oh, son of Sohail!" said Jamil to him; "What think you of a man who has never drunk wine, who has never gotten anything illicitly, who has never unjustly done to death any living creature that God has forbidden us to slay, and who bears witness that there is no other God but Allah, and that Mahomet is his Prophet?"

"I think," replied Ben Sohail, "that he will be saved and will attain to Paradise; but who is this man of whom you speak?"

"It is I," replied Jamil.

"I did not know that you professed Islam," then said Ben Sohail, "and moreover for twenty years you have

[5] These fragments are taken from different chapters of the collection cited. The three marked with asterisks * are taken from the last chapter, which is a very compendious biography of a considerable number of Arabs who died for love.

made love to Bothaina and have glorified her in your songs."

"Behold me," replied Jamil, "at the beginning of the other world and at the end of this one, and I am willing that the mercy of our master Mahomet may not be extended to me on the Day of Judgment if I have ever laid hands on Bothaina with evil intent."

This Jamil, and Bothaina, his mistress, both belonged to the Banu-Azra, which is a tribe famous for love amongst all the tribes of the Arabs. Indeed their way of loving has become proverbial and God has never made any other creature so tender in love as they.

One day, Sahid, son of Agba, said to an Arab:

"To what race do you belong?"

"I am of the race in which one dies for love," answered the Arab.

"So you are from the tribe of Azra?" added Sahid.

"Yes, by the master of the Caaba," replied the Arab.

"How is it that you love in this way?" continued Sahid.

"Our women are beautiful and our young men pure," replied the Arab.

One day some one asked Arwa-Ben-Hezam:[6] "Is it true, this that they say of you, that of all men you have the most tender heart in love?"

"Yes, by Allah, it is true," replied Arwa, "and I have seen thirty young men of my tribe carried off by death, and they had no other malady but love."

An Arab of the Banu-Fazârat said one day to an Arab of the Banu-Azra: "You of the Banu-Azra think that to die for love's sake is a sweet and noble death; but that

[6] This Arwa-Ben-Hezam belonged to the tribe of Azra which has just been mentioned. He is famous as a poet and still more famous as one of the numerous Love Martyrs which the Arabs count amongst their numbers.

is a manifest weakness and stupidity; and the men whom you consider great-hearted are nothing but weak-minded feeble creatures."

"You would not speak thus," replied the Arab of the tribe of Azra, "if you had seen the great black eyes of our women shaded by their long eyebrows from beneath which they shoot the arrow shafts of love, or if you had seen them smile, and their teeth gleaming between their dusky lips!"

Abul-Hasan, Ali, son of Abdalla el-Zaguni tells the following story:

A Mussulman was madly in love with a Christian girl. He was obliged to make a voyage to a foreign country with a friend who knew all about his love. His business in this country dragged on for a long while and he fell mortally ill there. Whereupon he said to his friend: "Behold my hour approaches and I shall never see my beloved again in this world, and I am afraid that if I die a Mussulman I shall never meet her in the future life either." He became a Christian and died. His friend returned to the young Christian girl whom he found to be also ill. She said to him: "I shall never again see my beloved in this world; but I want to join him again in the next; so I bear witness that there is no other God but Allah and that Mahomet is the Prophet of Allah." Whereupon she died, and may the mercy of God be upon her.*

Eltemimi relates that in the Arab tribe of Tagleb there was a very rich Christian girl who fell in love with a young Mussulman. She offered him her fortune and everything she had of value without succeeding in making him love her. When she had abandoned all hope, she gave a sculptor a hundred dinars for him to make a figure of the

young man she loved. The sculptor modelled the figure and when the girl received it she set it in a place to which she went every day. There she would begin by kissing the figure and then she would sit beside it and pass the remainder of the day in lamentation. When evening came she would bid the figure farewell and go away. She did this for a long time. Then the young man died; she asked to see him and kissed him as he lay dead, after which she went back to the figure, greeted it, kissed it as usual and lay down beside it. In the morning she was found dead, her hand stretched towards some lines of writing which she had traced before dying.*

Weddah, of the land of Yamen, was famed for his beauty amongst the Arabs. He and Om-el-Bonain, daughter of Abd-el-Aziz, son of Merwân, even when they were children loved each other so much that they could not bear to be separated for a moment. When Om-el-Bonain became the wife of Walid-ben-Abd-el-Malek, Weddah lost his reason. After remaining for a long time in a state of madness and suffering, he betook himself to Syria, and began to prowl every day around the home of Walid, son of Malek, without at first hitting upon any plan of accomplishing his desire. At length he met a girl whose confidence he succeeded in winning by dint of perseverance and attentions. When he felt that he could trust her he asked her if she knew Om-el-Bonain. "Surely, since she is my mistress," replied the girl. "Well, then," continued Weddah, "your mistress is my cousin, and if you will bear her tidings of me you will certainly give her pleasure." "I will gladly bear them," replied the girl. And thereupon she hastened at once to Om-el-Bonain to give her tidings of Weddah. "Take care what you are saying!" she cried. "Do you mean to say that Weddah is alive?" "Assuredly," replied the girl. "Go to him and tell him,"

then pursued Om-el-Bonain, "not to go away until a messenger comes to him from me." She then took steps to introduce Weddah into her apartment, where she kept him hidden in a chest. She let him out to be with him when she felt she was safe; and when any one came who might have been able to see him she made him go back into the chest.

One day it happened that a pearl was brought to Walid, and he said to one of his servants: "Take this pearl and bear it to Om-el-Bonain." The servant took the pearl and bore it to Om-el-Bonain. He did not have himself announced, and he entered her apartments at a moment when she was with Weddah so that he was able to cast his eyes around Om-el-Bonain's apartments without her noticing it. Walid's servant performed his mission and asked Om-el-Bonain for something for the jewel he had brought her. She refused harshly and rebuked him. The servant was angry with her and went to Walid, told him what he had seen and described the chest in which he had seen Weddah hide. "You lie, you motherless slave! You lie!" cried Walid to him, and ran swiftly to Om-el-Bonain. There were several chests in the apartment; he placed himself on the one in which Weddah was shut and which had been described to him by the slave, and said to Om-El-Bonain: "Give me one of these chests." "They are all yours, even as I am," replied Om-el-Bonain. "Then," pursued Walid, "I want the one upon which I am seated." "There are things in that one which are necessary to a woman," said Om-el-Bonain. "It is not those things, it is the chest that I want," continued Walid. "It is yours," she replied. Whereupon Walid immediately had the chest removed, and summoned two slaves whom he commanded to dig a hole in the ground to the depth at which water appeared. Then putting his lips close to the chest he cried, "I have been told something about you. If it be

true, may all traces of you be wiped out, and all tidings of you be buried. If it be false, then I am doing no harm in burying a chest, for I shall be burying nothing but wood." He then had the chest cast into the hole and had the stones and earth that had come out of the hole cast on to it. And from that moment Om-el-Bonain never ceased to haunt that spot and to weep, until one day she was discovered there lifeless, face downwards on the ground.*

CHAPTER FIFTY-FOUR

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN

BY our present education of girls which is the outcome of chance and of the most stupid pride, we allow their most brilliant qualities, and those which are most productive of happiness both for themselves and for us, to remain undeveloped. But is there any man who has not exclaimed at least once in his life:

> A woman always knows enough when the capacity of her Genius raises her to understand a Doublet and a pair of Breeches.
>
> MOLIERE, *Les Femmes Savantes*, II. 7.

In Paris the highest compliment one can pay a girl of marriageable age is to say: "She has a very sweet character and is very simple in her manner. Nothing attracts the stupid suitor more." Picture him two years later breakfasting alone with his wife on a dull morning, his cap on his head and surrounded by tall footmen.

In 1818 a law was passed in the United States which condemned to thirty-four lashes any man who taught a negro in Virginia how to read.[1] Nothing could be more consistent and reasonable than this law.

Were the United States themselves of more use to the Mother Country whilst they were her slaves or since they have become her equals? If the work of a free man is

[1] I regret that I cannot find any reference to the official source of this fact in the Italian MSS. I should like it to be refuted.

worth two or three times that of the same man reduced to slavery, why should not the same principle apply to human thought?

If we dared, we would give girls the education of a slave, the proof being that the only useful things they know are those which we try to avoid teaching them.

"But," many husbands will say, "what little education they are so unfortunate as to get hold of, they use against us." Of course they do, and Napoleon in the same way was quite right not to give the National Guard arms, and extremists are quite right to forbid pupil-teaching; if you arm a man and then continue to oppress him, you will find that he is perverse enough to turn his arms against you, if he can.

Even if it were right for us to bring girls up to be idiots with *Hail Marys* and wanton songs, as in convents in 1770, there would still be several slight objections:

1. If their husbands happen to die, they are called upon to take charge of their young family.

2. As mothers they give the male children, the young tyrants of the future, their first education, by which their characters are formed and their minds moulded to seek happiness by one route rather than by another, a question which is always quite settled at the age of four or five.

3. In spite of all our pride, in our little private affairs, those on which our happiness particularly depends because in the absence of passions happiness is based on the absence of small daily worries, the advice of the companion necessary to our life has the greatest influence; we do not willingly give her the least influence over us, but she repeats the same things over and over again for twenty years, and no one has the Roman fortitude to resist the same idea repeated during a whole lifetime. The world is full of husbands who allow themselves to

be managed; but that is from weakness and not from any sense of justice or of equality. They merely yield to force and there is always a temptation to abuse power, especially as it is sometimes necessary to abuse it in order to preserve it.

4. Lastly, in love, during that period which, in southern countries, often lasts for twelve or fifteen years, the best years of life, our happiness is entirely in the hands of the woman we love. One moment of ill-timed pride may make us unhappy for ever, and how can a slave raised to the throne avoid the temptation of abusing his power? Hence false modesty and feminine pride. But all these reflections are quite abortive: men are despots, and we know what heed any other despot pays to the wisest counsels: the man to whom everything is possible only relishes one kind of advice, the kind which shows him how to increase his power. Where can our unfortunate girls find a Quiroga and a Riego to give the despots who oppress them, and who degrade them in order better to oppress them, that salutary advice which is rewarded by titles and decorations instead of the gibbet of Porlier?

If it requires several centuries to bring about such a revolution it is because by a very distressing accident all our early experiences are necessarily a contradiction of the truth.

Enlighten a girl's mind, mould her character, in fact, give her a good education in the true sense of the word, and sooner or later she will realize her superiority to other women and will became a female pedant, that is to say, the most disagreeable and degraded creature there is in the world. Any one of us would prefer to spend his life with a servant girl than with a female scholar. Plant a sapling in the depths of a dense forest; cut off by its neighbours from the sun and air, its leaves become etiolated, and it assumes an absurd lankness which is quite unnatural

to it. The whole forest must be planted at the same time. No woman, for instance, becomes unduly elated at knowing how to read.

Pedants have kept on telling us for two thousand years that women possess keener understanding and men more judgment, that women have more refinement in their ideas and men stronger powers of concentration. A certain city dweller in Paris who used to stroll occasionally in the gardens of Versailles similarly came to the conclusion from his own observation that trees came up already clipped.

I will admit that little girls have less physical strength than little boys: this is conclusive as far as brains are concerned, for we know that Voltaire and D'Alembert were as ready as any one in their century to use their fists. We all agree that a little girl of ten has twenty times as much refinement as a young scamp of a boy of the same age. Why, then, at the age of twenty does she become a big, awkward, bashful gawk who is terrified of a spider, whilst the scamp has become an intelligent man?

Of the things which we do not want to teach them, women only know those which they gather from their surroundings. Hence the great disadvantage under which they labour in being born into a very rich family; instead of coming into contact with people who are natural with them, they find themselves surrounded by maids or paid companions who are already corrupted and etiolated by wealth.[2] No one is so stupid as a Prince.

Girls, feeling that they are slaves, have their eyes opened early; they see everything but they are too ignorant to see things clearly. A woman of thirty, in France, does not possess the acquired knowledge of a boy of fifteen, nor a woman of fifty, the judgment of a man of twenty-five. Think of Madame de Sévigné admiring the most absurd

[2] See the Memoirs of Madame de Staal, of Collé, of Duclos, of the Margrave of Bayreuth.

actions of Louis XIV. Think of the childishness of Madame d'Épinay's arguments.[3]

Women ought to feed and look after their children. I deny the first statement and agree with the second. *They should also attend to their housekeeping accounts.* So that they have no time to equal a fifteen-year-old boy in acquired knowledge. Men have to become judges, bankers, lawyers, tradesmen, doctors, priests, etc. And yet they find time to read Fox's speeches and *The Lusiads* by Camoëns.

In Pekin,[4] the magistrate who hastens early to the Courts in order to get authority to imprison and ruin, with the best and most honourable intentions, some wretched journalist who has displeased the Under-Secretary of State with whom he had the honour of dining the day before, is surely just as busy as his wife, who looks after her housekeeping accounts, superintends her little girl's knitting, watches her at her dancing and piano lessons, receives a visit from the vicar of her parish who brings her the *Quotidienne,* and then goes out to choose a hat in the Rue de Richelieu and to take a stroll in the Tuileries.

In the midst of his noble occupations, this magistrate still finds time to think of this stroll his wife is taking in the Tuileries, and if he were in as high favour with the Powers ruling the Universe as he is with the powers ruling the State, he would ask Heaven to grant women, for their own good, eight or ten more hours' sleep. In the present condition of Society, leisure, which for a man is the source of all happiness and all wealth, not only is not an advantage for women, but is one of those baneful liberties from which the worthy magistrate would be glad to help to deliver us.

[3] Vol. I.

[4] By this Paris is, of course, meant. [Translator.]

CHAPTER FIFTY-FIVE

OBJECTIONS TO THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN

BUT women are fully occupied with small household tasks.—My Colonel, M. S.——, has four daughters brought up on the best principles, that is to say, they work all day long; when I come they sing the Rossini music which I brought them from Naples; the rest of the time they read the Royaumont Bible, they learn all the dull side of history, that is to say, chronological tables and the verses of Le Ragois; they know a great deal of geography and embroider beautifully, and I calculate that each one of these pretty little girls could earn by her work about fourpence a day. In three hundred days that amounts to four hundred and eighty francs a year amongst them, which is less than any one of their masters is paid. For this yearly sum they are losing for ever the precious time given to the human machine in which to acquire ideas.

If women were to read with real pleasure the ten or twelve good books that appear each year in Europe, they would soon begin to neglect their children.—It is as though we were afraid of interfering with the motion of the sea by planting trees on its shores. It is not in this sense that education is all-powerful. Besides, the same objection has been raised against all forms of education for the past hundred years. Not only has a Parisian woman more sides to her character in 1820 than she had in 1720 in the days of the "Law" system and of the Regent, but the daughter of the richest farmer-general received less useful

education in those days than the daughter of the meanest lawyer does to-day. Does a woman perform her household duties any the worse for this? Of course not. And why? Because misery, illness, shame, instinct, all force them to perform these duties. It is as though we were to say of an officer who became too charming, that he would lose the art of riding, forgetting that he might break his arm the first time he allowed that to happen.

The acquisition of ideas produces the same good and bad effects in both sexes. We shall never lack vanity, even with the most complete absence of any reason of having it; take, for instance, the citizens of a small town; so let us at least force it to be founded on real merit, on merit which is useful or agreeable to society.

Rather stupid people, egged on by the Revolution which has changed so much in France, have begun to admit, during the last twenty years, that women are capable of some things; but they insist on them devoting themselves to occupations suited to their sex; growing flowers, pressing herbs in albums, breeding canaries; those are what are called innocent pleasures.

These innocent pleasures are certainly better than idleness. We can leave that to shallow-minded women just as we can leave to shallow-minded men the glory of writing verses for the birthday of the head of the house. But do people really suggest that Madame Roland or Mistress Hutchinson[1] should spend their time in tending a little Bengal rose-bush?

All this reasoning resolves itself into this: One wants to be able to say of one's slave: "He is too stupid to be wicked."

But, by means of a certain law called *sympathy*, a law

[1] See the Memoirs of these admirable women. I could quote other names, but they are unknown to the public, and moreover one cannot even hint at living talent.

of nature of which, indeed, the ordinary man has no knowledge, the faults of our life's companion do not affect our happiness by reason of any direct harm they may do us. I would almost prefer my wife to try to stab me with a dagger once a year in a fit of rage than that she should always be irritable in the evening.

Besides, amongst people who live together, happiness is contagious.

Whether whilst you are on parade or in the House of Commons your lady spends the morning in painting a rose after Redouté's beautiful work, or in reading a volume of Shakespeare, her pleasures will have been equally innocent; only she will bore you, when you return, with the ideas the rose has put into her head, and moreover she will long to go out into Society in the evening in search of livelier sensations. If, on the other hand, she has read Shakespeare carefully, she is just as tired as you are, has enjoyed herself just as much, and will be much happier taking a walk on your arm in the Bois de Vincennes than appearing at the smartest party. The pleasures of Society are not those of happy women.

Ignorant men are the born enemies of women's education. At present they spend their time with them, make love to them and are well treated by them; but where would they be if women became tired of playing boston? [2] When we return from America or the East Indies with sunburnt faces and a bearing which retains some of its roughness for six months, how would they be able to answer the tale of our adventures if they were not able to say: "As for us we have the women on our side. Whilst you were in New York the colour of gigs has changed; chocolate is the fashionable colour now." And we listen attentively because this sort of information is useful. Some pretty woman will cut us if our barouche is in bad taste.

[2] A card game closely resembling solo whist. [Translator.]

Again, these same stupid men, thinking they are obliged by virtue of the superiority of their sex to know more than women, would be utterly ruined if women took it into their heads to learn something. When a stupid man of thirty sees little girls of twelve at a friend's country house he says to himself: "In ten years' time my life will be spent with these girls." Imagine his outcry and his fear if he saw them studying anything useful.

Instead of the society and the conversation of effeminate men, a cultured woman, if she has acquired ideas without losing the charm of her sex, is sure of meeting with a consideration almost amounting to enthusiasm amongst the most distinguished men of her time.

Woman would become man's rival instead of his companion.—Certainly, as soon as you have abolished love by law. But until that excellent law is passed, love will go on increasing in charm and ecstasy; that is all. The basis on which crystallization takes place will become wider; man will be able to enjoy all his ideas with the woman he loves, the whole of nature will acquire new charms in their eyes, and as ideas always reflect shades of character in some degree, they will know each other better and will commit less imprudences; love will be less blind and will give rise to fewer miseries.

The desire of attracting places modesty, fastidiousness and all feminine charm for ever beyond the scope of any form of education whatever. As well might one try to teach nightingales not to sing in the springtime.

An ignorant woman is not necessarily charming; consider the worthy spouses of our villagers, or the wives of successful English tradesmen. All affectation is a form of pedantry; for by pedantry I mean the affectation that makes people talk to me of a new creation by Leroy, or of one of Romagnesi's novels, apropos of nothing, just as much as the affectation of quoting Fra Paolo and the

Council of Trent in connection with our gentle missionaries; and the pedantry of dress or fashion, the necessity of saying precisely the correct thing about Rossini, destroy the charm of Parisian women; yet, in spite of the terrible effects of this contagious malady, are not Parisian women the most delightful in France? Is it not probable that this is because chance has put more accurate and interesting ideas into their heads? Now it is ideas of this kind that I should expect them to glean from books. I am certainly not suggesting they should read Grotius or Puffendorf now that we have Tracy's commentary on Montesquieu.

The fastidiousness of women is a result of that perilous situation in which they find themselves placed so early, and of the necessity they are under of spending their lives amongst cruel and charming enemies.

There are perhaps fifty thousand women in France who are exempt from all work by their private means. But without work there can be no happiness. The very passions force one to work, and to very strenuous work too, which absorbs the whole attention of the brain.

A woman who has four children and an income of ten thousand francs *works* in knitting stockings or making a frock for her daughter. But one cannot agree that a woman who possesses her own carriage works in doing a piece of embroidery or tapestry. Apart from a few touches of vanity, it is impossible for her to take any interest in it; she does not work.

So her happiness is seriously jeopardized. And, what is more, so is the happiness of her lord, for a woman whose heart has been occupied by no interest but that of her tapestry for two months may well have the impertinence to think that sympathy-love or vanity-love, or indeed even sensual love, would be quite delightful as compared with her usual condition.

A woman must not get herself talked about.—To which

I again reply: "Who has ever talked about a woman because she knows how to read?"

And who is to prevent women, pending the revolution in their social condition, from concealing the study that constitutes their usual occupation and furnishes them daily with their rightful share of happiness? I will, incidentally, reveal a secret to them. When we have set ourselves a task to perform, as, for instance, that of forming a clear idea of the Fiesco conspiracy at Genoa in 1547, the most insipid book becomes interesting: it is like when we are in love meeting some person who is indifferent to us but has just seen the person we love; and this interest increases every month until we leave the Fiesco conspiracy for something else.

The real theatre of feminine virtues is a sick-room.—But do you guarantee to persuade Heaven to increase the frequency of sickness so that all our women should be kept occupied? This is arguing from exceptions.

Moreover, I maintain that a woman ought to occupy three or four leisure hours each day in the way that sensible men occupy their leisure hours.

A young mother whose son is suffering from measles could not, even if she wished to, find any pleasure in reading Volney's travels in Syria, any more than her husband, a rich banker, could, in a moment of financial stress, derive any pleasure from poring over Malthus.

This is the only way for rich women to distinguish themselves from the common run of women: moral superiority. In this way other feelings come naturally.[3]

Do you want a woman to become an author?—No more than you proclaim your intention of making your daughter

[3] For instance, Mistress Hutchinson refusing to assist her family and her husband, whom she adored, by betraying certain regicides to the ministers of the perjured Charles II (*Memoirs*, Vol. II, p. 284).

an Opera singer by giving her a singing-master. I maintain that a woman should never write except like Madame de Staal (de Launay), namely, posthumous works to be published after her death. For a woman under fifty to publish anything is to risk her happiness in the most dreadful of lotteries; if she is fortunate enough to have a lover, she will begin by losing him.

I can think of only one exception; that is, if a woman writes books to feed or to bring up her family. In that case she should always insist on the financial side when talking of her work and say, for instance, to a cavalry Captain: "Your rank brings you four thousand francs a year, and I, with my two translations from English, have been able to devote three thousand five hundred francs more to the education of my two sons."

Apart from that, a woman should publish like Baron d'Holbach or Madame de la Fayette; their best friends knew nothing about it. For a woman to publish a book can only fail to be a source of annoyance to her if she is a strumpet; the vulgar horde, being able to despise her at their ease because of her status, will praise her to the skies because of her talent and will even become infatuated with that talent.

Many men in France amongst those who have an income of five or six thousand francs a year find their main enjoyment in literature without ever dreaming of printing anything themselves; to read a good book is for them one of the greatest pleasures. At the end of ten years they find that their intelligence is doubled, and no one will deny that, in general, the more intelligent one is, the fewer passions incompatible with the happiness of others does one have.[4] Nor do I think any one will deny

[4] It is this which makes me hope for great things from the rising generation of the privileged classes. I also hope that the husbands who read this chapter will be less despotic for a few days.

that the sons of a woman who reads Gibbon and Schiller will have more genius than the children of the woman who tells her beads and reads Madame de Genlis.

A young lawyer, a merchant, a doctor, an engineer, can be launched on life without any education, and they acquire it daily in the practice of their profession. But what opportunity do their wives have of acquiring deserving and necessary qualities? Hidden away in the solitude of their homes, the great book of life necessarily remains closed to them. They always spend the three louis their husbands give them every Monday in exactly the same way, discussing ways and means with their cook.

I will say this, in the interest of despots, that the most impossible cad, if he is twenty years old and has very pink cheeks, is dangerous for an ignorant woman, for she is guided entirely by instinct; in the eyes of an intelligent woman he produces just as much effect as a handsome flunkey.

The ridiculous part about modern education is that girls are taught nothing which they must not very speedily forget as soon as they are married. It takes four hours a day for six years to learn to play the harp well; half that time is required to paint miniatures or water-colours well. The majority of girls do not even attain tolerable mediocrity in these things, hence that saying which is so true: "Amateur means ignoramus." [5]

Let us suppose that the girl has some talent; three years after she is married she does not touch her harp or her brushes once a month: these objects of so much labour have become boring to her, unless by chance she has the soul of an artist, always a very rare occurrence and

[5] In Italy the contrary of this saying is true. There the finest voices are found amongst amateurs who have never been on the stage.

not one which fits her very well for the performance of household duties.

Thus it is that under an empty pretext of propriety girls are taught nothing which might guide them in the circumstances they will encounter in life; worse still, the very existence of these circumstances is hidden from them and denied to them, and so to their strength are added the effects, first of surprise and secondly of the suspicion that the whole of their education has been misleading.[6] I maintain that well-brought-up girls should be told about love. Who can honestly suggest that in the present state of society girls of sixteen are ignorant of the existence of love? From whom do they get their ideas about a subject which is so important and at the same time so difficult to explain? Think of Julie d'Étanges complaining of the knowledge she has acquired from La Chaillot, a chambermaid in her house. We must be grateful to Rousseau for having dared to paint so faithfully in a century of false modesty.

Since the modern education of women is perhaps the most amusing absurdity of Modern Europe, the less genuine education they have, the more they are prized.[7] That is perhaps why in Italy and in Spain they are so much superior to the men and even, I may say, superior to the women of other countries.

[6] The education given to Madame d'Epinay. (Memoirs, Vol. I.)

[7] I except the education in deportment. A woman enters a drawing-room more gracefully in the Rue Verte than in the Rue Saint-Martin.

CHAPTER FIFTY-SIX

CONTINUATION OF THE FOREGOING CHAPTER

IN France all our ideas about women are given to us by the three-halfpenny catechism; and what is so absurd is that many men who would not trust the authority of this book to settle a business deal involving fifty francs, follow it literally and blindly in the matter which, in the state of vanity now reached by our nineteenth century customs, is the one that most closely concerns their happiness.

Divorce is forbidden because marriage is a *mystery;* and what mystery? The emblem of the union of Jesus Christ with his Church. And what would have happened to this mystery if the word *Church* had happened to be masculine in Latin.[1]

But we will leave dying prejudices alone,[2] and merely observe this singular spectacle: the roots of the tree have

[1] Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram
Ædificabo Ecclesiam meam.

(See Monsieur de Potter, *History of the Church.*)

[2] Religion is a matter between the individual man and the Divinity. What right have you to come and plant yourself down between my God and me? I only accept a proxy authorized by the Social Contract for things which I cannot do myself.

Why should not a Frenchman pay his priest as he does his baker? If we have good bread in Paris, it is that it has not yet occurred to the State to declare the distribution of bread to be free and to enroll all bakers as part of the Civil Service.

In the United States each person pays his priest; these gentlemen are forced to possess talent and it never occurs to my

been sapped by the axe of ridicule, but the branches continue to bear leaves. But let us return to the observation of facts, and of their consequences.

Whatever one's sex, one's fate in extreme old age depends on the way in which one has spent one's youth; this is true at an earlier age with women. How is a woman of forty-five received in Society? Harshly and much less kindly than she deserves; at twenty she is flattered, but at forty she is left alone.

A woman of forty-five has no influence save through her children or her lover.

A mother who excels in Art can only pass her skill on to her son in the extremely rare case in which nature has endowed him with the right disposition to receive it. But a mother who has an intellectual mind will give her son an idea, not only of all the agreeable amenities of life, but also of all the accomplishments useful to a man of the world, and he can make his choice. The barbarity of the Turks is in very large measure due to the state of brutish stupidity of the beautiful Georgian women. Young men born in Paris owe to their mothers the indisputable superiority which they possess at the age of sixteen over young provincials of the same age. It is between sixteen and twenty-five that chance takes a hand in the game.

Every day the people who invented lightning conductors, the printing press and the art of weaving contribute to our happiness, and the same can be said of the Montesquieus, the Racines, and the La Fontaines. Now the number of geniuses produced by a nation depends upon

neighbour to take a personal pride in foisting his own priest on me. (The letters of Morris Birkbeck.)

What would happen if I were convinced, as our fathers were, that my priest is the intimate ally of my wife? Unless a Luther appeared, there would be no more Catholicism in France in 1850. In 1820 only Monsieur Grégoire was able to save that religion: and see how he is being treated.

the number of men who receive sufficient culture,[3] and there is nothing to prove to me that my bootmaker has not the type of mind necessary to write like Corneille; all he may lack is the education necessary to develop his feelings and to teach him to communicate them to the public.

Owing to the present-day system of educating girls, all the geniuses who are born *women* are lost to the public welfare; as soon as chance gives them an opportunity of revealing themselves, you see them master the most difficult arts; we have in our own time a Catherine II who had no education but that afforded by danger and harlotry, a Madame Roland, an Alessandra Mari who raised a regiment in Arezzo and launched it against the French, a Caroline, Queen of Naples, who knew how to stop the contagion of liberalism better than our Castlereaghs and our P . . . s. As to the obstacles which hamper the superiority of women in intellectual matters, I refer the reader to the chapter on Modesty (Chapter Twenty-Six), Article 9. To what heights might not Miss Edgeworth have soared had not her position as a young English lady compelled her at first to drag the pulpit into romance?[4]

Is there any man, either in love or in marriage, who is so fortunate as to be able to communicate his thoughts, just as they come to him, to the woman with whom he spends his life? He may find a kind heart that will share his troubles, but he is always obliged to break up the cur-

[3] Think of Generals in 1795.

[4] As regards the Arts, that is the great flaw in a rational form of government, and at the same time it is the only logical argument in favour of a monarchy like that of Louis XIV. Take, for instance, the literary sterility of America. They have not produced a single Romance like those of Robert Burns or the thirteenth century Spaniards.

Compare the charming modern Greek romances, those of the Spaniards and Danes in the thirteenth century, and better still, the Arabic poetry of the seventh century.

rency of his brain into small change if he wants to be understood, and it would be absurd to expect reasonable advice from an intelligence that cannot grasp matters clearly without such a process. The most perfect woman, according to the ideas of present-day education, leaves her mate to face the dangers of life alone, and very soon runs the risk of boring him.

What an excellent adviser a man would find his wife if she knew how to think! An adviser whose interests, apart from one single matter which only lasts during the springtime of life, are exactly identical with his own!

One of the finest prerogatives of intelligence is that it makes old age respected. Think of Voltaire's arrival in Paris putting the majesty of Royalty in the shade. But as far as poor women are concerned, as soon as they no longer possess the splendour of youth, their only dreary happiness is to delude themselves as to the position they hold in Society.

The remains of youthful accomplishments are nothing now but a farce, and it would be a blessing for our modern women to die at the age of fifty. So far as the real morality is concerned, the more intelligence we possess, the more clearly do we see that justice is the only road to happiness. Genius is a power, but even more is it a torch with which to discover the great art of being happy.

In the lives of the majority of men there comes a moment when they can do great things and when nothing seems impossible to them. But this magnificent opportunity is often lost to humanity through the ignorance of women. Nowadays the most that love does is to make a man ride well or choose his tailor cleverly.

I have no time to stop up all the loopholes open to criticism; if I had the power of establishing customs, I should give little girls as far as possible exactly the same education as boys. As I have no intention of writing a

book on irrelevant matters, the reader will not insist on my stating wherein the present-day education of men is absurd (they are not even taught the two most important sciences of all, logic and ethics). Taking it such as it is, I maintain that it is better to give this education to girls than merely to show them how to play music, to paint and to embroider.

So, girls should be taught reading, writing and arithmetic by pupil-teachers in the technical convent schools in which the presence of any man other than the professors, should be severely punished. The great advantage of bringing children up together is that they learn the art of living in the world and of consideration for others from their little companions, in spite of their teachers, however narrow-minded these may be. A sensible teacher should explain to the children the meaning of their little quarrels and of their friendships, beginning his course of ethics with this rather than with the story of the Golden Calf.[5]

Doubtless a few years hence pupil-teaching will be applied to all education; but, taking matters as they stand now, I should like girls to study Latin as boys do; the advantage of Latin is that it inures one to boredom; besides Latin they should study history, mathematics, the knowledge of plants useful as food or medicinally, then

[5] My dear pupil, your respected father is very fond of you; that is why he gives me forty francs a month to teach you mathematics and drawing, in a word, to earn my living. If you were cold because you had not got a little overcoat, your respected father would be unhappy. He would be unhappy because he is sympathetic, etc., etc. But when you are eighteen you will yourself have to earn the money required to buy that overcoat. Your respected father has, they say, an income of twenty-five thousand francs a year, but there are four of you children; so you must accustom yourself to do without the carriage which you enjoy at your respected father's house, etc., etc.

logic and ethical philosophy, etc. Dancing, music and drawing should begin at the age of five.

At the age of sixteen a young girl should think of finding herself a husband and should get correct ideas on love, marriage and the lack of masculine integrity from her mother.[6]

[6] Yesterday evening I saw two charming little girls of four singing extremely lively love-songs whilst on a swing which I was pushing for them. The maids teach them these songs and their mother tells them that *love* and *lover* are meaningless words.

CHAPTER FIFTY-SIX A

MARRIAGE

FOR a woman to be faithful to a loveless marriage is probably quite contrary to nature.[1]

Attempts have been made to secure this unnatural state of affairs by the fear of Hell and by religious sentiments; the example of Spain and Italy shows how far these attempts have been successful.

In France attempts have been made to secure it by public opinion, which is the only dyke that is really strong enough; but it has been badly constructed. It is ridiculous to say to a young girl: "You must be faithful to the husband of your choice," and then to marry her by force to some tiresome old man.[2]

[1] In fact, certainly. In love there is no pleasure in slaking one's thirst except at this chosen spring. Fidelity, in that case, becomes natural.

In the case of marriage without love, in less than two years the water of this spring becomes stagnant. In nature, however, the need of water always persists. Custom makes one overcome nature, but only when it can be vanquished in a moment, as for instance in the case of the Indian woman who commits suttee (October 21, 1821) after the death of the aged husband whom she detested, and the European girl who brutally slays the tender infant to which she has just given birth. If it were not for the high walls of the Convent, the nuns would not stay there.

[Original note in Italian. Translator.]

[2] Even in trifling details there is always something comic in anything that concerns the education of women in our country. For instance, in 1820, under the rule of the same nobles who utterly rejected the idea of divorce, the government have sent

But girls love getting married.—That is because in the narrow system of present-day education, the slavery which they undergo in their mother's house is intolerably irksome; moreover they are quite ignorant of life, and lastly there is the call of nature. There is only one way of securing more fidelity in marriage on the part of women, and that is to give young girls more liberty and married persons divorce.

A woman always loses the finest days of her youth in her first marriage, and by divorce she gives fools something with which to slander her.

Young women who have had many lovers have no need for divorce. Women who are getting on in years and have had a great many lovers believe that they can retrieve their character, and in France they always succeed in doing so, by adopting an uncompromisingly severe attitude towards the sins which have abandoned them. If some wretched young woman, quite virtuous but desperately in love, pleads for a divorce, she is held up to scorn by women who have taken fifty different men into their beds.

a bust of Gabrielle d'Estrées to the town of Laon. The statue is to be erected in the public square, apparently to spread a love of the Bourbons amongst young girls, and to induce them, if necessary, not to be unkind to charming kings and to produce offshoots of this illustrious family.

But, on the other hand, the same government refuses to let the town of Laon have the bust of Marshal Serrurier, a brave man who was no coxcomb and who, moreover, had boorishly started his career as a private soldier. (Address by General Foy, reported in the *Courrier* of June 17, 1820. Dulaure, in his curious *History of Paris,* in the article on *The Love Affairs of Henri IV.*)

CHAPTER FIFTY-SEVEN

THE THING CALLED VIRTUE

I MYSELF honour by the name of virtue the habit of doing irksome things which are useful to others.

I confess I do not regard Saint Simeon Stylites, who remained on top of a column for twenty-two years and kept on thrashing himself, as being in the least virtuous, and it is this point of view that gives this essay rather too light a tone.

Nor do I respect the Carthusian Monk who eats nothing but fish and only lets himself speak on Thursdays. I must say I prefer General Carnot who, at an advanced age, faced the discomforts of exile in a little town in the North rather than do anything that he considered mean.

I have some hope that this very vulgar admission will make people skip the rest of this chapter.

At Pesaro this morning, it being a feast day (May 7, 1819), I was obliged to attend Mass; I asked for a missal and I came across the following words:

"Joanna, Alphonsi quinti Lusitaniæ regis filia, tanta divini amoris flamma præventa fuit, ut ab ipsa pueritia rerum caducarum pertæsa, solo cœlestis patriæ desiderio flagraret." [1]

All the touching virtue preached in the beautiful phrases

[1] Joan, the daughter of Alfonso V of Portugal, was so inspired by the flame of divine love that, disgusted with mortal matters from her earliest childhood, she was inflamed only with the desire for her Heavenly home.

of the *Beauties of Christianity* reduces itself therefore to a question of not eating truffles for fear of getting a stomach-ache. It is a very reasonable precaution if one believes in Hell, but it is a precaution of the most selfish and prosaic kind. The *philosophic* virtue which so clearly explains the return of Regulus to Carthage, and which was responsible for similar incidents in the French Revolution,[2] bears witness, on the other hand, to largeness of heart.

It is only in order to avoid being cooked in the next world in a cauldron full of boiling oil, that Madame de Tourvel resists Valmont. I cannot understand why the thought of having a cauldron of boiling oil as a rival does not drive Valmont away through sheer contempt.

How much more touching is Julie d'Étanges, in her respect for her own vows and the happiness of Monsieur de Wolmar.

I find that the same observations that I make about Madame de Tourvel apply also to the proud virtue of Mistress Hutchinson. What a heart to be cheated of love by puritanism!

One of the most amusing fancies in life is that men always imagine that they know the things which it is clearly essential for them to know. Think of the way in which they talk politics, that most intricate of sciences; think of their statements on marriage and morals.

2 The Memoirs of Madame Roland. Monsieur Grangeneuve going for a walk in a certain street at eight in the morning in order to have himself killed by the ex-friar Chabot. He thought his death would be useful to the Cause of Liberty.

CHAPTER FIFTY-EIGHT

THE CONDITION OF EUROPE WITH REGARD TO MARRIAGE

SO far we have only considered the question of marriage in the abstract; [1] we will now consider it in the light of concrete instances.

What country in the world contains the largest number of happy marriages? Unquestionably Protestant Germany.

I quote the following extracts from the Diary of Captain Salviati, without altering a single word.

"Halberstadt, June 23, 1807. . . . Herr von Bülow is, nevertheless, sincerely and openly in love with Fräulein von Feltheim; he follows her everywhere and continuously, talks to her unceasingly, and often keeps her ten yards away from us. This open preference shocks Society and undermines it, and by the banks of the Seine would be considered the height of indecency. Germans are much less concerned than we are about the undermining of Society, and indecency is no worse than a conventional evil. Herr von Bülow has been courting Mina in this way for five years, but he has not been able to marry her because of the War. Every girl in Society has her lover, accepted as such by every one; but, on the other hand, amongst the

[1] The Author had read a chapter entitled *Dell' Amore* in the Italian translation of Monsieur de Tracy's *Ideology*. The reader will find in that chapter ideas of a much deeper philosophic significance than anything he will find here.

Germans whom my friend Herr von Mermann knows, there is not one who did not marry for love, namely:

"Mermann, his brother George, Herr von Voigt, Herr von Lasing, etc. He has mentioned about a dozen of them.

"The open and passionate way in which all these lovers pay court to their ladies would be the height of indecency, absurdity and impertinence in France.

"Mermann told me this evening, as we returned from the *Green Huntsman,* that of all the women of his very large family he did not think there was one who had ever been unfaithful to her husband. Even if he is mistaken about half of them it is still a strange country.

"His scabrous suggestion to his sister-in-law, Frau von Munichow, whose family is becoming extinct for want of male heirs, and whose very considerable fortune will in consequence revert to the Crown, was received calmly, but, 'never mention it again.'

"He hinted at this in very guarded terms to the divine Philippine (who had just obtained a divorce from her husband, who simply wanted to sell her to the Sovereign); she replied in unaffected indignation, rather moderated than exaggerated in its expression: 'Have you, then, no respect whatever for our sex? For the sake of your own honour I am prepared to believe that you are jesting.'

"During a journey to the Brocken with that really beautiful woman, she leant against his shoulder while sleeping or pretending to sleep, and a sudden jolt threw her slightly upon him; he tightened his arm round her waist and she flung herself to the other side of the carriage; he does not think she is unseducible, but he believes that she would kill herself the day after transgressing. The one thing certain is that he loved her passionately, that she returned his love with equal intensity, that they saw each other continually, and that she is without reproach;

but the sun's rays at Halberstadt are very feeble, the authorities are very particular and these two people are very cold. Even at their most passionate moments Kant and Klopstock were always of the party.

"Mermann told me that a married man convicted of adultery can be sentenced to ten years' imprisonment by the Brunswick Courts; the law has fallen into disuse, but it at least has the effect that people do not jest about matters of this sort; a reputation for gallantry is very far from being, as it is in France, an advantage which one can hardly deny even to a husband without insulting him.

"Any one who told my colonel or Ch—— that he had had no love affairs since his marriage would be very badly received.

"Some years ago a woman of this country, in a fit of religion, told her husband, who was at the Brunswick Court, that she had been unfaithful to him for six years on end. The husband, who was as foolish as his wife, went and told the whole story to the Duke; the lover was obliged to resign from all the positions he held and to leave the country within twenty-four hours, under threats from the Duke of setting the law in motion."

"Halberstadt, July 7, 1807. . . . It is true that husbands here are not deceived, but good Heavens! What women! Monuments, almost shapeless masses. Before marriage they are very charming, lithe as gazelles, and with bright tender eyes that always grasp any hint of love. That is because they are trying to get a husband. Hardly have they found this husband than they cease to be anything but breeders of children, in a state of perpetual adoration of their mate. In every family of four or five children there must always be one who is ill, since half the children die before the age of seven, and in this country as soon as one of the young

children falls ill the mother never leaves the house. I notice that they derive an indescribable pleasure from being caressed by their children. Little by little they shed all their ideas. It is the same in Philadelphia. There the most wildly and innocently gay young girls become the most tedious of wives in less than a year. To wind up the subject of marriage in Protestant Germany, the women's dowries are practically nil on account of the feudal system. Fräulein von Diesdorff, the daughter of a man who has an income of forty thousand francs a year, will perhaps have a dowry of two thousand crowns (seven thousand five hundred francs).

"Herr von Mermann received four thousand crowns with his wife.

"The rest of the dowry is paid for by prestige at Court. 'One could find,' Mermann told me, 'matches worth a hundred or a hundred and fifty thousand crowns (six hundred thousand francs instead of fifteen thousand). But one could no longer appear at Court; one would be barred from any social function attended by a Prince or a Princess; *it is appalling.*' These were his own words and they came straight from his heart.

"A German woman who had the soul of Phi——, with her intelligence, her proud and sensitive face, the fire she must have had at the age of eighteen (she is twenty-seven now), with the honesty and natural bearing usually found in this country, and having, as is also usual, only the small amount of religion that is convenient, would doubtless make her husband very happy. But how can one expect to be faithful to such insipid mothers of families?

"'*—But he was married,*' she answered me this morning when I reproached Corinne's lover, Lord Oswald, with his four years of silence. She had lain awake until three o'clock reading *Corinne;* this romance had the most pro-

found effect on her and she answered me with her touching candour: 'But he was married.'

"Phi—— is so devoid of affectation and is so naturally simple that, even in this land of naturalness, she seems prudish to foolish, small-minded people. Their jesting disgusts her and she does not try to conceal the fact.

"When she is in good company she laughs heartily at the most wanton jokes. It was she who told me the story of the young sixteen-year-old Princess, since become so famous, who often managed to introduce into her private apartment the officer of the guard at her door."

SWITZERLAND

I know few families happier than those of the *Bernese Oberland,* and it is a matter of public knowledge (1816) that the girls there spend Saturday and Sunday nights with their lovers.

Foolish people whose knowledge of the world is based on having travelled from Paris to Saint-Cloud will protest against this; fortunately I have found in the work of a Swiss writer confirmation of what I myself observed [2] for four months.

"An honest peasant was complaining of certain thefts that had taken place in his orchard; I asked him why he did not keep a dog; he replied: 'My daughters would never get married.' I did not understand his answer; so he told me that he had had such a fierce dog that none of the lads dared climb up to their windows.

"Another peasant, who was the mayor of his village, in order to sing his wife's praises, told me that when she

[2] *Philosophical, Political and Moral Principles,* by Colonel Weiss.

was a girl, there was none who had more *Kilter* or *watchers* than she (who had more young men who went to spend the night with her).

"A universally respected Colonel was obliged, whilst travelling in the mountains, to spend the night in the depths of one of the most lovely and picturesque valleys in the country. He put up with the chief magistrate of the valley, a rich and influential man. On entering the stranger noticed a girl of sixteen, a model of grace, freshness and simplicity; she was the daughter of the master of the house. That evening there was an open air ball: the stranger made love to the girl, who was really strikingly beautiful. At length, plucking up his courage, he ventured to ask her if he could not *watch* with her. 'No,' replied the girl, 'I sleep with my girl cousin; but I will come to you.' One can imagine the surprise this reply caused him. After supper the stranger got up, and the girl took the taper and followed him into his room; he thought the happy moment had come. 'No,' she said to him frankly; 'I must first ask my mother's permission.' A thunderbolt could not have stunned him more. She went away; gathering up his courage he crept along to the wooden sitting-room of these worthy people; he heard the girl talking and pleading with her mother to let her do what she wanted; at last she got her consent. 'You agree, don't you, old man,' said the mother to her husband, who was already in bed, 'that Trineli should spend the night with the Colonel?' 'Certainly,' answered the father; 'I believe that I would even lend my wife to a man like that.' 'Very well, then, run along,' said the mother to Trineli; 'but be a good girl, and don't take off your petticoat. . . .' At daybreak Trineli, spared by the stranger, rose up still a virgin; she tidied the bed, prepared coffee and cream for her 'watcher' and after breakfasting with him, seated on the bed, she cut off a little

piece of her *broustpletz* (a piece of velvet covering the breast). 'Take this,' she said, 'and keep it in memory of a happy night; I shall never forget it. Oh! why are you a Colonel? And, giving him a last kiss she fled; he could never find her again." [3]

This is the opposite extreme to our French morality and one of which I am very far from approving.

If I were a legislator I would see that the habit of dancing in the evenings was introduced into France as in Germany. Thrice a week the girls would go with their mothers to a ball beginning at seven and finishing at midnight, the only expenses of which would be a violin player and a few glasses of water. In a neighbouring room the mothers, perhaps a little jealous of the happy education of their children, would play boston; in a third room the fathers would be provided with newspapers and would talk politics. Between midnight and one o'clock the families would all reassemble and return to the paternal roof-tree. The girls would get to know the young men. Conceit, and the indiscretions it engenders would soon become hateful to them; in fact, *they would be choosing themselves a husband.* A few girls would have unfortunate love affairs, but the number of betrayed husbands and unhappy homes would diminish in an immense proportion. It would then be less absurd to try to punish infidelity by shame; the law would say to a young woman: "You have chosen your husband; now be faithful to him." I would then quite agree to the prosecution and punishment of what the English call *criminal conversation.* The Courts would be able to impose, for the benefit of prisons and hospitals, a fine

[3] I am fortunate to be able to describe in another's words the extraordinary facts which I have myself had an opportunity of observing. Certainly without M. de Weiss I should have not said anything about this ethical peculiarity. I have omitted equally characteristic ones in Valencia and in Vienna.

equal to two-thirds of the seducer's fortune and a term of several years' imprisonment.

A woman would be liable to be tried for adultery by a jury. The jury should first of all declare that the husband's conduct has been irreproachable.

The convicted woman would be liable to imprisonment for life. If the husband had been absent for more than two years then the woman would not be liable to more than a few years' imprisonment. Public morals would soon model themselves on these laws and would improve on them.[4]

Then the aristocracy and the priests, whilst at the same time bitterly mourning the decorous age of Madame de Montespan or of Madame du Barry, would be compelled to grant divorce.[5]

In a village, within a stone's throw of Paris, an Elysium for unhappy women would be established, a house of

[4] *The Examiner*, an English newspaper, in reporting the case against the Queen (No. 662, September 3, 1820), adds:

"We have a system of sexual morality, under which thousands of women become mercenary prostitutes whom virtuous women are taught to scorn, while virtuous men may retain the privilege of frequenting those very women, without its being regarded as anything more than a venial offence."

To dare to express such a sound truth on this subject in the country of *cant*, however trivial and obvious it may be, shows a fine fearlessness; this is even more praiseworthy in the case of a poor paper which can only hope for success in being bought by rich people who regard the bishops and the Bible as being the only safeguards of their fine liveries.

[5] Madame de Sévigné wrote to her daughter on December 23, 1671:

"I do not know whether you have heard that Villarceaux, in speaking to the King about a position for his son, cleverly seized the opportunity of telling him that there were people who presumed to suggest to his niece (Mademoiselle de Rouxel) that his Majesty had certain designs on her; that if this was the case, he begged him to make use of him, that

refuge into which, under pain of penal servitude, no man, save the chaplain and the doctor, should ever enter. Before obtaining a divorce a woman would be compelled to become a voluntary prisoner in this Elysium, and to remain there for two years without leaving once. She would be allowed to write, but never to receive any reply to her letters.

A committee composed of French nobles and of a few irreproachable magistrates would take the divorce proceedings in the woman's name, and would fix the fees to be paid to the institution by the husband. A woman who failed in her petition before the Courts would be allowed to spend the remainder of her life in the Elysium. The Government would supplement the fees of each refugee to the extent of two thousand francs payable to the governing body. In order to be received at the Elysium, it would be necessary for a woman to have had a dowry of more than twenty thousand francs. The moral routine would be extremely severe.

After two years of complete segregation from the world a divorced woman would be allowed to remarry. Once this stage were arrived at, Parliament, in order to encourage the spirit of emulation in girls, could consider the advisability of allotting boys a share, double that of their sisters, in the distribution of the paternal inheritance. The girls who failed to get married would have a share equal to that of

the matter would be better in his hands than in those of any one else, and that he would be sure to carry it through successfully. The King burst out laughing and said: 'Villarceaux, we are too old, you and I, to aspire to girls of fifteen.' And like the gallant man he was, he made fun of him and told the story before the ladies of his Court." (Vol. II, page 340.)

Compare the Memoirs of Lauzun, of Bezenval, of Madame d'Epinay, etc., etc. I implore people not to condemn me altogether until they have read these Memoirs again.

the boys. I may remark, incidentally, that this system would gradually do away with the custom of marriages of convenience which are too obviously inconvenient. The possibility of divorce would make such tawdry arrangements inexpedient.

In various places in France, in small hamlets, thirty convents for old maids would be established. The Government would try to surround these establishments with an atmosphere of importance, as a small consolation to the poor ladies ending their lives there. All the baubles of dignity would be granted to them.

But let us have done with such idle fancies!

CHAPTER FIFTY-NINE

WERTHER AND DON JUAN

AMONGST young men, when they have thoroughly scoffed at some wretched lover and he has left the room, the conversation usually ends by airing the question of whether it is better to treat women like Mozart's Don Juan or like Werther. The contrast would have been more marked had I said Saint-Preux instead of Werther, but he is such an insipid creature that I should be wronging tender-hearted people by giving him to them as their type.

The character of Don Juan calls for the greater number of those virtues which are useful and respected in the world: great bravery, a resourceful mind, vivacity, coolness, wit, etc.

The Don Juans have terrible moments of emptiness in their lives and a bitter old age; but most men do not reach old age.

At night-time in a drawing-room the lover cuts a very poor figure, for one is only brilliant and forceful with women when one takes the same kind of interest in winning them as one does in winning a game of billiards. Society is quite aware that the lover has one great absorbing interest in life, so that, however clever he may be, he lays himself open to chaff; but in the morning, on awakening, instead of being in a bad temper until something interesting or amusing brings him back to himself, he dreams about his lady-love and builds himself castles in Spain filled with delights.

Love of the Werther kind opens our minds to all the Arts, to all pleasant and romantic impressions, to moonlight, to the beauty of woodlands and to the beauty of pictures, in a word to the perception and enjoyment of *beauty,* in whatever form it may present itself, even in a suit of fustian. It enables us to find happiness even without wealth.[1] If we have this kind of mind, instead of running the risk of becoming surfeited like Meilhan, Bezenval, etc., we go mad from excess of emotion like Rousseau. Women endowed with a certain nobility of mind, who, after their first youth, know how to recognize love when they find it, and how to analyze it, usually escape the Don Juan, who revels in the number rather than in the quality of his conquests. And mark that another thing that makes this kind of love distasteful to fastidious minds is that publicity is necessary to the triumphs of the Don Juans, just as secrecy is to those of the Werthers. The majority of men for whom women are their only career, are born in the lap of the greatest luxury, with the result that through their upbringing, and through aping those who

1 See the first volume of the *Nouvelle Héloïse,* and indeed every volume, if Saint-Preux had been found to have the shadow of a character; but he was a true poet, an irresolute babbler, who had to rouse his own feelings by peroration and was, moreover, a stupid fellow. People of that kind enjoy the great advantage of never grating upon feminine pride, and of never *astonishing* their mistresses. Think what this word means; in it perhaps lies the whole secret of the success dull men have with distinguished women. And yet love is only a passion in so far as it makes one forget one's vanity. So that women, who, like L., insist that love should flatter their pride, do not know what real love is. They are unconsciously on the same plane as the matter-of-fact man whom they despise and for whom one of the essentials of love is that it should at the same time flatter his vanity. These women, on their side, want love as well as pride; but love falls back flushed with anger, for he is the proudest of all despots; he will be all, or nothing.

surround them in their youth, they become selfish and hard.[2]

The true Don Juan may even end in regarding woman as his natural enemy, and in delighting in all her misfortunes.

On the other hand, the charming Duca delle Pignatelle showed us at Munich the real way of being happy in sensuality, even without passion-love: "I know that a woman attracts me," he explained to me one evening, "when I find myself tongue-tied before her, and I don't know what to say to her." So far from allowing his vanity to be ruffled by this and to wish to avenge itself for this momentary confusion, he nurtured it carefully as a possible source of happiness. With this charming young man, sympathy-love was altogether free from the irritations of vanity; it was a faint shadow, but at least a pure and unadulterated one, of true love: and he respected all women as charming creatures to whom we are very unfair (February 20, 1820).

As we do not choose our own temperaments, that is to say, our souls, so we cannot play a better part in life than the one allotted to us. J.-J. Rousseau and the Duc de Richelieu would have tried in vain, in spite of all their cleverness, to have lived each other's lives as far as women were concerned. I am quite willing to believe that the Duc never had moments like those Rousseau enjoyed in the Parc de la Chevrette with Madame d'Houdetot, at Venice listening to the music of the *Scuole;* and at Turin, at the feet of Madame Bazile. But neither had he to flush with shame at the ridicule with which Rousseau covered

[2] Turn to page 370 of André Chénier's *Works*, or else keep your eyes open in the world, which is more difficult. "Speaking generally," says Marcus Aurelius, "those whom we call patricians are further from loving anything than all other men."

himself on account of Madame de Larnage, the remorse for which pursued him to the end of his life.

The part played by a Saint-Preux is a more pleasant one and occupies the whole of existence; but it must be admitted that Don Juan's part is much more brilliant. If in the middle of his life the tastes of a Saint-Preux were suddenly to change, solitary and retiring as he is with his thoughtful habit of mind, he would find himself playing a very minor part on the world's stage, whereas in similar circumstances Don Juan would have a splendid reputation amongst men, and would perhaps still attract a sensitive woman by honestly sacrificing his libertine tastes to her.

So far as all the arguments hitherto put forward are concerned, it seems to me that the balance is even on the question. What makes me think that the Werthers are the happier is that Don Juan reduces love to a very commonplace affair. Instead of having, like Werther, realities modelled on his desires, he has desires imperfectly satisfied by cold reality, as in ambition, avarice and other passions. Instead of losing himself in the enchanting reveries of crystallization, his thoughts are like those of a General thinking out a successful manœuvre; [3] in a word, he destroys love instead of enjoying it more than other men, as an ordinary person thinks he does.

There seems to me to be no answer to the foregoing reflections. Another reason, which at any rate in my eyes is a reason, though owing to the perversity of Providence we must forgive men for not recognizing it, is that the habit of justice appears to me, except for accidents, to be the most sure way of attaining to happiness, and the Werthers of this world are not scoundrels.[4]

[3] Compare Lovelace with Tom Jones.

[4] See the *Private Life of the Duc de Richelieu*, nine volumes in 8vo. Why, at the moment an assassin kills a man, does he not fall dead at his victim's feet? Why does disease exist? And

In order to be happy in crime one must have no feelings whatever of remorse. I do not know if such a creature can exist;[5] I have never met one, and would be prepared to wager that the adventure of Madame Michelin troubled the Duc de Richelieu's sleep o' nights.

It would also be necessary, and this is impossible, to have no sympathy whatever, or to be capable of putting the whole human race to death.[6]

People whose only knowledge of love is obtained from novels will experience a natural repugnance in reading these statements advocating virtue in love. The reason of this is that by the laws of the novel, the description of virtuous love is essentially tedious and lacking in interest. Thus from a distance the idea of virtue seems to counteract that of love and the words *virtuous love* seem to be synonymous with feeble love. But all that is an *infirmity* of the art of description and does not affect passion as it exists in nature.[7]

I beg leave to draw a portrait of my most intimate friend.

since it does exist, why does not a man like Troistaillons die of colic? Why does Henri IV reign for twenty-one years and Louis XV for fifty-nine? Why is not the length of life in exact proportion to each man's virtue? And other *infamous* questions, as English philosophers would say, that there can be surely no merit in putting, but which there would be some merit in answering other than by insults and *cant*.

[5] See Nero after his mother's murder, in Suetonius; and yet with what a mass of flattery he was surrounded!

[6] Cruelty is only a diseased form of sympathy. *Power* is only the greatest happiness, after love, because one imagines that one is in a position to *command sympathy*.

[7] If one describes to a spectator the sentiment of virtue side by side with the sentiment of love, one finds that one has described a heart divided between two sentiments. In novels the only use for virtue is to be sacrificed: like Julie d'Etanges.

Don Juan renounces all the duties that bind him to the remainder of mankind. In the great market of life he is the dishonest trader who always takes and never pays. The conception of equality inspires in him the same horror that water gives to a man suffering from hydrophobia; which is why pride of birth goes so well with the character of Don Juan. The idea of justice disappears with that of equality, or rather, if Don Juan is of an illustrious stock, such vulgar thoughts have never troubled him; and I am tolerably certain that a man bearing a historic name is more likely than another to set fire to a town to cook himself an egg.[8] He must be excused. He is so possessed by self-love that at length he loses all idea of the evil he is doing, and does not realize that any one in the universe is capable of pleasure or suffering but himself. In the ardour of youth, when every passion makes us feel the beat of our own hearts and removes our mistrust of the feelings of others, Don Juan, full of emotions and apparent happiness, congratulates himself on his selfishness, when he sees other men sacrificing themselves to duty; he believes he has mastered the great art of living. But, in the midst of his triumph, when he is scarcely thirty years of age, he is astounded to notice that his life is

[8] See Saint-Simon on the Miscarriage of Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne; and Madame de Motteville *passim*. The Princess who was amazed that other women should have five fingers on their hands as she had; the Duc d'Orléans, Gaston, brother of Louis XIII, thinking it quite natural that his favourites should go to the scaffold to please him. Think of those gentlemen in 1820 who introduced an election law which might bring people like Robespierre back to France, etc., etc. Think of Naples in 1799. (I leave this footnote written in 1820. I have seen at Naples, at the house of the Marchese Berio, a list of the great nobles in 1778 with notes on their morality, made by General Laclos; a most scandalous manuscript more than three hundred pages in length.)

barren and that he is gradually growing disgusted with the thing that has hitherto created his entire pleasure. Don Juan said to me at Thorn in a fit of melancholy: "There are not twenty different kinds of women, and once one has possessed two or three of each variety, the amusement begins to pall." I replied: "Only imagination can avoid satiety for ever. Each woman inspires a different interest, and, furthermore, if Fate brings the same woman two or three years earlier or later into our lives and decides that we should love her, we will love her in quite a different manner. But with you, a sensitive woman, even if she loved you, would only be a source of irritation to your pride, because of her pretensions to equality. Your method of possessing women kills every other enjoyment in life: Werther's way increases them a hundredfold."

The grim drama draws to a close. We see the ageing Don Juan finding fault with the objects of his own satiety, but never with himself. We see him, tormented by the poison which is consuming him, turning this way and that and continually changing the object of his passions. But, however promising the outlook may be, it all ends for him in merely a change of torment; he can choose either boredom in quietude or boredom in feverish activity: that is the only choice left to him.

At last he discovers the fatal truth and admits it to himself; thenceforward he is reduced, as his only pleasure, to making his power felt and to doing evil openly for evil's sake. This is indeed the last stage of chronic misery; no poet has dared give a true image of it; the picture that described it accurately would be too horrible.

But it is to be hoped that a greater man would turn his footsteps from that fatal road, for there is a contradiction at the back of Don Juan's character. I have credited him with a great deal of intelligence, and a

great deal of intelligence leads to the discovery of virtue along the path leading to the Temple of Glory.[9]

La Rochefoucauld, who knew the meaning of the word *vanity* and who in real life was no more than a drivelling man of letters,[10] says (267): "The pleasure of love is to love, and one is happier in the passion one feels than in the passion one inspires."

Don Juan's happiness is nothing but vanity based, it is true, on circumstances brought about by great intelligence and activity; but he must feel that the least important General who wins a battle, the most insignificant Prefect who controls a province, experiences greater enjoyment than he does; whereas the happiness of the Duc de Nemours when Madame de Clèves tells him that she loves him is, I think, above the happiness of Napoleon at Marengo.

Don Juan's love is an emotion of the same kind as a love of hunting. It is a need of activity which has to be re-aroused by different objects and by constantly putting one's skill to the test.

Love of the Werther kind is like the emotion of a schoolboy writing a tragedy, but of course a thousand times better; it is a fresh aim in life with which everything is connected and which changes the face of everything. Passion-love spreads before a man's eyes the whole of nature in its sublime aspects, like a novelty invented yesterday. He is astounded at never before having noticed the strange sight that unfolds itself to his soul. Everything is new, everything is alive, everything breathes the most passionate interest.[11] A lover sees the woman he loves in the

[9] The character of the young favourite of fortune in 1822 is well enough represented by the gallant Bothwell in *Old Mortality*.

[10] See the Memoirs of the Cardinal de Retz, and the uncomfortable moment La Rochefoucauld gave the coadjutor, between two doors, in Parliament.

[11] Volterra. Honeysuckle on the slopes.

sky-line of every country he comes across, and when he travels a hundred leagues to see her for a moment each tree and each rock speaks to him of her in a different way and teaches him something new about her. In place of the tumult of this magic scene, Don Juan requires that external objects, which have no value to him except insofar as they are useful, should be given a savour by some fresh intrigue.

Love of the Werther kind has peculiar pleasures of its own; after a year of two the lover's soul is, so to speak, one with the soul of his beloved, and this is true, strangely enough, even if his love is not returned, and even if his lady treats him badly. Then, whatever he sees or does, he asks himself: "What would she say if she were with me? What would I say to her about this view of *Casa Lecchio?*" He talks to her, listens to her replies, laughs at her sallies. Separated from her by a hundred leagues, and labouring under her displeasure, he finds himself reflecting as follows: "Leonora was very gay this evening." He pulls himself together: "But, Heavens!" he says with a sigh, "there are fools at Bedlam who are less mad than I am!"

". . . I have no patience with you," said one of my friends to whom I read the foregoing remark: "You are continually contrasting the passionate man with the Don Juan, which is not the question. You would be right if one could become passionate at will. But what is to be done in the case of indifference?"—sympathy-love without horrors. Horrors always come from a small soul which requires to be reassured of its own worth. Let us continue. It must be extremely difficult to the Don Juans to admit the truth of that state of mind of which I spoke earlier in this chapter. Besides being able neither to see nor to feel it, it shocks their vanity too much. The error of their life is that they think they can seize in a fortnight what a

bashful lover hardly gets in six months. They base their attitude on experiences gathered at the expense of those poor devils who have neither the mind necessary to attract by revealing its naïve emotions to a sensitive woman, nor the ingenuity necessary for the role of Don Juan. They will not see that what they obtain, even if it is granted by the same woman, is not the same thing.

> The wise man is always diffident
> That is why of deceitful lovers
> The number is so great. The ladies whom one begs
> Often make their servants sigh for long
> Even though they have never been false in their lives
> But of the treasure which they give at length
> The value is only known to the heart that enjoys it;
> The more one pays for it the more divine it is:
> The praises of love are not yet worth what they cost.
>
> NIVERNOIS, *The Troubadour Guillaume de la Tour.* III. 342.

Passion-love, from the point of view of the Don Juans, can be compared to a strange steep tiresome road which begins indeed amongst charming wooded land, but soon loses itself amongst precipitous rocks, the aspect of which gives no pleasure to vulgar eyes. Gradually the road plunges into high mountains in the midst of a gloomy forest whose huge trees, cutting off the daylight with their shaggy heads rising up to Heaven, cast a sort of horror into those minds that are not used to danger.

After wandering wearily as in a vast maze whose many windings try the patience of our self-esteem, we suddenly round a bend and emerge into a new world, in the delectable Kashmir Valley of Lalla Rookh.

How can the Don Juans, who never set foot on this road or who at most only take a few steps along it, judge of the view it affords at the end of the journey? . . . .

. . . . . .

"You see inconstancy is good; you say,

'Though there be none in the world
I must have something new.'"

"Very well," I reply, "you scoff at solemn promises and at justice. What are you trying to find in inconstancy? Pleasure apparently.

"But the pleasure you get from a pretty woman whom you desire for a fortnight and keep for three months is *entirely* different from the pleasure you find with a mistress whom you have desired for three years and kept for six."

If I do not say *forever,* it is because it is said that old age, by changing our organs, renders us incapable of love; for my part I do not believe it. Your mistress, having become your intimate friend, gives you other pleasures, those of old age. It is as though a flower, after being a rose in the morning, in the season of flowers, were to change into a delicious fruit in the evening, when roses are no more in season.[12]

A mistress for whom one has yearned for three years really is a mistress in the full sense of the word; one trembles each time one approaches her, and, let me tell the Don Juans this, the man who trembles is never bored. The pleasures of love are always in proportion to their fears.

The evil of inconstancy is boredom; the evil of passion-love is despair and death. Despair arising out of love is always conspicuous because it makes a story; no one ever pays any attention to the surfeited old libertines who are dying of boredom, with whom the streets of Paris are paved.

"Love blows out more men's brains than boredom does."

[12] See the Memoirs of Collé on his wife.

I can well believe it; boredom removes everything, even the courage to kill one's self.

There are certain characters who can only find pleasure in variety. But a man who praises champagne to the skies at the expense of claret is really only saying, more or less eloquently: "I prefer champagne."

Each of these wines has its supporters, and they are all of them right if they understand themselves properly and if they pursue the kind of happiness that is best adapted to their organs [13] and their habits. What spoils the case for inconstancy is that all the fools range themselves on that side from lack of courage.

But after all, every man, if he will only take the trouble to study himself, has his own ideal of perfection, and it seems to me that it is always rather foolish to want to convert one's neighbour.

[13] Physiologists who know all about organs will tell you: "Injustice in the relationships of social life produces emptiness, suspicion and unhappiness."

CHAPTER SIXTY

FAILURES

"THE whole realm of Love is full of tragic stories," says Madame de Sévigné, relating her son's misery in his affair with the celebrated Champmeslé. Montaigne extricates himself very well from such a scabrous subject.[1]

"I am yet in doubt, these inexplicable failures of our power that are so diverting to others, wherewith our world is so fettered, and France so pestered, that nothing else is spoken of, are haply but the impressions of apprehension, and effects of feare. For I know by experience, that some one, for whom I may as well answer as for my selfe, and in whom no manner of suspition either of weaknesse or enchantment might fall, hearing a companion of his make report of an extraordinary faint sowning, wherein he was fallen, at such a time as he least looked for it, and wrought him no small shame, whereupon the horrour of his report did so strongly strike his imagination, as he ranne the same fortune, and fell into a like drooping: and was thence forward subject to fall into like fits. So did the passionate remembrance of his inconvenience possesse and tyrannize him; but his fond doting was in time remedied by another kinde of raving. For himself avowing and publishing aforehand the infirmitie he was subject unto, the contention of his soule was solaced upon

[1] Montaigne's essays, Vol. I, Ch. 20. John Florio's translation, 1603. [Translator's Note.]

this, that bearing his evil as expected, his dutie thereby diminished and he grieved lesse thereat. . . .

"If a man have once beene capable, except by a just and absolute weaknesse . . . Such a mischief is not to be feared, but in the enterprises where our minde is beyond all measure bent with desire and respect . . . I know some, who have found to come unto it with their bodies, as it were, halfe glutted elsewhere. . . . The mind of the assailant molested with sundry different alarums, is easily dismaid . . .

"Pythagoras his neece was wont to say, that a woman which lies with a man ought, together with her petie-coate, leave off all bashfulnesse, and with her petie-coate, take the same againe."

This woman was right from the point of view of gallantry, but wrong from that of love.

The first triumph, setting all vanity aside, is not definitely agreeable to any man:

1. Unless he has had no time to desire this woman and to let his imagination dwell on her, that is to say, unless he possesses her in the first moments of his desire for her. That is the greatest physical pleasure possible; for the whole mind is still absorbed in the sight of her attractions without considering any obstacles.

2. Or unless he is dealing with a woman of no importance at all, a pretty chambermaid, for instance, one of those women whom one only thinks of desiring when one sees them. If a seed of passion enters into one's soul, there also enters a seed of a possible *failure*.

3. Or unless the lover possesses his mistress in such unexpected circumstances that they do not leave him time for the least reflection.

4. Or in the case of an inordinate devotion on the

part of the woman which is not felt in the same degree by her lover.

The more deeply a man loves, the greater violence has he to do to his feelings to venture such familiarity, at the risk of annoying her, with a being who inspires him, like the Divinity, with the utmost love and at the same time the utmost respect.

This fear, which comes from a very tender passion, and in *sympathy-love* the false shame that comes from an intense desire to please and from a want of courage, give rise to an extremely distressing emotion, which we imagine to be insurmountable, and of which we are ashamed. Now, if our mind is taken up with shame and with trying to overcome it, it cannot be employed in feeling pleasure; for, before thinking of our pleasure, which is a luxury, it is necessary that our *security,* which is a necessity, should not be in jeopardy.

There are some men who, like Rousseau, suffer from false shame even with strumpets; so they do not frequent them, as one only possesses them once, and that first time is disagreeable.

To realize why, apart from vanity, the first triumph is often attended by a considerable effort, we must distinguish between the pleasure of the adventure, and the happiness of the moment which follows it, when we are quite content:

1. To find ourselves at last in the situation we have so much desired, to be in possession of perfect happiness for the future, and to have left behind us the period of severity and unkindness which made us doubt the feelings of the woman we love.

2. To have acquitted ourselves well and to have escaped a danger; to this circumstance is due the fact that in passion-love the joy is not unmixed; we do not know what we are about, but we are certain of where our love

lies; but in sympathy-love, which never loses its head, this moment is like coming home after a journey; if, on reflection, we find that our love is largely a matter of vanity, we try to stifle our reflections.

3. The vulgar side of our mind delights in having carried off a victory.

Even if the amount of passion you feel for a woman is very small, or if your imagination is not yet quite exhausted where she is concerned, if she is tactless enough to say to you one evening, tenderly and haltingly: "Come at midday to-morrow, I shall be at home to no one else," nervous agitation will keep you awake all night; you will consider the delights awaiting you from a thousand different angles; the morning is torture; at last the hour strikes, and every stroke seems to re-echo through your diaphragm. You set out towards her house with a pounding heart; you hardly have the strength to walk. You see the woman you love looking through the shutters; you walk upstairs gathering your courage . . . and, owing to your mental condition, the whole thing is a failure.

Monsieur Rapture, an exceedingly nervous, artistic and narrow-minded man, told me at Messina that not only at the beginning but also at every subsequent meeting he had always been troubled in this way. And yet I should imagine him to have been a very normal man; at any rate I knew of two charming mistresses of his.

With the really self-confident man (the true Frenchman who looks on the bright side of everything, like Colonel Mathis), the thought of an appointment for to-morrow at midday, instead of tormenting him by overwhelming emotion, makes everything look rosy right up to the happy moment. If there had been no appointment the self-confident man would have been a little bored.

See the analysis of love by Helvetius; I would wager that he felt like this, and he wrote for the majority of

mankind. People of this kind are not susceptible to *passion-love;* it would disturb their splendid equanimity; I believe they would consider its transports a calamity; in any case they would feel humiliated by its timidity.

The self-confident man can at most only experience a kind of *moral* failure: for instance, if he obtains a rendezvous with a Messalina and at the moment of getting into her bed he suddenly realizes before what a terrible judge he is appearing.

The timid melancholy temperament sometimes succeeds in approaching that of the self-confident man, as Montaigne says, by drinking deep of champagne, always provided that he does not drink it with that object in view. His consolation must be that the brilliant men whom he envies and whom he will never be able to emulate, have neither his divine pleasures nor his misfortunes, and that the Arts, which thrive on the diffidence of love, are a closed book for them. The man who, like Duclos, is content with ordinary happiness, often finds it, is never unhappy and in consequence does not respond to Art.

A man of athletic temperament only suffers from this form of misfortune through exhaustion or bodily weakness, in which he differs radically from the nervous, melancholy man to whom it seems to come quite naturally.

Often by exhausting their imagination with another woman, these poor melancholy men manage to dull it a little, and thus to play a less paltry part before the woman who is the object of their passion.

What conclusion can we draw from all this? That a wise woman should never give herself for the first time by appointment—it should be an unforeseen delight.

At General Michaud's headquarters this evening we were discussing *failures,* five very handsome young men of twenty-five and myself. We found, with the exception of a coxcomb who was probably not telling the truth, that

we had all had *failures* the first time with our most remarkable mistresses. It is true that perhaps none of us has experienced what Delfante calls *passion-love*.

The idea that such misfortunes are of extremely common occurrence should diminish the danger of them.

I knew a good-looking Lieutenant of Hussars of twenty-three who, apparently because he was too much in love, could do nothing but hug his mistress and weep for joy during the first three nights he spent with her; he had adored her for six months, meeting with nothing but rebuffs because she was mourning another lover killed in the war. They were neither of them concerned about it.

The Paymaster H. Mondor, to the knowledge of the whole army, came to grief three days running with the young and seductive Countess Koller.

But the king of failures was the normal and handsome Colonel Horse, who had nothing but failures for three months with the sprightly and mischievous N—— V—— and, in the end, was reduced to leaving her without ever having possessed her.

End of Book II

MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS

I HAVE collected under this heading, which I should like to have made still more modest, a selection made without too much severity from three or four hundred playing cards on which I found lines scribbled in pencil; in many cases what, for want of a simpler name, must be called the original manuscript, consists of pieces of paper of all sizes, written on in pencil, which Lisio fastened together with wax to avoid the trouble of copying them out again. He once told me that nothing he jotted down ever seemed to him to be worth recopying an hour later. I have given these details in the hope that it will serve as my excuse for repetitions.

I

One can acquire anything in solitude, except character.

II

In 1821 hatred, love and avarice are the most common passions, and in Rome, if we add gambling, almost the only ones.

At first glance the Romans seem ill-natured; they are only extremely diffident and possess an imagination which kindles at the slightest sign.

If they do anything wantonly ill-natured it is because they are like a man consumed with terror who tries to reassure himself by letting off his gun.

III

Were I to say, as I believe, that *kindness* is the distinctive characteristic of the inhabitants of Paris, I should be very much afraid of offending them.

"I don't want to be good."

IV

One sign of the birth of love is that all the pleasure and all the suffering that all other human passions and all other human needs can give a man, cease at that moment to affect him.

V

Prudery is a kind of avarice, the worst of all.

VI

To have a firm character is to have a long and sound experience of the disappointments and miseries of life. Then one either desires constantly or not at all.

VII

Love such as it exists in high society is the love of fighting, the love of gambling.

VIII

Nothing kills sympathy-love so surely as fits of passion-love in one's companion.

Contessina L., Forli, 1809.

IX

A great defect of women, the most unpleasant of all to any man who is at all worthy of the name. The public, where sentiment is concerned, never rises above petty ideas, and yet women make the public the supreme judge of their lives; I include even the most distinguished of them, even though they deny it in perfectly good faith.

X

Prosaic is a new word which formerly I found ridiculous, for nothing could be colder than our poetry; if there has

been any warmth in France during the last fifty years it is surely in her prose.

However, the Contessina L. used the word *prosaic* and I like writing it.

The best way to define it is to take *Don Quixote* and the *perfect contrast between the Master and his Squire.* The master tall and pale; the squire fat and rosy. The one all heroism and courtesy; the other all selfishness and servility; the one always full of romantic and pathetic fancies; the other a model of conventionality and a mine of wise saws; the one always nurturing his mind with heroic and perilous dreams, the other pondering over some wise plan in which he invariably carefully takes into account all the shameful and selfish little impulses of the human heart.

At the moment when Don Quixote should have been disillusioned by the *non-success* of yesterday's fancies, he is already absorbed in to-day's castles in Spain.

A woman ought to have a prosaic husband and should take a romantic lover.

Marlborough had a prosaic soul; Henri IV, in love at fifty-five with a young Princess who never forgot his age, a romantic heart.[2]

There are fewer prosaic souls amongst the Nobility than in the Third Estate.

The drawback of commerce is that it makes people prosaic.

XI

Nothing is so interesting as passion, because everything in it is unexpected and its originator is his own victim. Nothing is so insipid as sympathy-love, in which

[2] Dulaure, *History of Paris.* The mute scene in the Queen's apartment the evening of the flight of the Princesse de Condé; the ministers silently huddled against the wall, the King walking up and down with long strides.

everything is done by calculation as in all the prosaic affairs of life.

XII

Towards the end of her lover's visit a woman always finishes by treating him better than she means to.

L., November 2, 1818.

XIII

The genius of an upstart does not protect him against the influence of rank. We see Rousseau falling in love with all the *ladies* he met, and crying with rapture because Duc de L——, one of the most stupid courtiers of his time, deigned to walk on the right of the street, rather than on the left, in order to accompany Monsieur Coindet, a friend of Rousseau.

L., May 3, 1820.

XIV

Ravenna, January 23, 1820.

The only education of women here is a material one; in her love affairs a woman makes no effort to conceal her extremes of despair or joy in the presence of her twelve or fifteen-year-old daughter. Bear in mind that in these happy climes many women retain their attractions until the age of forty-five, though most of them are married at eighteen.

La Valchiusa was talking yesterday about Lampugnani: "Ah! he was made for me, he knew how to love," etc., etc., and she carried on a long conversation in this strain with a friend of hers in the presence of her daughter, a very acute girl of fourteen or fifteen whom she also took with her on her sentimental walks with this lover.

Sometimes the girls pick up excellent maxims of conduct: for instance, Signora Guarnacci, addressing her

two daughters and two men who had never visited her in their lives before, spent half an hour in the most shrewd observations, supported by examples within their own knowledge (that of La Cercara in Hungary, for instance), on the precise moment at which lovers who misbehave themselves should be punished by infidelity.

XV [3]

The self-confident man, the true Frenchman (Colonel Mathis), instead of tormenting himself by overwhelming emotion, like Rousseau, if he has an appointment for seven o'clock to-morrow evening, paints everything in rosy colours right up to the happy moment. People of this kind are not susceptible to passion-love, it would disturb their splendid equanimity. I will go so far as to say that perhaps they would consider its transports a calamity, in any case they would feel humiliated by its timidity.

XVI

The majority of men in this world, through vanity or diffidence or from fear of failure, only abandon themselves to their love for a woman after intimacy with her.

XVII

Very sensitive souls require encouragement on the part of a woman for crystallization to be stimulated.

XVIII

A woman thinks she hears the voice of public opinion in the words of the first fool or the first false friend who claims to interpret it faithfully.

XIX

There is a delicious pleasure in clasping in your arms a woman who has done you a great deal of harm, who

[3] Cf. page 271. [Translator.]

has disliked you for a long time and who is quite ready to dislike you again. Take the success of French officers in Spain in 1812.

XX

One needs solitude to enjoy one's own emotions and to love, but one must go out into the world to succeed.

XXI

The charming Cardinal Lante used to say that all the observations of Frenchmen on the subject of love are well written, accurate and moderate, but only deal with its artificiality and its lighter side.

XXII

All the *passionate passages* in Goldoni's comedy, the *Innamorati,* are excellent; but one is revolted by its disgusting sordidness of style and thought; it is just the opposite in French comedy.

XXIII

The youth of 1822. To have a serious outlook on life or an active disposition, means to sacrifice the present to the future; nothing strengthens the mind so much as the power and the habit of making such sacrifices. I see more chance of soul-stirring passions in 1832 than in 1772.

XXIV

The choleric temperament, when it does not manifest itself in too repulsive a manner, is perhaps the one of all others which is most calculated to arrest a woman's imagination and to hold it. Unless the choleric temperament is surrounded by pleasant circumstances, as in the case of Saint-Simon's Lauzun (Memoirs V. 230), the difficulty is to grow accustomed to it. But, once a woman under-

stands this character, it must attract her. Yes, even in the case of the savage and fanatical Balfour (*Old Mortality*). For them it is the antithesis of the prosaic.

XXV

In love we often doubt what we most firmly believe. (La Rochefoucauld, 355). In any other passion we no longer doubt a thing once it is proved.

XXVI

Verse was invented to assist memory. Later, it was continued so that people should get greater pleasure by the sight of a difficulty overcome. To preserve it to-day in dramatic art is a relic of savagery. For instance: the Cavalry Regulations, put into verse by Monsieur de Bonnay.

XXVII

Whereas this jealous servant feeds upon tedium, avarice, hatred and cold and bitter passions, I spend a happy night dreaming of her, of her who treats me so badly because she distrusts me.

S.

XXVIII

Only very great minds can afford a simple style: which is why Rousseau put so much rhetoric into the *Nouvelle Héloïse,* which makes it impossible to read at the age of thirty.

XXIX

"The worst thing with which we can reproach ourselves is surely to have let the ideas of honour and justice that

from time to time rise up in our hearts fade away like the shadowy phantoms produced by sleep."

Letter from Jena, March 1819.

XXX

A respectable woman in the country spends an hour in the hothouse with her gardener; people with whose views she has disagreed accuse her of having found a lover in this gardener.

How can she defend herself? Strictly speaking, it is quite possibly true. She might reply: "My character speaks for me, as does the whole conduct of my life." But these things are just as invisible to evilly disposed people who *will* not see as to fools who *cannot* see.

Salviati, Rome, July 23, 1819.

XXXI

I have known a man find out that the woman he loved was in love with a rival, and yet this rival did not know it because of his passion.

XXXII

The more desperately in love a man is, the greater is the violence he has to do to his feelings to dare risk the anger of the woman he loves by taking her hand.

XXXIII

As an example of ridiculous rhetoric, but with this difference from that of Rousseau, that it is inspired by true passion: Memoirs of Monsieur de Mau . . ., S . . .'s letter.

XXXIV

Naturalness

This evening I saw, or I imagined I saw, a case of the triumph of naturalness in a young woman who certainly

appears to me to have a great deal of character. It is quite apparent to me that she adores one of her cousins, and she must have admitted the state of her affections to herself. This cousin loves her; but, as she is very serious with him, he thinks he does not attract her, and lets himself be led away by the preference shown to him by Clara, a young widowed friend of Mélanie. I think he will marry her; Mélanie realizes this and suffers everything that a proud heart, consumed in spite of itself by violent passion, is capable of suffering. She would only have to change her attitude a little; but she thinks it would be a contemptible action from whose consequences she would suffer during her whole life, to stop being natural for a moment.

XXXV

Sappho only saw in love the intoxication of the senses or physical pleasure exalted by crystallization. Anacreon sought in it a distraction for the senses and for the mind. There was too little security in ancient times for any one to have leisure for passion-love.

XXXVI

It only requires the foregoing fact to make me slightly amused by the people who think Homer greater than Tasso. Passion-love existed in the days of Homer, and not so very far away from Greece.

XXXVII

You loving women who want to know whether the man you adore loves you with passion-love, study your lover's early youth. Every exceptional man was at first, during his excursions into life, either an absurd enthusiast or very wretched. The man with a calm happy temperament and easy to please is incapable of the passion your

heart demands. The only emotion I call passion is the one tested by long miseries, by those miseries which romantic writers are very careful not to depict and which, moreover, they are incapable of depicting.

XXXVIII

By a great mental effort the utmost wretchedness can immediately be changed into an endurable condition. On the evening of a defeat in battle a man is in headlong retreat upon a jaded horse; he distinctly hears the gallop of the cavalry patrol pursuing him; suddenly he pulls up, dismounts, renews the primings of his carbine and of his pistols, and resolves to defend himself. In a second, instead of seeing death before him, he sees the cross of the Legion of Honour.

XXXIX

The keynote of English ethics. In about 1730 when we already had Voltaire and Fontenelle, a machine was invented in England to separate newly threshed grain from chaff; this was worked by means of a wheel which imparted to the air the movement necessary to blow away the chaff; but in that Bible-ridden land the country people maintained that it was ungodly to go against the will of Divine Providence, and to produce an artificial breeze in this way, instead of applying to Heaven, by fervent prayer, for the wind necessary to winnow the corn, and waiting for the time appointed by the God of Israel. Compare this with the attitude of the French peasant.[4]

[4] For the present state of English ethics, see the *Life of Mr. Beattie*, written by an intimate friend. One will be edified by the deep humility with which Mr. Beattie received ten guineas from an old Marchioness to calumniate Hume. The tottering aristocracy clings for support to bishops with an income of £8,000 and pays so-called liberal writers either in consideration

XL

There is no doubt about it being madness for a man to expose himself to passion-love. Sometimes, however, the remedy operates with too much violence. Young American girls in the United States are so inoculated and bolstered up with rational ideas that love, the flower of life, has deserted youth there. One is perfectly safe in Boston in leaving a girl alone with a handsome stranger, knowing that she will probably only think of how much he can bring into settlement.

XLI

In France, men who lose their wives become morose; widows, on the other hand, are bright and happy. Amongst women the felicity of this state is proverbial. It follows, therefore, that the marriage contract is an unequal one.

XLII

People who are happily in love wear a profoundly intent air, which, to a Frenchman, means a very gloomy one.

Dresden, 1818.

XLIII

The more people one attracts, the less deeply one attracts them.

XLIV

The imitative faculty in the early days of our life makes us acquire the passions of our parents, even when these passions embitter our lives. (L.'s pride.)

or money, to heap abuse on Chénier. [*Edinburgh Review*, 1821.] The most abominable cant pervades everything. Anything which is not a portrayal of savage and violent sentiments is stifled by it; it is impossible to write a merry page in English.

XLV

The most commendable source of *feminine pride* is the fear of degrading herself in her lover's eyes by some ill-considered step or by some action which might seem to him unfeminine.

XLVI

True love makes the thought of death familiar, pleasant and without any terrors, a simple object of comparison, the price we would pay for many things.

XLVII

How often have I exclaimed whilst trying to be brave: "If any one were to put a pistol bullet into my head, I would thank him before I died if I had time." We can only be brave in dealing with the woman we love by loving her less.

S., February, 1820.

XLVIII

"I shall never fall in love," a young woman once said to me; "Mirabeau and his letters to Sophie have disgusted me with great minds. Those fatal letters have affected me as much as if they concerned me personally." She should try an experiment which she will not find in any novel, and let two years' constancy convince her of her lover's feelings for her.

XLIX

Ridicule frightens love. Ridicule is impossible in Italy; what is correct in Venice is eccentric in Naples, so that nothing is strange. Moreover, nothing is disapproved of that makes for pleasure. This kills all false sense of honour and half the comedy.

L

Children command us by their tears, and when we do not listen to them they injure themselves on purpose. Young women suffer from hurt pride.

LI

It is a trite reflexion, and one which for that reason is often forgotten, that sensitive people are daily becoming scarcer and people of cultivated intelligence more common.

LII

Feminine Pride

Bologna, April 18, 2 A.M.

I have just seen a striking example of this; but all things considered it would require fifteen pages to give an accurate idea of it, and I would prefer, had I the courage, to describe the consequences of what I have undoubtedly seen. So that I must resist the temptation of imparting my conclusions. There are too many little details connected with them. This pride is the reverse of French vanity. So far as I can remember, the only work in which I have seen it outlined is that part of Madame Roland's Memoirs in which she tells of the little arguments she used as a girl.

LIII

In France the majority of women think nothing of a young man until they have made a coxcomb of him. It is only then that he can flatter their vanity.

DUCLOS

LIV

Modena, 1820.

Zilietti said to me at midnight at the charming Marchesina R——'s house: "I shall not be dining with you tomorrow at San Michele (an inn); yesterday I made some witty remarks and talked rather amusingly to Cl——, and that might cause me to be noticed."

Do not imagine that Zilietti is either a fool or a coward. He is a prudent and very rich citizen of this happy land.

LV

In America it is the government, not society, that must be admired. In other countries it is the government that does harm. They have exchanged functions in Boston where the government plays the hypocrite in order not to shock society.

LVI

Italian girls, when they are in love, yield completely to natural instinct. They can at most only be aided by a small number of admirable maxims which they have learnt by listening at doors.

As though Fate had decided that everything here should contribute to preserve *naturalness,* they do not read novels, for the simple reason that there are none. At Geneva and in France, on the other hand, they start love-making at the age of sixteen in order to have a romance of their own, and at each step they take and almost at each tear they shed, they ask themselves: "Am I not just like Julie d'Étanges?"

LVII

The husband of a young woman who is adored by her lover and whom she ill-treats, hardly letting him even

kiss her hand, has at best only the coarsest physical pleasure where the lover would find the greatest delights and transports of happiness possible in this world.

LVIII

So little is yet known about the laws of *imagination* that I include the following observations which are possibly all wrong.

I seem to distinguish two kinds of imagination:

1. Fervent, impetuous, spontaneous imagination, leading to immediate action, eating its heart out and pining away if it is thwarted even for twenty-four hours, imagination like that of Fabio. Impatience is its main characteristic, and it flies into a rage against whatever it cannot get. It sees all external objects, but they only succeed in inflaming it, and it assimilates them into its own substance and immediately turns them to account for the benefit of passion.

2. Imagination which only kindles gradually, slowly, but which in time takes no further notice of external things and in the end neither troubles itself with, nor feeds on, anything but its own passion. This kind of passion is well adapted to slowness and even to scarcity of ideas. It favours constancy. It is the kind possessed by the majority of poor German girls dying of love and consumption. This gloomy spectacle, so common across the Rhine, is never met with in Italy.

LIX

Habits of the imagination. A Frenchman is genuinely shocked by eight changes of scenery in each act in a tragedy. Such a man cannot possibly enjoy seeing *Macbeth;* so he consoles himself by damning Shakespeare.

LX

Provincial France is forty years behind Paris in everything concerning women. At C—— a married woman told me that she only allowed herself to read certain passages in Lauzun's Memoirs. Such stupidity dumbfounded me and I could think of nothing more to say to her; what a book to put down half read!

The besetting sin of provincial women is affectation. Think of their manifold and gracious gestures. Those who hold the important positions in their town are worse than the others.

LXI

Goethe, or any other German man of talent, reckons money for what it is worth. If his annual income is less than six thousand francs he must only think of making his fortune, but once he has made it he must think no more of it. The foolish man, on his side, does not realize the advantage of feeling and thinking like Goethe; all his life he only feels through money and thinks of money. It is because they are thus supported from both sides that the prosaic people of the world seem to get the better of the noble-minded.

LXII

In Europe desire is sharpened by restraint; in America it is blunted by liberty.

LXIII

A certain mania for discussion has taken possession of our young men, and lures them away from love. While they are considering whether Napoleon benefited France, the age of love slips by them; even among those who want to be young the insincerity they exhibit in their

cravats, their spurs, their martial air, their interest in themselves, make them oblivious of the girl who passes with such a modest mien and whose straitened circumstances only allow of her going out once a week.

LXIV

I have suppressed my chapter on *Prudery* and some others as well.

I am delighted to find the following passage in Horace Walpole's Memoirs:

The Two Elizabeths. Let us compare the daughters of two ferocious men, and see which was sovereign of a civilized nation, which of a barbarous one. Both were Elizabeths. The daughter of Peter (of Russia) was absolute, yet spared a competitor and a rival, and thought the person of an Empress had sufficient allurements for as many of her subjects as she chose to honour with the communication. Elizabeth of England could neither forgive the claim of Mary Stuart nor her charms, but ungenerously imprisoned her (as George IV did Napoleon) when imploring protection and, without the sanction of either despotism or law, sacrificed many of her great and little jealousies. Yet this Elizabeth piqued herself on chastity; and while she practised every ridiculous art of coquetry to be admired at an unseemly age, kept off lovers whom she encouraged, and neither gratified her own desires nor their ambition. Who can help preferring the honest, open-hearted barbarian Empress? (Lord Orford's Memoirs.)

LXV

Extreme familiarity can destroy crystallization. A charming girl of sixteen fell in love with a handsome young man of the same age who invariably passed beneath

her window every evening at night-fall.[5] Her mother invited him to spend a week with them in the country. The remedy was a violent one, I admit, but the girl had a romantic temperament and the young man was a little commonplace: after three days she despised him.

LXVI

Bologna, April 17, 1817.

In Italy the Ave Maria (twilight) is the hour of tenderness, of contented hearts and of melancholy: feelings increased by the sound of beautiful bells.

Hours of pleasure which only touch the senses through memory.

LXVII

The first love of a young man entering the world is usually an ambitious love. He is seldom attracted by a gentle, charming and innocent girl. For how can he fear and adore her and feel himself in the presence of a divinity? A young man must love some one whose qualities raise him in his own estimation. It is in the decline of life that a man sadly arrives at loving simplicity and innocence, despairing of the sublime. Between the two comes true love, which thinks of nothing but of love itself.

LXVIII

Greatness of soul is never suspected, it hides itself; all that is usually apparent is a little originality; there is more greatness of soul than one would think.

LXIX

What a wonderful moment it is when the woman one loves first returns the pressure of one's hand! The only

[5] At the *Ave Maria.*

joy to compare with it is the rapturous joy of power, which ministers and kings pretend to despise: that joy also has its crystallization, demanding a colder and more analytical imagination. Take the case of a man who has been made a minister a quarter of an hour before by Napoleon.

LXX

In 1808 the famous Jean de Müller said to me at Cassel: "Nature has endowed the North with strength and the South with intelligence."

LXXI

Nothing is more misleading than the maxim: "No man is a hero to his valet," or, rather, nothing is truer in the monarchic sense: an affected hero like Hippolyte in *Phèdre*. Desaix, for instance, would have been a hero even to his valet (true, he may not have had one), and a greater hero to his valet than to any one else. But for fashion and the necessity for a certain amount of comedy, Turenne and Fénelon would both have been like Desaix.

LXXII

Here is something blasphemous: I, a Dutchman, dare to say: the French do not really know how to enjoy either conversation or the theatre: instead of being relaxation and freedom from restraint they have become a business. Amongst the fatigues that hastened Madame de Staël's death I have heard included the toil of conversation during her last Winter.[6]

LXXIII

The degree of tension of the nerves of the ear to catch each note explains well enough the physical side of the pleasure of music.

[6] Montesquieu's conversation in the Memoirs of Marmontel.

LXXIV

What degrades dissolute women is the idea that obsesses them and every one else, that they are committing a grave fault.

LXXV

If you tell an Italian soldier during a retreat of some danger which it is useless to brave, he will be grateful to you and will carefully avoid it. But if you tell a French soldier of the same danger, out of kindness, he thinks you are defying him, he is put on his mettle and he hastily exposes himself to it. If he dared he would try to jeer at you.

Gyat, 1812.

LXXVI

Any extremely useful idea, that can only be expressed in very simple terms, is necessarily despised in France. Pupil-teaching, invented by a Frenchman, could never catch on. It is quite the opposite in Italy.

LXXVII [7]

Even if the amount of passion you feel for a woman is very small or if your imagination is not yet quite exhausted where she is concerned, if she is tactless enough to say to you one evening tenderly and haltingly: "Very well, yes, come to-morrow at midday, I shall be at home to no one else," you will lie awake all night, you can no longer think of anything and the next morning is torture; at last the hour strikes, and every stroke seems to re-echo through your diaphragm.

LXXVIII

In love, money shared increases love; money given kills it.

[7] Cf. page 271. [Translator.]

For in the first case one dispels present worries and the odious fear of future want, and in the second one gives birth to scheming and the feeling of being separate people, thus destroying sympathy.

LXXIX

(Mass at the Tuileries, 1811.)

Court ceremonies with the bare shoulders which women display there in the same way that officers parade their uniforms, and without all their charms creating any more sensation, involuntarily call to mind the scenes of Aretino.

One sees to what mercenary lengths people will go to please a man; one sees a whole section of society all behaving without any morality, and moreover quite dispassionately. This, combined with the presence of women in very low gowns, with their evil expressions and a sardonic laugh for all that is not personal interest promptly paid for in the currency of goodly pleasure, reminds one of scenes in the Bagno, and completely dispels any difficulties based on virtue or on the internal satisfaction of a contented mind.

In the midst of all this I have seen the feeling of isolation dispose tender-hearted people towards love.

LXXX

A mind taken up with false shame and with trying to overcome it, cannot feel pleasure. Pleasure is a luxury; in order to enjoy it, security, which is a necessity, must not be in jeopardy.

LXXXI

A proof of love that a selfish woman cannot counterfeit. Does a reconciliation bring her real joy, or is she thinking of how she can turn it to advantage?

LXXXII

Trappists are poor wretches who have not had quite sufficient courage to kill themselves. Except, of course, the superiors, who have the pleasure of being superiors.

LXXXIII

It is a misfortune to have known Italian beauty: one becomes blunted. Outside Italy one prefers the conversation of men.

LXXXIV

The caution of the Italian tends to make him preserve his own life, a fact which allows the imagination free play. (For instance, one version of the death of the celebrated comic actor Pertica on December 24, 1821.) English caution, all connected with amassing or keeping enough money to cover expenditure, requires, on the contrary, a minute precision in daily affairs, a habit which paralyzes imagination. Observe that at the same time it gives the greatest force to the idea of *duty*.

LXXXV

Intense respect for money, the first and greatest defect of the Englishman and of the Italian, is less noticeable in France, and is kept completely within proper bounds in Germany.

LXXXVI

Frenchwomen, never having known the happiness brought by real passion, are not very exacting over the happiness of their homes and their daily life.

Compiègne.

LXXXVII

Kamensky once said: "You speak to me of ambition as a remedy against boredom; all the time that I used

to gallop two leagues every evening to visit the Princess at Kolich, I was on intimate terms with a despot whom I respected, who had complete power over my whole happiness as well as over the satisfaction of every possible desire of mine."

Vilna, 1812.

LXXXVIII

Perfection in the little details of life and dress, a great deal of kindness of heart, no talent, daily attention to a hundred petty affairs, an incapacity for preserving interest in the same event for more than three days; this a pretty contrast to Puritan severity, Biblical cruelty, strict honesty, timid sickly pride and universal *cant;* and yet there you have the first two nations of the world!

LXXXIX

Since there has been an Empress Catherine II amongst princesses why should not a female Samuel Bernard or a female Lagrange come from the middle classes?

XC

Alviza calls it an unpardonable breach of delicacy to dare to write love letters to a woman whom you adore and who, gazing tenderly at you, swears that she will never love you.

XCI

The greatest philosopher the French have ever had should have lived in some isolated spot in the Alps, in some remote abode, and from there he should have cast his book into Paris without ever going there himself. Seeing that Helvetius was such a straightforward, honest man, fashionable and affected people like Suard, Marmontel

and Diderot could never believe him to be a great philosopher. They were perfectly honest in despising his profound reasoning; in the first place, it was simple, an unpardonable crime in France, in the second place, the man himself, not the book, had a humiliating weakness: he attached extreme importance to what in France is called glory, and to being in the fashion like his contemporaries, Balzac, Voiture and Fontenelle.

Rousseau was too sensitive and not analytical enough, Buffon in his Botanical Gardens too hypocritical and Voltaire much too childish in his mind to be able to grasp the principle of Helvetius.

The philosopher was guilty of a slight blunder in calling this principle *interest,* instead of giving it the charming name *pleasure,*[8] but what can we think of the common sense of an entire literary world which allows itself to be baffled by such a small error.

A man of ordinary intelligence, Prince Eugene of Savoy, for instance, in the position of Regulus would have remained peacefully in Rome, or he might even have scoffed at the stupidity of the Carthaginian Senate; Regulus went back. Prince Eugene would have followed his own *interests* just as Regulus followed his.

In nearly every incident in life the generous-minded man sees a possibility of action which does not occur to the ordinary man. The very moment that the generous-minded man becomes aware of the possibility of such action it becomes to his interest to perform it.

If he did not perform the action of which he has become aware, he would despise himself and be wretched. Our duties depend upon the scope of our intellects. The

[8] Torva leæna lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam;
Florentem cytisum sequitur lasciva capella.
. . . Trahit sua quemque voluptas.
VIRGIL, *Eclogue II.*

principle of Helvetius is true, even in the maddest ecstasies of love, even in suicide. It is against human nature, nay, an impossibility, for a man not always to do, at any given moment, what at that moment is possible and gives him the great pleasure.

XCII

To possess strength of character one must have felt the influence of others on one's self; so that these others are necessary to one.

XCIII

Love Amongst the Ancients

The posthumous love letters of Roman ladies have never been printed. Petronius wrote a charming book but only described debauchery.

For *love* in Rome, apart from Dido [9] and Virgil's second eclogue we have nothing more definite than the writings of the three great poets, Ovid, Tibullus and Propertius.

Now, the elegies of Parny or Colardeau's letter of Héloïse to Abélard give one a very imperfect and vague picture compared to some of the letters of the *Nouvelle Héloïse* and to those of the Portuguese Nun, of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, of Mirabeau's Sophie, of Werther, etc., etc.

Poetry, with its necessary similes, its mythology in which the poet does not believe, its Louis XIV dignity of style and all the paraphernalia of its so-called poetic licence, cannot compare with prose when it comes to giving a clear and accurate idea of the impulses of the heart; for in prose one can only impress people by clarity.

[9] See Dido's *expression* in Monsieur Guérin's superb sketch in the Luxembourg.

Tibullus, Ovid and Propertius had better taste than our own poets; they depicted love as it might have existed amongst the proud Roman citizens; moreover they lived under Augustus who, after shutting the temple of Janus, tried to reduce those citizens to the condition of loyal subjects of a monarchy.

The mistresses of these three great poets were artificial, faithless, sordid women; they only looked for sensual pleasure with them, and I imagine they had no conception of the noble sentiments[10] which, thirteen centuries later, made gentle Héloïse's heart beat faster.

I borrow the following passage from a distinguished literary man who has a far greater knowledge of the Latin poets than I have:

"The sparkling genius of Ovid,[11] the fertile imagination of Propertius, the sensitive soul of Tibullus, doubtless inspired them with quite different kinds of verse, but they all loved very much the same sort of woman in the same way. They desired them, succeeded with them, had successful rivals, were jealous of them, quarrelled with them and made it up again; they themselves were unfaithful in their turn, were forgiven and recovered a happiness which was soon upset again by the return of the same vicissitudes.

"Corinna was married. The first lesson given to her by Ovid was to teach her how to deceive her husband successfully; what signs should pass between them before him and before other people so that they should understand each other and be understood by each other only. Possession soon follows and then come quarrels and, rather unex-

10 Since everything beautiful in the world has become a part of the beauty of the woman you love, you find yourself disposed to do all the most beautiful things in the world.

11 Guinguené, *Literary History of Italy*, Vol. II, p. 490.

pectedly from such a gallant man as Ovid, insults and blows; then penitence, tears and forgiveness. Sometimes his poems are addressed to underlings, to servants, to his lady's doorkeeper, who lets him in at night, to an abominable old hag who corrupts her and teaches her to sell herself for money, to an old eunuch who guards her, to a young slave-girl who gives her the tablets in which he implores her to meet him. The meeting is refused: he curses his tablets which have met with so little success. He meets with better success: he implores Aurora, goddess of dawn, not to come to interrupt his happiness.

"Soon he confesses his many infidelities and his promiscuous taste for women. Corinna is immediately unfaithful too: he cannot bear the idea that he has given her lessons by which she profits with another. Corinna is jealous in her turn; she abuses him more in anger than in sorrow; she accuses him of loving a slave-girl. He swears that there is nothing in it and writes to the slave-girl; and yet everything that annoyed Corinna is true. How could she have found out? What were the signs that betrayed them? He asks the slave-girl to meet him again. He threatens to tell Corinna everything if she refuses. He jokes with a friend of his about his two love affairs and the trouble and pleasure that they give him. Soon afterwards he is devoting himself entirely to Corinna. She is entirely his. He celebrates his triumph as though it were his first victory over her. After several incidents which, for more than one reason, we must leave in Ovid, and other incidents which it would be too long to recall, we find that Corinna's husband has become too easy-going. He is no longer jealous: this annoys the wife's lover, who threatens that he will leave her if her husband does not become jealous again. The husband obeys him only too well; he has Corinna so closely guarded that Ovid can no longer come near her. He complains of this super-

vision which he has himself brought about, but declares that he will manage to elude it; unfortunately he is not the only one to do so. Corinna's infidelities begin again and become more and more frequent; she becomes so blatant in her intrigues that the only favour for which Ovid asks her is that she should make some effort to deceive him, and that she should not show herself so obviously for what she is. Such were the morals of Ovid and his mistress, and the nature of their love.

"Cynthia was the first love of Propertius and was to be the last. No sooner does he possess her than he becomes jealous. Cynthia is overfond of adornment; he begs her to give up luxury and to love simplicity. He himself indulges in all kinds of debauchery. Cynthia is waiting for him; he only arrives in the morning straight from the table, and far gone in wine. He finds her sleeping; it is some time before all the noise he makes or even his caresses wake her; at length she opens her eyes and upbraids him as he deserves. A friend tries to get him away from Cynthia; he praises her beauty and her talents to this friend. He is threatened with losing her: she goes off with a soldier; she becomes a camp-follower and exposes herself to all sorts of hardships to follow her soldier. Propertius does not rage, he merely weeps and offers up prayers for her happiness. He refuses to leave the house she has abandoned. He declares that he will seek out strangers who may have seen her and will ask them ceaselessly about Cynthia. She is touched by so much love. She leaves the soldier and returns to the poet. He renders thanks to Apollo and to the Muses; he is ecstatically happy. His happiness is soon disturbed by separation and absence. Away from Cynthia, he thinks of nothing but of her. Her past infidelities make him nervous of fresh ones. Death does not terrify him, he is only afraid of losing Cynthia; could he be certain that she

would remain faithful to him, he would go down to the grave without regrets.

"After further infidelities, he thinks he has rid himself of his love, but he soon resumes its fetters. He paints the most ravishing portrait of his mistress, of her beauty, of the elegance of her adornment, of her gifts for singing, poetry and dancing; all this redoubles and vindicates his love. But Cynthia, as perverse as she is fascinating, disgraces herself before the whole town by such notorious adventures that Propertius can no longer love her without humiliation. He is ashamed of her and yet he cannot leave her. He is prepared to be her lover or her husband; but he will never love any one but Cynthia. They leave each other and come together again. Cynthia is jealous and he reassures her, saying that he will never love any other woman. Actually it is not just one woman that he loves; he loves all women. He can never possess enough of them; he is insatiable in his pleasures. To recall him to himself Cynthia has to leave him again. His lamentations then are as bitter as though he had never been unfaithful himself. He tries to escape. He consoles himself in debauchery. She returns to find him drunk as usual and he persuades himself that a band of Cupids has sought him out and led him back to Cynthia's feet. Their reconciliation is followed by fresh storms. Cynthia, during one of their suppers, becomes as inflamed with wine as he is, upsets the table and starts flinging cups at his head; he thinks this charming. Fresh perfidy on her part at last compels him to break his bonds; he tries to go away, to travel in Greece; he makes all his preparations for the journey but he abandons the idea at the last moment, only to find himself the object of new outrages. Cynthia is no longer content merely to deceive him, she makes him the laughing-stock of his rivals; but she falls ill

and dies. She reproaches him for his infidelities, his whims, the way in which he has neglected her in her last hours, and swears that she herself, in spite of appearances, has always been faithful to him. Such are the morals and adventures of Propertius and his mistress; such is the brief history of their amours. Such is the woman whom a soul like that of Propertius was reduced to loving.

"Ovid and Propertius were often faithless but never inconstant. They were both steadfast libertines who often paid their homage here and there, but who always returned to put on the same chains. Corinna and Cynthia had all women as their rivals: but they had no one rival in particular. The Muse of both these poets was faithful even if their love was not, and no names save those of Corinna and of Cynthia figure in their verses. Tibullus, more tender both as lover and as poet, less eager and less violent in his tastes, has not the same constancy. Three lovely ladies are, one after the other, the objects of his love and the subjects of his poetry. The first, the most celebrated and also the best loved, is Delia. Tibullus has lost his fortune, but the countryside and Delia remain to him; to possess her in the peace of the fields, to be able in dying to hold Delia's hand in his own, that she should follow his funeral procession in tears, this is all he prays for. Delia is shut up by a jealous husband: he vows to get into her prison in spite of Arguses and triple locks, there to forget all his sorrows in her arms. He falls ill, and thinks of nothing but Delia: he urges her always to be chaste, to despise wealth, to grant to no one else the favours she has accorded him. But Delia does not follow this advice. He thought he could bear her faithlessness; but it overpowers him, and he begs Delia and Venus for mercy. He seeks solace in the wine-cup but cannot find it; he can neither soothe his grief nor cure his

love. He appeals to Delia's husband who is in the same case as he; he reveals to him all the ruses she employs to attract and to see her lovers. If her husband does not know how to keep her, let him confide her to himself; he will know how to disperse her lovers and to protect from their snares the lady who was outraging them both. He is appeased and returns to her, and he remembers Delia's mother who used to screen their love; the memory of this good lady reopens his heart to tender thoughts and all Delia's infidelities are forgotten. But she soon commits worse ones. She has let herself be corrupted by gold and by presents, she yields to another, nay, to others. At last Tibullus breaks his shameful bonds, and bids her good-bye for ever.

"He next passes under the rule of Nemesis and fares no better; she cares for nothing but gold, and takes no interest in poetry or the gifts of genius. Nemesis is a greedy woman who sells herself to the highest bidder; he curses her avarice, but he loves her and he cannot live unless she returns his love. He tries to sway her by touching pictures. She has lost her young sister; he declares that he will go and weep on her grave and confide his sorrows to those mute ashes, and that the ghost of Nemesis' sister will be angry with Nemesis for making him weep. Let her be careful not to despise that anger. The sad ghost of her sister might come at night to disturb her slumbers. . . . But these sad memories bring Nemesis to tears. At this price he will not even buy happiness. Neæra is his third mistress. For a long while he has delighted in her love; all that he asks of the gods is to live and die with her; but she goes away and leaves him; he can think of nothing but of her, and only asks the gods for her; in a dream he has seen Apollo, who tells him that Neæra has deserted him. He refuses to believe

this dream because he could not survive such a catastrophe; and yet the catastrophe is there. Neæra is unfaithful to him and he is alone again. Such were the character and fortune of Tibullus, such was the sad tale of his threefold romance.

"In him more than in the others there persists a quiet melancholy which gives even to his joys a tinge of dreaminess and sadness which is their whole charm. If any ancient poet put morality into love, it was Tibullus; but the shades of emotion which he expresses so well are in himself, and he does not, any more than do the other two, either expect them or try to arouse them in his mistresses: their charms and their beauty are all that inflame him; their favours, all that he desires or regrets; their treachery, their venality and their desertion all that torment him. Of all these women who have become famous through the verses of three great poets, Cynthia seems the most loveable. In addition to all her other attractions she possesses that of being accomplished; she studies singing and the art of writing verse; but, for all these accomplishments, which were often those of courtesans of a certain class, she is no better than the others: pleasure, gold and wine are none the less the things that rule her; and Propertius, who only boasts once or twice of this taste she has for the arts, is nonetheless, in his passion for her, mastered by an entirely different power."

These great poets were apparently numbered amongst the most sensitive and refined minds of their century, and yet this is whom they loved and how they loved. Here we must ignore all literary considerations. All that I ask of them is a record of their century; and so in two thousand years a novel by Ducray-Duminil will be a record of our own times.

XCIII A

One of my great regrets is not to have known Venice in 1760; [12] a series of happy chances had apparently collected in that small space both the political institutions and the outlook most conducive to the happiness of man. A soft voluptuous spirit brought joy within the reach of every one. There was no internal strife and no crime. Every brow was clear, men did not pretend to be wealthier than they were and hypocrisy could lead one nowhere. I imagine it must have been the exact opposite to London in 1822.

XCIV

If you substitute a reasonable fear of poverty for the want of personal security, you will find that the United States of America, as regards the passion on which we are trying to write a monograph, is very much like classical times.

In speaking of the more or less imperfect sketches of passion-love which the ancients have left us, I find I have omitted to mention the *Loves of Medea* in the *Argonautica.* Virgil copied them in his Dido. Compare this with love such as it is found in a modern novel: the *Doyen de Killerine,* for instance.

XCV

A Roman feels the beauties of nature and of art with astonishing force, depth and accuracy; but if he undertakes to try to explain what he feels so energetically he becomes pitiable.

The reason is perhaps that his emotions come to him from nature and his logic from the government.

[12] Italian travels of the Président de Brosses, and the travels of Eustace, of Sharp and of Smollett.

One at once sees why Art is nothing but a bad joke outside Italy; people can explain it better in other countries, but the public does not feel it.

XCVI

London, November 20, 1821.

A very clear-headed man who arrived from Madras yesterday, told me in the course of two hours' conversation what I have reduced to the following dozen lines:

"The gloom which for some unknown reason weighs down the English character, enters so deeply into the soul that at the other end of the world, in Madras, when an Englishman manages to snatch a few days' holiday, he hurriedly leaves the rich and flourishing city of Madras to relax himself in the little French town of Pondicherry which, without wealth and almost without trade, flourishes under the paternal administration of Monsieur Dupuy. In Madras you drink Burgundy at thirty-six francs a bottle; whilst one of the results of the poverty of the French at Pondicherry is that even in the most distinguished society the refreshments consist of large tumblers of water. But there is laughter there."

Nowadays there is more liberty in England than in Prussia. The climate is the same as that of Königsberg, of Berlin, of Warsaw, cities which are far from being noted for their sadness. The working classes have less security there and drink just as little wine as in England; they are much more poorly clad.

The aristocracies of Venice and Vienna are not gloomy. I see only one difference: in happy countries the Bible is seldom read and there is gallantry. I ask forgiveness for returning so often to a demonstration whose truth I

doubt. I have suppressed a dozen facts leading to the same conclusion.

XCVII

I have just met in a beautiful country house near Paris, a very handsome, very amusing, very rich young man of less than twenty years of age; chance left him there almost alone for a long while with a lovely girl of eighteen, very accomplished, exceptionally intelligent and extremely rich. Who would not have expected a love affair? So far from that, these two pretty creatures were both so affected that they thought of nothing but of themselves and of the impression they were making on each other.

XCVIII

I am prepared to admit, on the morrow of a great action, that nothing but savage pride has made this nation succumb to every possible fault and folly. And yet the following story prevents me from renouncing altogether the praise that I once lavished on this survival of mediævalism.

The prettiest woman in Narbonne is a young Spanish woman scarcely out of her 'teens, who lives there in great retirement with her husband, who is also Spanish, and is an officer on half-pay. This officer was obliged, some time ago, to slap a coxcomb in the face: the following day, on the scene of conflict, the coxcomb saw the young Spanish woman arrive; with a fresh outburst of gesticulation and affectation he exclaimed: "But, really, this is dreadful! How could you tell your wife about it? She has come to stop us fighting." "I have come to bury you," grimly replied the Spanish girl.

Happy is the husband who can tell his wife everything. The result did not belie the pride of her speech. This action would have been thought very unladylike in Eng-

land. Thus it is that false modesty lessens the small amount of happiness here below.

XCIX

The charming Donézan was saying yesterday:

"In my youth and indeed until I was well on in life, for I was fifty in '89, women wore their hair powdered.

"I am afraid that a woman without powder repels me; my impression of her is always that of a chambermaid who has not had time to dress herself properly."

This is the only argument against Shakespeare and in favour of the Aristotelian law of unities.

As young men read no one but La Harpe, the taste for great heads of powdered hair, like those worn by the late Queen Marie-Antoinette, may still endure for some years. I also know people who despise Correggio and Michael Angelo, and certainly Monsieur Donézan was a man of very great intelligence.

C

Cold, brave, calculating, suspicious, argumentative, always imagining that they could feel people jeering at them behind their backs, quite devoid of enthusiasm, somewhat jealous of the men who witnessed great events at the heels of Napoleon, such were the young men of that period, more praiseworthy than loveable. They forced the government of the day to check the activities of the Left Centre. These characteristics of youth were to be found even amongst the conscripts, although their only ambition was to complete their service.

All forms of education, whether deliberate or fortuitous, equip men for a certain period in their loves. Education under Louis XV gave its pupils the best time of their lives at the age of twenty-five.[13]

[13] Monsieur de Francueil, when he wore too much powder. [Memoirs of Madame d'Epinay.]

It is at the age of forty that the young men of the period I have mentioned will be at their best; they will have shed their diffidence and their affectations, and will have acquired ease of manner and gaiety.

CI

Discussion Between the Honest Man and the Academician

"In this discussion with the Academician, the Academician always saved himself by taking up unimportant dates and other similar errors of little account, but he invariably repudiated the consequence and natural qualification of things, or seemed not to understand them: for instance, that Nero should have been a cruel Emperor or Charles II a perjurer. But how can one prove such things, or, in proving them, fail to arrest the general conversation and lose its thread?

"It is always the same when two people start on a discussion of this sort, in which one of them is only out for the furtherance of truth, and the other for the appreciation of his master or of his party or to get reputation for being a good speaker. And I maintain that it is very foolish and a great waste of time for the honest man to stop and talk with the said Academicians." (The humorous works of Guy Allard de Voiron.)

CII

Only a very little part of the art of happiness is an exact science, a sort of ladder on which one can be sure of going up one rung every century: and this part depends on government (this too is really only theory; I imagine the Venetians in 1770 to have been happier than the people of Philadelphia to-day).

Besides, the art of happiness is like poetry; in spite of general improvement everywhere, Homer two thousand

seven hundred years ago had more talent than Lord Byron.

Reading Plutarch carefully, I have come to the conclusion that people were happier in Sicily at the time of Dion than we are able to be to-day, even though they had no printing press and no iced punch there.

I would rather be a fifth century Arab than a nineteenth century Frenchman.

CIII

People never go to the theatre to seek that illusion which is reborn and destroyed every other moment, but to have the opportunity of proving to their neighbour, or at least to themselves if they are unlucky enough not to have a neighbour, that they have read their La Harpe carefully and are men of taste. It is youth indulging in the pleasures of an old pedant.

CIV

A woman belongs by right to the man who loves her and whom she loves *more than life itself*.

CV

Crystallization cannot be excited by following another's lead, and the most dangerous rivals are those who differ most from one's self.

CVI

In a very advanced state of civilization passion-love is as natural as sensual love amongst savages.

M.

CVII

Without shades of emotion, to possess a woman whom one loves would be no pleasure and, indeed, almost impossible.

L., October 7.

CVIII

Whence arises the intolerance of stoics? From the same source as that of bigots. They are irritated because they are struggling against nature and because they deny themselves and suffer. If they were to ask themselves honestly why they harbour such hatred against those who set up a less severe moral standard for themselves, they would have to admit that it arises from secret jealousy of a happiness which they envy and of which they have deprived themselves, without believing in the rewards that are to make up to them for their sacrifices.

DIDEROT.

CIX

Women who are habitually discontented should ask themselves if they follow the system of conduct which they *honestly believe* leads to happiness. Is there not a certain lack of courage accompanied by a little mean revenge at the bottom of a prude's heart? Take, for instance, the bad temper of Madame Deshoulières during her last days. (Monsieur Lemontey's account.)

CX

Nothing is so tolerant, because nothing is so happy, as honest virtue; but even Mistress Hutchinson herself is lacking in tolerance.

CXI

Immediately below this form of happiness comes that of a young, pretty, unfettered woman who has no regrets. People at Messina disapproved of the Contessina Vicenzella: "What can you expect?" she replied. "I am young, free, rich and possibly not unbeautiful. I wish the same to all the women in Messina." This charming woman, who

would never have any feeling for me but that of friendship, is the one who introduced me to Father Melli's sweet poems in the Sicilian dialect; delightful poems, although still somewhat marred by mythology.

DELFANTE.

CXII

There is a limit to the amount of attention the Paris public can give to anything, namely, three days; after which, tell them of the death of Napoleon or of Monsieur Béranger being condemned to two months' imprisonment, and there will be exactly the same lack of interest or the same tactlessness shown to any one who talks about it on the fourth day. Is every great capital like this, or is it peculiar to the kindliness and light-heartedness of the Parisian? Thanks to aristocratic pride and painful shyness, London is nothing but a vast collection of hermits: it is not a capital city. Vienna is only an oligarchy of two hundred families surrounded by a hundred and fifty thousand labourers and servants who minister to them; it is not a capital either. Naples and Paris are the only two capitals. (Extract from Birbeck's *Travels*, page 371.)

CXIII

If there were any period at which, according to vulgar theories, called reasonable ones by ordinary people, prison can be bearable, it would be when, after several years of confinement, a poor prisoner is only separated by a month or two from the moment at which he is to regain his liberty. But *crystallization* ordains otherwise. The last month is worse than the previous three years. At Melun prison Monsieur d'Hotelans has seen several long term prisoners die of impatience within a few months of the day which was to give them back their liberty.

CXIV

I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing a letter written in bad English by a young German woman. It shows that there is such a thing as constant love, and that all men of genius are not like Mirabeau. Klopstock, the great poet, was supposed at Hamburg to have been a charming man; this is what his young wife wrote to an intimate friend of hers:

"After having seen him two hours, I was obliged to pass the evening in a company, which never had been so wearisome to me; I could not speak, I could not play; I thought I saw nothing but Klopstock. I saw him the next day, and the following, and we were very seriously friends. But the fourth day he departed. It was a strong hour, the hour of his departure! He wrote soon after, and from that time our correspondence began to be a very diligent one. I sincerely believed my love to be a friendship. I spoke with my friends of nothing but Klopstock, and showed his letters. They raillied at me and said I was in love. I raillied then again, and said that they must have a very friendshipless heart, if they had no idea of friendship to a man as well as to a woman. Thus it continued eight months, in which time my friends found as much love in Klopstock's letters as in me. I perceived it likewise, but I would not believe it. At the last Klopstock said plainly that he loved; and I startled as for a wrong thing. I answered, that it was no love, but a friendship, as it was what I felt for him; we had not seen one another enough to love (as if love must have more time than friendship!). This was sincerely my meaning, and I had this meaning till Klopstock came again to Hamburg. This he did a year after we had seen one another for the

first time. We saw, we were friends, we loved; and we believed that we loved; and a short time after, I could even tell Klopstock that I loved. But we were obliged to part again, and wait two years for our wedding. My mother would not let me marry a stranger. I could marry then without her consentment, as by the death of my father my fortune depended not on her; but this was a horrible idea for me; and thank heaven that I have prevailed by my prayers! At this time knowing Klopstock, she loves him as her lifely son, and thanks God that she has not persisted. We married and I am the happiest wife in the world. In some few months it will be four years that I am so happy. . . ."

(Correspondence of Samuel Richardson, A. L. Barbould, 1804, Vol. III, page 146.)

CXV

The only unions that are always legitimate are those which are ordained by true passion.

M.

CXVI

To be happy with a loose moral code requires the simplicity of character found in Germany and in Italy, but never in France.

CXVII

It is pride that makes the Turks deny their women everything that might encourage crystallization. I have been living for three months with a nation which, through pride, will soon arrive at the same point.

Modesty is the name men give to exactions of pride driven mad by aristocracy. How can one dare to be wanting in modesty? Moreover, as in Athens, intelligent men

show a marked tendency to have recourse to prostitutes, that is to say, to those women whom conspicuous frailty has placed beyond the affectations of *modesty*. (*Life of Fox.*)

CXVIII

In cases where the birth of love has been checked by too swift a victory, I have seen crystallization amongst people of sensitive character trying to form afterwards. She says to him, laughing: "No, I don't love you."

CXIX

The present-day education of women, that peculiar mixture of religious observance and indelicate songs (*di piacer mi balza il cor* in the *Gazza ladra*), is the one thing in the world best calculated to keep happiness away. This education makes for the utmost inconsistency of outlook. Madame de R——, who dreaded death, has just died because it amused her to throw her medicines out of the window. Such poor little women mistake inconsequentiality for gaiety, because gaiety is often apparently inconsequent. They remind me of the German who threw himself out of the window to show his vivacity.

CXX

Vulgarity stifles my imagination and immediately produces in me a deadly boredom: the charming Countess K—— showing me this evening the letters she has received from her lovers, which I thought were coarse.

Forli, March 17, Henri.

My imagination was not stifled; it was merely baffled, and, disgusted, soon stopped picturing the coarseness of these shallow lovers.

CXXI

Metaphysic Musings

Belgirate, October 26, 1816.

True passion has only to meet with a little opposition and it apparently produces more misery than happiness; this conclusion is perhaps not true for a tender-hearted person, but it is quite evident in the case of the majority of men, and especially in that of those cold philosophers who, in point of passions, only live on curiosity and vanity.

I made the foregoing remark yesterday evening to the Contessina Fulvia, whilst we were walking on the eastern terrace of the Isola Bella, near the tall pine. She replied: "Unhappiness makes a much stronger impression on human life than pleasure does.

"If anything aspires to give us pleasure the first essential is that it should strike hard.

"Might we not say that, life itself only being made up of sensations, the universal desire of all living creatures is to have the fact of their being alive impressed on them by the strongest possible sensations? Northerners possess very little vitality; see how slowly they move. The *dolce far niente* of the Italians is the pleasure of enjoying the emotions of the soul whilst stretched indolently on a divan, a pleasure which is impossible if one is rushing about all day on a horse or in a droshky, like an Englishman or a Russian. Such people would die of boredom on a divan. There is nothing in their souls for them to contemplate.

"Love gives one the strongest possible sensations. The proof is that in those moments of *inflammation* as physiologists say, the heart forms that *fusion of sensations* which seems so absurd to the philosophers Helvetius, Buffon and others. The other day, as you know, Luizina fell into the

lake; it happened whilst she was following with her eyes the fall of a laurel leaf from a tree on the Isola Madre (in the Borromean Islands). The poor woman confessed to me that one day, whilst talking to her, her lover was stripping the leaves from a laurel branch and throwing them into the lake and said: 'Your cruelty and your friend's slanderous tongue are preventing me from making anything of my life and acquiring a little glory.'

"Any one who, as a result of some great passion, ambition, gamble, love, jealousy, war, etc., has lived through moments of anguish and utter misery, *despises,* by some incomprehensible freak of the mind, the joys of a quiet life in which everything is well ordered. Imagine a charming country house in picturesque surroundings, all the comforts of life, a good wife, pretty children, plenty of pleasant friends; this is only a feeble sketch of all that our host, General C——, possesses, and yet you will remember him saying that he was tempted to go to Naples to take command of a guerilla army. A mind made for passion feels in the first place that this happy life irks him, and perhaps, also, that it only gives him a few very commonplace ideas. 'I wish,' C—— said to you, 'that I had never known the fever of strong passions, and that I might find it possible to enjoy the apparent happiness on which I am daily paid such stupid compliments, to which, as a crowning horror, I am compelled to reply politely.' "

I added, philosophically: "Do you want the thousandth proof that we are not made by a benevolent Being? It is that *pleasure* does not perhaps make half the impression on our nature that *pain* does. . . ." [14]

The Contessina interrupted me: "There are very few mental afflictions in life that are not rendered precious by

[14] See the analysis of the *ascetic principle* in Bentham, *Theory of Legislation,* Vol. I.

One gives a good Being pleasure by making one's self suffer.

the *emotion* which they excite and, if there is a spark of heroism in the soul, this pleasure is increased a hundredfold. A man condemned to death in 1815 and saved by chance (Monsieur de Lavalette, for instance), if he has walked proudly to the scaffold, must recall that moment ten times a month; the coward who is about to die weeping and screaming (like the Revenue Officer Morris, put into a bag in *Rob Roy*), if he also is saved by chance, can at most only recall the instant because of the circumstance that he *was* saved, and not for the treasures of heroism he has discovered in himself and the knowledge of which removes all his fears for the future."

Myself: "Love, even unrequited love, for a tender-hearted man for whom a *thing imagined is a thing existing,* holds the same treasures of delight; there are sublime visions of happiness and of beauty in himself and in the person he loves. How often in his imagination has Salviati heard Leonora say to him, with her fascinating smile, like Mademoiselle Mars in *False Confidences,* 'Very well, yes! I do love you!' Now a wise man never has illusions of this kind."

Fulvia, *raising her eyes to Heaven:* "Yes, for you and me, love, even unhappy love, is the greatest happiness of all, provided that our admiration for the person loved has no bounds."

(Fulvia is twenty-three years old; she is the most celebrated beauty of ———; her eyes were divine as she spoke thus, lifting them towards the clear midnight sky of the Borromean Islands; the stars seemed to answer her. I lowered my own eyes and could find no more philosophic reasons with which to combat her. She went on:)

"And all that the world calls happiness is not worth its troubles. I think that contempt is the only thing that can cure this passion; not too bitter a contempt, for that would be torture, but, for instance, for you men, to see

the woman you adore fall in love with a coarse prosaic person, or to sacrifice you for the joys of the dainty and delicate luxury she finds with some woman friend."

CXXII

To will is to have the courage to expose one's self to discomfort; to expose one's self thus is to tempt fortune. to gamble. Some soldiers cannot live without this gamble: which is what makes them unbearable in family life.

CXXIII

General Teulié told me this evening that he had discovered what it was that made him so abominably uninteresting and stupid when there were affected women in the room; it was that afterwards he was always bitterly ashamed of having exposed his feelings with any warmth before such creatures. (And when he did not speak from his heart, even about the merest trifles, he had nothing to say. I could see also that he never knew the conventional or fashionable phrase to use on any occasion. He therefore appeared really ridiculous and awkward in the eyes of affected women. Heaven never made him to be a dandy.)

CXXIV

At Court, irreligion is bad manners because it is considered to be against the interest of Princes: irreligion is also bad manners in the presence of girls as it prevents them from getting married. It must be admitted that if God exists it must be very pleasant for Him to be honoured from such motives.

CXXV

In the heart of a great painter or of a great poet, love is divine because it increases a hundredfold the sphere and

the pleasures of art, whose beauties are the daily sustenance of his soul. How many great artists are aware neither of their souls nor of their genius. They often think that they have only a very moderate talent for the work they adore because they do not see eye to eye with the seraglio eunuchs, the La Harpes, etc.: for these persons, even unrequited love is happiness.

CXXVI

The picture of first love is the one that affects people most. Why is this? Because it is almost the same in all classes, in all countries and for all temperaments. But for this very reason first love is not the most passionate.

CXXVII

Reason! Reason! That is the cry a poor lover has to put up with. In 1760, during the tensest moment of the Seven Years' War, Grimm wrote as follows:

"There is no doubt that the king of Prussia could have prevented this war before it broke out, by giving up Silesia. By doing so he would have performed a very wise action. What misery he would have prevented! How can the possession of a province affect the happiness of a King? And was not the great Elector a very happy and highly respected prince without possessing Silesia? That is how a king could have behaved in following the precepts of the soundest reason, and I do not know how such a king could have been an object of contempt for the whole world, whereas Frederick, sacrificing everything to the *necessity* of keeping Silesia, has covered himself with immortal glory.

"Cromwell's son without any doubt pursued the wisest course that a man could take: he preferred obscurity and quiet to the difficulties and dangers of ruling a proud,

gloomy and impulsive race. This wise man has been scorned by his contemporaries and by posterity, and his father has remained a great man in the judgment of nations.

"The *Fair Penitent* is a sublime subject on the Spanish Stage,[15] spoilt in English and in French by Otway and Colardeau. Calista has been seduced by a man she adores, who is odious because of the passionate pride of his character, but whose talents, intelligence, beauty and everything else combine to make him attractive. Lothario would have been too charming had he been able to moderate his guilty passions; moreover, a bitter hereditary feud separates his family and the family of the woman he loves. These families are at the head of two factions into which a Spanish town is split during the horrors of the Middle Ages. Sciolto, Calista's father, is the leader of the other faction which is uppermost at the moment; he knows that Lothario has had the insolence to aspire to seduce his daughter. Calista weakly succumbs to the torments and shame of her passion. Her father has succeeded in getting his enemy the command of a fleet which is leaving on a distant and dangerous enterprise, in the course of which Lothario will probably meet his death. In Colardeau's tragedy he tells his daughter the news. When he has spoken, Calista's passion breaks out.

"'Oh! Heaven! He is going . . . by your orders. . . . Could he bring himself to it?'

"Think of the danger of this situation; another word will tell Sciolto of his daughter's passion for Lothario. The amazed father cries:

"'What do I hear? Am I mistaken? Whither is your fancy straying?'

[15] See the Spanish and Danish romances of the thirteenth century; they would appear dull and coarse to the French taste.

"To this Calista, recovering herself, answers:

"'It is not his exile, it is his death that I desire. Let him perish.'

"By these words Calista calms her father's dawning suspicions, and yet without departing from the truth, for the feelings she expresses are her true ones. The existence of a man whom she loves and who has succeeded in outraging her is bound to poison her life, even were he at the other end of the world; only his death can restore her peace of mind, if any exists for ill-fated lovers. . . . Soon afterwards Lothario is killed and Calista is fortunate enough to die.

"'What a lot of weeping and wailing over such a small matter!' say cold-blooded people who pride themselves on being philosophers. 'A bold and ruthless man abuses the weakness a woman has for him: that is nothing to be miserable about, or at any rate it is nothing that should interest us in Calista's woes. She has only to console herself for having yielded to her lover and she will not be the first respectable woman to have to make the best of such a misfortune.'" [16]

Richard Cromwell, the King of Prussia and Calista, with the minds that Heaven had given them, could only find peace and happiness by acting as they did. The conduct of the two last is eminently irrational, and yet they are the only ones we respect.

Sagan, 1813.

CXXVIII

Whether one will be constant after possession can only be foretold by considering the constancy one displayed before intimacy, in the face of harrowing doubts, jealousy and ridicule.

[16] Grimm, Vol. III, page 107.

CXXIX

If a woman is in despair over the death of her lover who has just been killed in the war, and is obviously thinking of following him, you must first consider whether this might not be the best thing for her to do; and, if not, you must attack her through that age-old instinct of man, *self-preservation*. If she has an enemy, you could persuade her that this enemy has obtained a *lettre de cachet* with which to have her imprisoned. If this threat does not increase her desire for death, she may think of hiding herself to avoid it. She will lie low for three weeks, moving from place to place; she must be arrested and allowed to escape after three days. Then, you must arrange a refuge for her under an assumed name in some remote town as different as possible from the one which witnessed her despair. But who is prepared to devote himself to the consolation of such an unhappy creature and one so unpromising for friendship?

Warsaw, 1808.

CXXX

Academic wiseacres claim to tell a nation's morals from its language: Italy is the country where the word *love* is less used than anywhere else in the world; they always use *amicizia* and *avvicinar* (*amicizia* for love and *avvicinar* for successful courting).

CXXXI

The dictionary of music has never been written; it has never even been begun; it is only by chance that one finds phrases which mean: *I am angry* or *I love you,* in varying degrees. The *maestro* only hits on these passages when they are dictated to him by the presence of passion or the memory of passion in his heart. Men who spend the

ardent days of their youth in study instead of in feeling cannot, therefore, be artists: A very simple instance of cause and effect.

CXXXII

In France women have too much power and woman has too little.

CXXXIII

The greatest compliment that the most exalted imagination could think of paying the generation growing up amongst us to take over possession of life, opinions and power, happens to be a truth as clear as day. This generation has nothing to *carry on,* it has everything to *create.* The great merit of Napoleon is that he made a clean sweep.

CXXXIV

I wish I could say something about *consolation.* We do not try to console people enough.

The general principle is that you must try to start a *crystallization* as far removed as possible from the cause of unhappiness.

You must boldly face a little anatomy if you want to discover an unknown principle.

If you will consult Chapter II of Monsieur Villermé's work on prisons (Paris, 1820), you will see that the prisoners *si maritano fra di loro* (this is the prison slang). The women *si maritano anche fra di loro,* and there is usually a great deal of fidelity in their unions, which is not so noticeable amongst the men, and is a result of the principle of modesty.

"At Saint-Lazare," says Monsieur Villermé, on page 96, "at Saint-Lazare, in October, 1818, a woman stabbed her-

self several times because she found a new arrival preferred to herself.

"It is usually the younger woman whose feelings are the stronger."

CXXXV

Vivacity, frivolity, extremely liable to pique, and continual preoccupation as to the effect produced by its existence in the eyes of the world: these were the three main characteristics of the generation which aroused Europe in 1808.[17]

Amongst Italians the best are those who still retain a certain savagery and disposition to shed blood: the Romagnans, the Calabrians and, amongst the more civilized, the Brescians, Piedmontese and Corsicans.

The townsman of Florence is more sheepish than his counterpart in Paris. Leopold's spying has degraded him for ever. See Monsieur Courier's letter on the librarian Del Furia and the Chamberlain Puccini.

CXXXVI

It makes me smile to see how seldom sincere people agree with one another, artlessly hurling gross insults at one another and harbouring a great many more in their hearts. To live is to feel life, to have strong feelings. But the strength of these feelings has to be adapted to individual requirements and what is painful for one man as being too violent is precisely what another man needs to stimulate his interest. For instance, the feeling of not being hit when under fire, the feeling of invading Russia in pursuit of those Parthians, and, again, Shakespeare's tragedy and Racine's tragedy, etc. etc.

Orcha, August 13, 1812.

[17] Original note in Italian. [Translator.]

CXXXVII

In the first place, pleasure does not leave half the impression that pain does, and in the second place, apart from this drawback in the amount of emotion produced, *sympathy* is only excited about half as much by a picture of happiness as it is by one of misfortune. Hence poets cannot be too forcible in their portrayal of unhappiness; they have only one reef to steer clear of, namely, anything which inspires *disgust*. Here again, the question of what is disgusting depends on whether we live under a monarchic or a republican system. A Louis XIV increases the number of disgusting things a hundredfold. (Crabbe's Poems.)

By the mere fact of the existence of a monarchy of the kind of Louis XIV, surrounded by his nobility, all that is simple in art becomes coarse. The noble personage before whom one displays it thinks himself insulted; this feeling is a sincere one and to that extent should be respected.

Think of the use the sensitive Racine has made of the heroic friendship, so sacred to the ancients, of Orestes and Pylades. Orestes addresses Pylades in familiar phrases, and Pylades replying addresses him as "My Lord." And people expect Racine to be the author to touch us most! If they do not yield before such an example, we must talk of something else.

CXXXVIII

As soon as a man sees a chance of revenge, he can begin to hate again. I never thought of escaping and of breaking the faith I had sworn to my friend, until the last weeks of my imprisonment. (Two confidences given in my presence this evening by a well-bred assassin who was telling us the whole story of his life.)

Faenza, 1817.

CXXXIX

If the whole of the rest of Europe were to collaborate it could not produce a single one of our best French books; Montesquieu's *Lettres Persanes,* for instance.

CXL

I call *pleasure* every sensation which the mind would rather experience than not.[18]

I call *pain* every sensation which the mind would prefer not to experience.

If I would prefer to sleep than to undergo my present feelings, they are undoubtedly *pain.* Consequently the yearnings of love are not pain because the lover will leave the most cheerful company to muse on them at his leisure.

By enduring, physical pleasures are diminished and physical pains increased.

Spiritual pleasures are either increased or diminished by duration, according to the passion from which they arise: for instance, after six months spent in the study of astronomy one likes astronomy more; after a year of avarice one likes money more.

Spiritual pains are diminished by duration. "How many really unhappy widows are consoled by time!" as Horace Walpole's Lady Waldegrave says.

Suppose that a man is in a state of indifference, and that something pleasant happens to him.

Suppose that another man is in a state of violent sorrow and that this sorrow suddenly ceases. Is the pleasure he feels the same as that of the first man? Monsieur Verri says *yes,* but I think *no.*

Pleasure is not always merely cessation of pain.

Suppose a man enjoys an income of six thousand francs a year for many years, and then wins five hundred thou-

[18] Maupertuis.

sand francs in the lottery. He will have lost the habit of wanting things that can only be obtained with great wealth. (By the way, I should like to mention that one of the drawbacks of Paris is the ease with which one loses this habit there.)

Some one has invented an instrument for cutting quill pens; I bought one this morning and it is a great joy to me because I hate cutting pens; but I was certainly not unhappy yesterday for not knowing about this instrument. Do you think that Petrarch was miserable because he could not get coffee?

I need not define happiness, every one knows what it is: for instance, the first driven partridge one shoots at the age of twelve; the first battle one goes through unscathed at the age of seventeen.

Pleasure which is only a cessation of pain soon fades and after a few years even the memory of it no longer pleases us. One of my friends was wounded in the side by a shell splinter in the battle of La Moskowa; some days later he was threatened with gangrene, and a few hours later they were able to collect Monsieur Béclar, Monsieur Larrey and a few well-known surgeons: they held a consultation as a result of which they informed my friend that he had not got gangrene. I remember his joy at that moment: it was very great but was not unmixed. In his secret heart he did not believe he was quite out of danger, and considered all that the surgeons had done, with a view to deciding whether he could absolutely rely on them. He still foresaw the possibility of gangrene. To-day, eight years later, he experiences a feeling of uneasiness when he is reminded of this consultation. He has an unexpected vision of one of the miseries of life.

The pleasure brought by the cessation of pain consists:

1. In conquering all the successive obstacles that one erects for one's self.

2. In visualizing all the advantages of which one was about to be deprived.

The pleasure brought by winning five hundred thousand francs consists in anticipating all the new and strange pleasures one is going to experience.

A peculiar exception to this occurs if a man has become too much or too little accustomed to covet great wealth. If he is too little accustomed and lacks imagination, the sensation will be irksome to him for three or four days.

If he is accustomed to spend too much time in longing for great wealth he will find that he has used up all his enjoyment in advance by thinking of it too much.

This misfortune does not occur in passion-love.

A man whose heart is brimming over with passion does not visualize the great culminating favour but only the one that seems most imminent. For instance, if your lady is unkind, you dream that her hand lingers a little in your own. Your imagination does not naturally go further than that; if you strain it, after a moment the dream fades away from fear of profaning the person you adore.

When pleasure has run its whole course we naturally relapse into indifference; but this indifference is not the same as the indifference that we had before. The second state differs from the first in that we are no longer capable of savouring, with so much delight, the pleasure we have just experienced.

The organs that have helped us to enjoy it are tired and it is not so easy for our imagination to form pictures agreeable to desires already satisfied.

But if we are suddenly torn away in the midst of our pleasure, there comes pain.

CXLI

The propensity to sensual love, and indeed to all sensual pleasure, is not the same for the two sexes. Unlike men,

nearly all women are at least susceptible to some kind of love. From the moment when a girl first covertly opens a novel at the age of fifteen she is secretly awaiting the coming of passion-love. She regards a great passion as a proof of her importance. This expectation doubles itself at about the age of twenty when she has recovered from life's first blunders, whereas men regard love as impossible or ridiculous by the time they are thirty.

CXLII

From the age of six we get into the habit of seeking happiness in the same way as our parents do. The pride of the Contessina Nella's mother was the start of that charming woman's misfortunes, and she makes it impossible to remedy them because of the same foolish pride.

Venice, 1819.

CXLIII

Romantic Affectation

Some one writing from Paris mentions that he has seen a thousand pictures there (in the 1822 exhibition) representing subjects from Holy Writ, painted by artists who have not much faith, admired and judged by unbelievers and in the end bought by unbelievers.

After that people wonder at the decadence of Art.

Because he has no faith in what he does, the artist is always afraid of appearing exaggerated or ridiculous. How then can he reach the *sublime?* He has nothing to waft him there. (Letter from Rome, June 1822.)

CXLIV

One of the greatest poets of recent years, in my opinion, is Robert Burns, a Scotch peasant who died of priva-

tion. He received a salary of seventy pounds a year as a Revenue Officer, and with it he had to keep himself, his wife and four children. One must admit that even the tyrant Napoleon treated his enemy Chénier with more generosity. Burns had none of the English prudery. His was a Roman genius, without chivalry or honour. Space does not allow me to relate his love affairs with Mary Campbell and their disastrous ending. I will only mention that Edinburgh is on the same degree of latitude as Moscow, a fact which might possibly unsettle my theory of climates.

"One of Burns' remarks, when he first came to Edinburgh, was that between the men of rustic life and the polite world he observed little difference; that in the former, though unpolished by fashion and unenlightened by science, he had found much observation and much intelligence; but a refined and accomplished woman was a being almost new to him, and of which he had formed but a very inadequate idea." (London, November 1, 1821. Vol. V, page 69.)

CXLV

Love is the only passion which pays itself in a coin which it mints itself.

CXLVI

The compliments one pays little girls of three years old are precisely the best possible education for teaching them the most pernicious vanity. To be pretty is the greatest virtue and the most important advantage in the world. To have a pretty dress is to be pretty.

These foolish compliments are only common amongst the middle classes; fortunately they are considered in bad taste as being too easy to pay amongst better class people.

CXLVII

Loreto, September 11, 1811.

I have just seen a very fine battalion of men recruited from this district; they are the survivors of four thousand men who went to Vienna in 1809. I passed along the ranks with their Colonel, and got several of the soldiers to tell me their story. In them persists the force of the mediæval republics, more or less corrupted by the Spaniards,[19] the priesthood,[20] and two centuries of cruel and cowardly rulers who have successively ruined this land.

The glorious *honour* of chivalry, sublime and illogical, is an exotic plant which was only imported a very few years ago.

There is no trace of it in 1740. See De Brosses. The officers of Montenotte and of Rivoli had too many opportunities of proving their true worth to their neighbours to try to ape a code of honour almost unknown in the cottages from which the soldiers of 1796 came, and which would have seemed outlandish to them.

In 1796 there was no Legion of Honour, nor any enthusiasm for an individual man, but there was any amount of simplicity and character of the Desaix kind. *Honour,* therefore, was imported into Italy by people who were too rational and too virtuous to be very brilliant. One feels

19 In about 1580 the Spaniards, away from their own country, were nothing but energetic agents of despotism, or guitar-players beneath the windows of beautiful Italian women. Spaniards went to Italy in those days in the same way that people come to Paris now; moreover, they put all their pride into making the King, *their master,* triumph. They lost Italy, and they lost it by degrading it. In 1626 the great poet Calderón was an officer in Milan.

20 See the *Life of Saint Charles Borromeo,* who changed Milan and degraded it. He made people desert the school of arms for the chaplet. Maraviglia kills Castiglione, 1533.

the great difference between the soldiers of '96 winning twenty battles in a year, often without boots and in rags, and the splendid regiments of Fontenoy, doffing their hats and saying politely to the English: *"Messieurs, tirez les premiers."*

CXLVIII

I am inclined to think that the merits of any system of life should be judged by the character of the individual professing it: for instance, Richard Cœur de Lion was the perfection of heroism and of chivalrous valour on the throne, but he was an absurd king.

CXLIX

Public opinion in 1822. If a man of thirty seduces a girl of fifteen, it is the girl who is dishonoured.

CL

Ten years afterwards I saw the Contessa Ottavia again; she wept a good deal on seeing me; I recalled Oginski to her. "I can no longer love," she told me. I answered her, with the poet: "How changed, how saddened, yet how elevated was her character."

CLI

In the same way that English customs grew up between 1688 and 1730, so French ones will grow up from 1815 to 1880. Nothing will be so fine, just and happy as French morality towards 1900. At the moment it does not exist. An action which is infamous in the Rue de Belle-Chasse is an heroic one in the Rue du Mont-Blanc, and, apart from all exaggeration, really despicable people keep moving from street to street. We have one remedy, the freedom of the Press. which always tells the truth about

every one in the end, and when the truth happens to coincide with public opinion, it persists. This remedy is being taken away from us and it will tend to retard the birth of morality.

CLII

The Abbé Rousseau was a poor young man (1784), reduced to going from house to house from morning till night to give history and geography lessons. He fell in love with one of his pupils, as Abélard did with Héloïse and Saint-Preux with Julie; he was doubtless not so happy as they, but he was probably very nearly so; with as much passion as Saint-Preux, but with a more upright, fastidious and above all a more fearless mind, he seems to have sacrificed himself to the object of his passion. This is what he wrote before blowing out his brains after dining in a restaurant in the Palais-Royal without showing any signs of worry or of derangement: I quote it from the report of the enquiry made on the spot by the Commissioner and Officers of the Peace; it is sufficiently remarkable to be preserved:

"The inconceivable contrast between the nobility of my sentiments and the lowliness of my birth, a love as violent as it is unconquerable, for an adorable girl,[21] the fear of being the cause of her dishonour, the necessity of choosing between crime and death, have all decided me to leave this life. I was born to be virtuous, and I was about to become a criminal; I have preferred death." (Grimm, Part III, Vol. II, page 495.)

Here you have an admirable suicide, and one which would only be absurd with the morals of 1880.

21 The lady in question appears to have been Mademoiselle Gromaire, daughter of Monsieur Gromaire, Clerk to the Court in Rome.

CLIII

Try as they may, the French will never get beyond the *pretty-pretty* in Art.

Comedy, which implies a sense of humour in the public and *brio* in the actor, the delightful whimsicalities of Palomba in Naples, played by Casaccia, would be impossible in Paris; there we have prettiness and nothing but prettiness, sometimes proclaimed, it is true, as the sublime.

It will be noticed that I do not speculate on the national honour in general.

CLIV

"We admire a beautiful picture very much," the French say, and they are speaking the truth, but as a nation we insist, as an essential condition of beauty, that it should be painted by an artist who is metaphorically standing on one leg all the time he works. The same applies to verse in dramatic art.

CLV

There is much less *envy* in America than in France, and much less intelligence.

CLVI

The tyranny of Philip II has so degraded the intellect since 1530, that it weighs on the garden of the world, and the wretched Italian authors have not yet summoned up sufficient courage to *create* a fiction peculiar to their country. And yet, because of the rule of *naturalness*, nothing could be simpler; all that is necessary is for them to copy faithfully what is staring every one in the face. Think of Cardinal Gonzalvi going carefully through the libretto of a comic opera for three hours in 1822, and

saying anxiously to the maestro: "But you are always repeating the word *cozzar, cozzar* [to beat time]."

CLVII

Héloïse tells you of Love, a dandy will tell you of his own love; do you not feel that these things have hardly anything in common except the name? They are as different as the love of concerts and the love of music: the love of the vain pleasures you may get with your harp at a gathering of brilliant people and the love of tender, solitary, timid reverie.

CLVIII

When we have just seen the woman we love, the sight of any other woman is distasteful to us and actually hurts our eyes; I can see the reason for this.

CLIX

An answer to an objection:

Perfect naturalness and intimacy can only exist in passion-love, for in all other forms of love one feels the possibility of a favoured rival.

CLX

In a man who, in order to rid himself of life, has taken poison, moral nature is dead; stunned by his deed and by the thought of what is about to happen, he has no attention left for anything else; there are a few rare exceptions to this.

CLXI

An old sea Captain, the author's uncle, to whom I respectfully showed the manuscript of this book, thought it utterly ridiculous to write six hundred weighty pages on a subject as frivolous as love. And yet this so frivolous

thing is the only weapon with which strong-minded people can be beaten.

What was it that prevented Monsieur de Maubreuil, in 1814, from slaying Napoleon in the forest of Fontainebleau? The contemptuous look of a pretty woman who was going into the Bains-Chinois.[22] Think of the difference in the fate of the world if Napoleon and his son had been killed in 1814!

CLXII

I quote the following lines from a letter which I have received from Znaim in French, merely observing that there is not a man in the whole province who is capable of understanding the clever woman who wrote them to me:

". . . Accident plays a large part in love. When I have read no English for a year, the first novel that I pick up seems delightful to me. The habit of loving a prosaic person, that is to say, one who is slow and shy where delicate emotions are concerned, and whose only passionate interest is in the coarser things in life: the love of money, pride in the possession of fine horses, sensual desires, etc., etc., can easily make one detest the behaviour of an ardent, impetuous genius, with an impatient imagination, feeling nothing but love, forgetful of everything else and continually and passionately exerting himself in matters which the other took for granted and never troubled about at all. The surprise he gives us may offend what last year at Zittau we called feminine pride—*l'orgeuil féminin:* is that good French? With him we are surprised, a feeling which we never experienced with the other—and as this other was unexpectedly killed in battle he has remained a synonym for perfection—a

[22] Memoirs, page 88, London edition.

feeling which a proud heart lacking that broadness of view which is the fruit of a certain number of intrigues may easily confuse with repulsion."

CLXIII

"Geoffrey Rudel, of Blaye, was a very great lord, Prince of Blaye, and he fell in love with the Princess of Tripoli, without seeing her, for the great good and for the great courtesy which he heard tell of her by the pilgrims coming from Antioch, and he made very beautiful songs for her with fine tunes and humble words; and from his wish to see her he joined the Crusades and put to sea to go to her. And it happened that on the ship he was seized with a grievous malady, of such sort that those who were with him thought he was dead, but they continued to bear him to Tripoli to an hostelry as one dead. They sent word of this to the Countess and she came to his bedside and took him in her arms, and he knew her for the Countess and recovered his sight and hearing and praised God and rendered Him thanks that He should have spared him to see her. And so he died in the arms of the Countess, and she had him honourably buried in the house of the Temple, at Tripoli. And then on the same day she took the veil for the sorrow she had for him and for his death." [23]

CLXIV

Here is a singular proof of the folly called crystallization taken from the Memoirs of Mistress Hutchinson:

"He told to Mr. Hutchinson a very true story of a gentleman, who not long before had come for some time to

[23] Translated from a Provençal Manuscript of the thirteenth century.

lodge in Richmond, and found all the people he came in company with, bewailing the death of a gentlewoman that had lived there. Hearing her so much deplored he made enquiry after her, and grew so in love with the description, that no other discourse could at first please him, nor could he at last endure any other; he grew desperately melancholly, and would goe to a mount where the print of her foote was cutt, and lie there pining and kissing of it all the day long, till att length death in some months space concluded his languishment. This story was very true." (Vol. I, page 83.)

CLXV

Lisio Visconti was anything but a great reader. Apart from anything that he noticed in his travels, this essay is founded on the Memoirs of fifteen or twenty famous people. For the benefit of those of my readers, if any, who find these details worth a moment's notice, I give here a list of the books from which Lisio drew his reflections and conclusions:

The Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini.

The novels of Cervantes and of Scarron.

Manon Lescaut and the *Doyen de Killerine,* by the Abbé Prévost.

The Letters of Héloïse and Abélard.

Tom Jones.

The Letters of a Portuguese Nun.

Two or three novels by Auguste la Fontaine.

The History of Tuscany, by Pignotti.

Werther.

Brantôme.

The *Memoirs* of Carlo Gozzi (Venice, 1760), only the eighty pages of the story of his love affairs.

The *Memoirs* of Lauzun, Saint-Simon, D'Épinay, De

Staal, Marmontel, Bezenval, Roland, Duclos, Horace Walpole, Evelyn, Hutchinson.

The *Letters* of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse.

CLXVI

One of the most illustrious persons of his time and one of the foremost men in both Church and State affairs told us this evening (January 1822), at Madame M.'s house, some of the very real dangers he had run at the time of the Terror.

"I had had the misfortune to be one of the most prominent members of the Constituent Assembly: I remained in Paris, trying to hide myself as best I might, so long as there was any hope of success for the good cause. At last, as the dangers were increasing and other countries were making no effort to help us, I decided to leave, but I had no passport. As every one was going to Coblentz, I thought it best to leave by Calais. But my portrait had been so widely circulated, eighteen months before, that I was recognized at the last post: nevertheless they let me pass. I reached an inn at Calais where, as you can well believe, I did not sleep, and it was lucky for me that I did not, for towards four in the morning I heard my name pronounced quite distinctly. I rose and dressed hurriedly, and as I did so I clearly distinguished, in spite of the darkness, the National Guard with their muskets marching into the Courtyard of the Inn through the main gate which had been opened to let them pass. Fortunately it was raining in torrents—the winter morning was very dark, and a howling wind was blowing. The darkness and the noise of the wind enabled me to escape through the backyard and the stables. I was now in the streets at seven in the morning without any resources at all.

"I thought I should be followed from my hotel. With-

out any definite plan in my mind, I made for the port and stood on the jetty. I am afraid I had rather lost my head: I saw nothing before me but the guillotine.

"A mail-boat was just leaving the port in a heavy sea, and was already about twenty fathoms from the jetty. Suddenly I heard shouts from the sea as though I were being called. I saw a small boat approaching. 'Come along, Monsieur, come along, we are waiting for you!' I stepped mechanically into the boat. In it sat a man who whispered to me: 'Seeing you walking on the jetty looking so bewildered, I thought you might be some wretched outlaw. I said that you were a friend whom I was expecting; pretend to be seasick and go and hide yourself below in a dark corner of the cabin!' "

"Ah! what a noble deed," cried our hostess, whose breath was coming in gasps and who had been moved to tears by the long and thrilling description of the Abbé's perils. "How you must have thanked this generous stranger! What was his name?"

"I don't know his name," replied the Abbé, slightly confused.

And for a moment a profound silence reigned in the room.

CLXVII

Father and Son

A 1787 Dialogue

The Father (Minister of ——): "I congratulate you, my son, it is a very good thing for you to be invited to the Duke of ——'s; it is a distinction for a man of your age. Do not forget to be at the Palace punctually at six o'clock.

THE SON: "I believe, Sir, that you are dining there, too?"

THE FATHER: "The Duke of ——, always most gracious to our family, in receiving you for the first time, has been good enough to invite me as well."

The son, a very well-bred young man of considerable intelligence, arrived punctually at the Palace at six o'clock. At seven dinner was served. The son found himself seated opposite his father. Each guest had a naked woman beside him. They were served by a score of lackeys in full livery.[24]

CLXVIII

August 8, 1817.

I have never in my life been so struck by beauty and so intimidated by it as I was this evening, at a concert given by Madame Pasta.

She was surrounded, as she sang, by three rows of young women who were so beautiful, and beautiful in such a pure and heavenly way, that I felt myself lowering my eyes out of respect instead of raising them to admire and enjoy them. This has never happened to me before in any country, even in my beloved Italy.

CLXIX

One thing is quite impossible in France in the Arts, and that is enthusiasm. The man who was carried away by it would be too much scoffed at, *he would look too happy*. You should see a Venetian reciting the satires of Buratti.

[24] From December 27, 1819, till the 3 June 1820. Milan. [This note is in English in the original. Translator.]

CLXX

There were once two women in Valencia, in Spain, who were friends; they were very respectable and of most distinguished family. One of them was wooed by a French officer who loved her passionately, so passionately indeed that he missed receiving a decoration after a battle, by remaining in cantonments to be near her instead of going to Headquarters to court favour with the Commander-in-Chief.

In the end she returned his love. After seven months of coolness as disheartening at the end as it had been at the beginning she said to him one evening: "My dear Joseph, I am yours." There still remained the difficulty of her husband, a man of considerable intelligence, but most terribly jealous. As a friend of his I took him through the whole of Rulhière's *History of Poland* which he did not quite understand. Three months went by without the lovers managing to deceive him. She used to send him a telegram on feast days to say at which Church she was going to hear Mass.

One day I found my friend more depressed than ever; this was what was going to happen. Doña Inezilla's intimate friend was dangerously ill, and she asked her husband's permission to spend a night with the sick woman, which was immediately granted, on condition that the husband should be allowed to choose the day. One evening he took Doña Inezilla to her friend's house and said, lightly, that he himself could sleep quite well on a sofa in a little room adjoining the bedroom, the door of which was left open. For eleven days on end the French Officer had spent two hours hidden beneath the sick woman's bed. I dare not finish the story.

I do not think that a Frenchwoman's vanity would allow such a degree of friendship.

APPENDICES

COURTS OF LOVE

THERE were Courts of Love in France from the year 1150 to the year 1200. So much has been proved. The existence of Courts of Love probably goes back to much earlier times.

The ladies who assembled at the Courts of Love gave judgment either on questions of law, such as: "Can love exist between married people?" Or on the particular cases which lovers submitted to them.[1]

So far as I can picture the moral side of this jurisprudence, I think it must have resembled the Court of the Marshals of France established to decide *points of honour* by Louis XIV; or rather what it would have been like if only it had been supported by public opinion.

André, chaplain to the King of France, who wrote in about 1170, mentions the *Courts of Love*

of the Ladies of Gascony,
of Ermengarde, Vicomtesse de Narbonne (1144-1194),
of Queen Aliénor,
of the Comtesse de Flandres,
of the Comtesse de Champagne (1174).

André quotes nine judgments delivered by the Comtesse de Champagne and two delivered by the Comtesse de Flandres.

1 André le Chapelain, Nostradamus, Raynouard, Crescimbeni, Aretino.

Jehan de Nostradamus, in his *Lives of the Provencal Poets,* says (page 15):

"*Tenzons* were Love disputes which took place between poets, both knights and ladies, discussing amongst themselves on some fine and subtle question of love; and where they could not agree, they sent them for a decision to the illustrious presiding ladies who held overt and plenary Court of Love at Signe and Pierrefeu, or at Romanin, or at other places, for that purpose, making decisions on them which were called LOUS ARRESTS D'AMOURS."

Here are the names of some of the ladies who presided over the Courts of Love of Pierrefeu and of Signe:

"Stephanette, Dame des Baulx, daughter of the Comte de Provence;

"Adalazie, Vicomtesse d'Avignon;

"Alalète, Dame d'Ongle;

"Hermyssende, Dame de Posquières;

"Bertrane, Dame d'Urgon;

"Mabille, Dame d'Yères;

"La Comtesse de Dye;

"Rostangue, Dame de Pierrefeu;

"Bertrane, Dame de Signe;

"Jausserande de Claustral."

NOSTRADAMUS, page 27.

It is probable that the same Court of Love assembled sometimes in the Castle of Pierrefeu, and sometimes in that of Signe. These two villages are very close to each other, situated at an almost equal distance between Toulon and Brignoles.

In the *Life of Bertrand d'Alamanon,* Nostradamus says:

"This troubadour was in love with Phanette or Estéphanette de Romanin, Lady of the said place, of the House of Gantelmes, who in her day held overt and plenary

Court of Love in her Castle of Romanin, near the town of Saint-Remy, in Provence, aunt of Laurette d'Avignon, of the House of Sado, so extolled by the poet Petrarch."

On the subject of Laurette, we read that Laurette de Sade, so praised by Petrarch, lived in Avignon in about 1341, and that she was brought up by Phanette de Gantelmes, her aunt, Lady of Romanin; that:

"Both romanced readily in all sort of Provençal rhythm, following what the monk of the Isles d'Or has written of them, and their works bear ample testimony to their learning. . . . It is true (says the monk) that Phanette or Estéphanette, as excelling greatly in poetry, had a divine fury or inspiration, which fury was considered to be a true gift from God; they were accompanied by many illustrious and bountiful ladies of Provence,[2] who flourished at that time at Avignon when the Roman Court resided there, and who devoted themselves to the study of letters, holding overt Court of Love and deciding there the questions of Love that were propounded to them and sent to them. . . .

"Guillem and Pierre Balbz and Loys des Lascaris, Counts of Vintimille, of Tende and of La Brigue, persons of great renown, having come to Avignon at this time to visit Innocent, the sixth Pope of that name, went to hear

2 Jehanne, Dame des Baulx;
Huguette de Forcalquier, Dame de Trects;
Briande d'Agoult, Comtesse de la Lune;
Mabille de Villeneufve, Dame de Vence;
Beatrix d'Agoult, Dame de Sault;
Ysoarde de Roquefueilh, Dame d'Ansoys;
Anne, Vicomtesse de Tallard;
Blanche de Flassans, surnamed Blankaflour;
Doulce de Monstiers, Dame de Clumane;
Antonette de Cadenet, Dame de Lambesc;
Magdalène de Sallon, Dame de Sallon;
Rixende du Puyverd, Dame de Trans.
NOSTRADAMUS, page 217.

the Love decisions and judgments pronounced by these ladies; and they were astonished and ravished by their beauty and learning and were suprised of their love."

The troubadours often named, at the end of their tenzons, the ladies who were to decide on the questions which they disputed amongst themselves.

A decision of the Court of the Ladies of Gascony begins:

"The Court of Ladies assembled in Gascony, has established by the consent of the *whole court,* this perpetual constitution," etc., etc.

The Comtesse de Champagne, in a decision of 1174, says:

"This judgment, which we have pronounced with extreme prudence, is supported by the opinion of a very great number of ladies. . . ."

In another judgment we find:

"The knight, for the trick that had been played him, denounced the whole matter to the Comtesse de Champagne, and humbly begged that this wrong might be submitted to the judgment of the Comtesse de Champagne and of the other ladies.

"The Comtesse, having called to her sixty ladies, delivered this judgment," etc.

André le Chapelain, from whom we have drawn this information, declares that the Code of Love was drawn up by a Court composed of a great number of ladies and knights.

André has preserved for us the petition addressed to the Comtesse de Champagne when she decided the following question in the negative: "Can true love exist between husband and wife?"

But what was the punishment incurred when the decisions of the Courts of Love were disregarded?

We see the Court of Gascony declaring that such of its judgments shall be observed as a perpetual constitution and that the ladies who do not obey them will incur the enmity of every woman of gentle birth.

Up to what point did public opinion sanction the decrees of a Court of Love?

Was it just as shameful to disregard them as it is in these days to shirk an affair dictated by honour?

I can find nothing in either André or Nostradamus which puts me in a position to decide this question.

Two troubadours, Simon Doria and Lanfranc Cigalla, disputed the question: "Who is more worthy of being loved, he who gives generously, or he who gives in spite of himself in order to appear generous?"

This question was submitted to the Ladies of the Court of Love of Pierrefeu and of Signe; but the two troubadours, being dissatisfied with the judgment, appealed to the sovereign Court of Love of the Ladies of Romanin.

The form of the judgments conforms to that of the judicial tribunals of the period.

Whatever the opinion of the reader may be on the degree of importance given to the Courts of Love in the attention of their contemporaries, I beg them to consider what to-day in 1822 are the subjects of conversation amongst the most respected and the wealthiest ladies of Toulon and Marseilles.

Were they not more joyful, intelligent and pleasant in 1174 than in 1822?

Nearly all the decisions of the Courts of Love are based on the rules of the Code of Love.

This Code of Love is given fully in the work of André le Chapelain.

There are thirty-one articles, which are as follows:

THE TWELFTH CENTURY CODE OF LOVE

I

The plea of marriage is not a legitimate excuse for not loving.

II

He who is indiscreet cannot love.

III

No one can give himself to two loves.

IV

Love can always increase or diminish.

V

What one of two lovers takes by force from the other has no zest.

VI

Man usually only loves after attaining the full age of puberty.

VII

If one of two lovers dies the other must remain faithful to the memory of the dead for two years.

VIII

No one should be forbidden to love without exceeding good reason.

IX

No one can love unless he is compelled to do so by the persuasion of love (by the hope of being loved).

X

Love is generally banished from the house by avarice.

XI

It is not seemly to love a woman whom one would be ashamed to want in marriage.

XII

True love only wants the caresses of the person it loves.

XIII

Love that is made public is rarely of long duration

XIV

Too easy a victory soon robs love of its charm: obstacles increase its value.

XV

Every lover pales at the sight of the beloved.

XVI

Love trembles at the unexpected sight of the beloved.

XVII

A new love drives away an old love.

XVIII

Only true merit is worthy of love.

XIX

When love sinks it dies rapidly, and rarely comes to life again.

XX

The true lover is always timid.

XXI

True jealousy always increases the ardour of love.

XXII

The ardour of love increases through suspicion and the jealousy which comes from it.

XXIII

Whoso is assailed by thoughts of love sleeps less and eats less.

XXIV

Every action of a lover leads to thoughts of the beloved.

XXV

True love should have heart for nothing that might displease the beloved.

XXVI

Love can refuse nothing to love.

XXVII

The lover cannot grow tired of the thought of the beloved.

XXVIII

Lack of confidence makes a lover suspect sinister things of his beloved.

XXIX

Over-indulgence in pleasure prevents the birth of love.

XXX

A lover is closely and continually obsessed by the image of the beloved.

XXXI

There is nothing to prevent a woman being loved by two men, or a man by two women.[3]

[3] The original Latin code is as follows:

I. Causa conjugii ab amore non est excusatio recta.
II. Qui non celat amare non potest.
III. Nemo duplici potest amore ligari.
IV. Semper amorem minui vel crescere constat.
V. Non est sapidum quod amans ab invito sumit amante.
VI. Masculus non solet nisi in plena pubertate amare.
VII. Biennalis viduitas pro amante defuncto superstiti præscribitur amanti.
VIII. Nemo, sine rationis excessu, suo debet amore privari.
IX. Amare nemo potest, nisi qui amoris suasione compellitur.
X. Amor semper ab avaritia consuevit domiciliis exulare.
XI. Non decet amare quarum pudor est nuptias affectare.
XII. Verus amans alterius nisi suæ coamantis ex affectu non cupit amplexus.
XIII. Amor raro consuevit durare vulgatus.

The following shows the form in which a judgment in a Court of Love was delivered:

QUESTION: "Can true love exist between married people?"

JUDGMENT OF THE COMTESSE DE CHAMPAGNE: "We state and affirm, by the tenor of these presents, that love cannot extend its rights over two married persons. For indeed lovers grant each other all, mutually and freely, without being constrained by any motive of necessity, whereas husband and wife are holden, by their duty, to submit their wills to each other and to refuse each other nothing.

"May this judgment, which we have delivered with extreme caution, and after consulting with a great number

XIV. Facilis perceptio contemptibilem reddit amorem, difficilis eum parum facit haberi.

XV. Omnis consuevit amans in coamantis aspectu pallescere.

XVI. In repentina coamantis visione, cor tremescit amantis.

XVII. Novus amor veterem compellit abire.

XVIII. Probitas sola quemcumque dignum facit amore.

XIX. Si amor minuatur, cito deficit et raro convalescit.

XX. Amorosus semper est timorosus.

XXI. Ex vera zelotypia affectus semper crescit amandi.

XXII. De coamante suspicione percepta zelus interea et affectus crescit amandi.

XXIII. Minus dormit et edit quem amoris cogitatio vexat.

XXIV. Quilibet amantis actus in coamantis cogitatione finitur.

XXV. Verus amans nihil beatum credit, nisi quod cogitat amanti placere.

XXVI. Amor nihil posset amori denegare.

XXVII. Amans coamantis solatiis satiari non potest.

XXVIII. Modica præsumptio cogit amantem de coamante suspicari sinistra.

XXIX. Non solet amare quem nimia voluptatis abundantia vexat.

XXX. Verus amans assidua, sine intermissione, coamantis imagine detinetur.

XXXI. Unam feminam nihil prohibet a duobus amari, et a duabus mulieribus unum.

Fol. 103.

of other ladies, be for you a constant and unassailable truth.' Delivered in the year 1174, on the third day before the Calends of May, proclamation number 7." [4]

[4] The original Latin judgment is as follows:

"Utrum inter conjugatos amor possit habere locum?

"Dicimus enim et stabilito tenore firmamus amorem non posse inter duos jugales suas extendere vires, nam amantes sibi invicem gratis omnia largiuntur, nullius necessitatis ratione cogente; jugales vero mutuis tenentur ex debito voluntatibus obedire et in nullo seipsos sibi ad invicem denegare. . . .

"Hoc igitur nostrum judicium, cum nimia moderatione prolatum, et aliarum quamplurium dominarum consilio roboratum, pro indubitabili vobis sit ac veritate constanti.

"Ab anno M. C. LXXIV, tertio calend. maii, indictione VII."

Fol. 56

This judgment is in accordance with the first rule of the Code of Love: "Causa conjugii non est ab amore excusatio recta."

NOTE ON ANDRÉ LE CHAPELAIN

ANDRÉ appears to have written about the year 1176. In the Bibliothèque du Roi there is a manuscript (No. 8758) of André's work which once belonged to Baluze. The main title is as follows:

"Hic incipiunt capitula libri de Arte amatoria et reprobatione amoris."

This title is followed by a list of the Chapters.
Then comes this second title:

"Incipit liber de Arte amandi et de reprobatione amoris, editus et compillatus a magistro Andrea, Francorum aulæ regiæ capellano, ad Galterium amicum suum, cupientem in amoris exercitu militare: in quo quidem libro, cujusque gradus et ordinis mulier ab homine cujusque conditionis et status ad amorem sapientissime invitatur; et ultimo in fine ipsius libri de amoris reprobatione subjungitur."

Crescimbeni, in his *Lives of the Provençal Poets,* in the Article on PERCIVALLE DORIA, mentions a manuscript in the library of Nicolo Bargiacchi in Florence, and quotes several passages from it; this manuscript is a translation of André le Chapelain's treatise. The Accademia della Crusca has acknowledged it amongst the works which have furnished examples for its dictionary.

There have been several editions, in the original Latin. Friedrich Otto Mencke, in his *Miscellanea Lipsiensia nova,* Leipzig, 1751, Vol. VIII, Part I, page 545, et seq., mentions a very old edition containing neither date nor place

of issue, which he considers to belong to the very earliest days of printing. "Tractatus amoris et de amoris remedio Andreæ Capellani Papæ Innocentii quarti."

A second edition of 1610, has this title, page:

"*Erotica seu amatoria* Andreæ capellani regii, vetustissimi scriptoris ad venerandum suum amicum Guualterium scripta, nunquam ante hac edita, sed sæpius a multis desiderata; nunc tandem fide diversorum mss. codicum in publicum emissa a Dethmaro Mulhero, Dorpmundæ, typis Westhovianis, anno Vna Castè et Verè amanda."

A third edition bears the rubric: "Tremoniæ, typis Westhovianis, anno 1614."

André methodically divides the subject which he proposes to discuss as follows:

"1° Quid sit amor et undè dicatur.

"2° Quis sit effectus amoris.

"3° Inter quos possit esse amor.

"4° Qualiter amor acquiratur, retineatur, augmentetur, minuatur, finiatur.

"5° De notitia mutui amoris, et quid unus amantium agere debeat, altero fidem fallente." [1]

Each one of these questions is discussed through several paragraphs.

André makes the lover and his lady speak alternately. The lady raises objections which the lover tries to answer by more or less subtle reasoning.

Here is a passage which the author puts into the lover's mouth:

[1] What love is and the origin of its name.
What the effect of love is.
Between what persons love can exist.
How love is acquired, is preserved, increases, diminishes, dies.
How one can tell that one is loved, and what one of two lovers must do when the other is unfaithful.

". . . Sed si forte horum sermonum te perturbet obscuritas, eorum tibi sententiam indicabo.

"Ab antiquo igitur quatuor sunt in amore gradus distincti:

"*Primus,* in spei datione consistit.

"*Secundus,* in osculi exhibitione.

"*Tertius,* in amplexus fruitione.

"*Quartus,* in totius concessione personæ finitur." [2]

[2] But lest by chance the obscurity of this discourse embarrass you, I will give you a summary of it.

Throughout all the ages there have been only four degrees in love:

The first consists in arousing hope;
The second in offering kisses;
The third in the enjoyment of the most intimate embraces;
The fourth in the abandonment of the entire person.

THE SALZBURG BOUGH

In the salt-mines of Hallein, near Salzburg, the miners throw a bough, stripped of its leaves by winter, into the depths of a disused working of the mines; two or three months later they find it entirely covered with glittering crystals by the brine which moistens the bough and then subsides and leaves it dry. The tiniest twigs, no bigger than a tomtit's claw, are spangled with an infinite number of shimmering, glistening crystals. The original bough is no longer recognizable; it has become a child's toy, beautiful to look at. When the sun is shining and the air is perfectly dry, the Hallein miners always offer these diamond boughs to travellers preparing to go down into the mines. The descent is a strange performance. You sit astride enormous fir-trunks, placed end to end and sloping downwards. These fir-trunks are very thick and the duty of horse which they have fulfilled for a century or two has given them a high polish. In front of the saddle on which you sit and which slides over the fir-trunks placed end to end, a miner places himself and, seated on his leather apron, slides in front of you to ensure that you should not go too quickly.

Before starting on their rapid journey the miners ask the women to put on an enormous pair of grey serge trousers into which they pack their skirts; the appearance which this has the effect of giving them is a most comical one. I paid a visit to these most picturesque Hallein mines in the summer of 18—— with Signora Gherardi. Our original idea had merely been to escape from the intolerable heat from which we had been suffering at Bologna, and to get a little cool air on the Saint-Gothard mountain. In three nights we had crossed the miasmic

marshes of Mantua and the delightful lake of Garda, and we arrived at Riva, Bolzano and Innsbruck.

Signora Gherardi found these mountains so lovely that, having started out on a short trip, we ended by making a long journey. Following the banks of the Inn and later those of the Salza, we reached Salzburg. The delicious coolness of this country north of the Alps, compared with the stifling atmosphere and the dust which we had just left in the plains of Lombardy, pleased us more and more every day, and urged us to push further along. At Golling we bought peasant smocks to wear. We often had difficulty in finding lodging or even enough food; for our party was a large one; but these difficulties and misfortunes added to our enjoyment.

From Golling we went to Hallein, quite unaware of the existence of the beautiful salt mines which I have mentioned. We found a large number of curious visitors there, amongst whom we arrived clad in our peasant smocks, the ladies wearing voluminous peasant capes with which they had provided themselves. Before reaching the mines we had not the smallest intention of going down into the underground workings. The thought of sitting astride a wooden steed for a journey of three quarters of a league seemed strange and we were afraid of suffocating at the bottom of that ugly black hole. Signora Gherardi considered for a moment and then declared that as far as she was concerned, she was going down and that we could do as we pleased.

During the preparations, which were lengthy, because before engulfing ourselves in this exceedingly deep cavity we had to find something to eat, I amused myself by watching what was passing through the mind of a very fair and handsome officer of the Bavarian Light Horse. We had recently made the acquaintance of this charming young

man, who spoke French and was very useful in enabling us to understand the German peasants of Hallein. This young officer, although very handsome, was anything but a coxcomb; on the contrary he appeared to be quite intelligent; it was Signora Gherardi who made this discovery. I saw the officer falling in love before my eyes with this charming Italian lady, who was extravagantly pleased at the prospect of going down into a mine and with the idea that we should soon be five hundred feet below the ground. Signora Gherardi, entirely taken up with the beauty of the pits, with the wide galleries and with the difficulties that had been overcome, was a thousand leagues away from thinking of attracting, and still further from dreaming of being attracted by any one at all. I was soon amazed at the strange confidences that the Bavarian officer made to me without any suspicion of what was happening to him. He was utterly absorbed in the divine face and the angelic expression of the lady seated near him during our meal at a little mountain inn through whose green-paned windows scarcely any daylight penetrated, and I noticed that he often spoke without knowing whom he was addressing or what he said. I warned Signora Gherardi, who otherwise would have missed it all, although young women are perhaps never insensible to things of this sort. What struck me most was the increasing extravagance of the officer's reflections; he was continually finding perfections in this woman which were quite invisible to me. Each thing he said depicted the woman he was beginning to love in a way less and less as she really was. I said to myself: "La Ghita is surely not the only reason for all the raptures of this poor German." For instance, he began to praise Signora Gherardi's hand which had been marked with smallpox when she was a child in a very odd manner and which had remained much pitted and very brown in consequence.

"How can I explain what I see?" I asked myself. "Where can I find a comparison which will give me a clearer idea of it?"

At that moment Signora Gherardi was playing with the pretty twig covered with shimmering diamonds which the miners had given her. The sun was shining brightly; it was the third of August, and the little salt prisms glittered like fine diamonds in a brilliantly lit room. The Bavarian officer, who had been given a still stranger and more beautiful twig, asked Signora Gherardi to exchange with him. She consented, and when he received her twig he pressed it to his heart in such a ludicrous way that all the Italians began to laugh. In his confusion the officer addressed the most extravagant and earnest compliments to Signora Gherardi. As I had taken him under my protection I tried to justify the folly of his praise. I said to Ghita: "The effect produced on this young man by your distinguished Italian features, and by your eyes like none he has ever seen before, is exactly like the effect made by crystallization on the little hornbeam twig in your hands, which seems so pretty to you. Stripped of its leaves by winter it was surely anything but dazzling: and now the crystallization of the salt has covered its blackened surface with diamonds so brilliant and so numerous that it is only here and there that you can catch a glimpse of the real twig."

"Well! And what are you trying to conclude from that?" asked Signora Gherardi.

"That this twig is a faithful image of La Ghita, as the imagination of this young officer sees her."

"So that, Signore, you see as much difference between my real appearance and the way in which this charming young man sees me, as you do between a little dead hornbeam twig and the pretty plume of diamonds which the miners have given me?"

"Signora, this young man discovers qualities in you which we, your old friends, have never noticed. We could never, for instance, see in you an air of tender and sympathetic kindliness. As this young man is a German, the most important quality for a woman to have, in his eyes, is kindliness, and so he immediately detects a look of kindliness in your face. Had he been an Englishman he would have seen in you the aristocratic and *lady-like* poise of a Duchess, but, had he been me, he would have seen you just as you are, because for a long while and to my misfortune, I can think of nothing more seductive!"

"Ah! I understand," said Ghita; "the moment you begin to be interested in a woman, you no longer see her *as she really is,* but as you want her to be, and you are comparing the favourable illusions which this dawning interest produces to these pretty diamonds which hide the hornbeam twig stripped of its leaves by winter, and which are only seen, let us remember, by the eyes of this young man who is falling in love."

"That," I replied, "is why lovers' talk seems so ridiculous to the wiseacres who know nothing of the phenomenon of crystallization."

"Ah! So you call that crystallization," cried Ghita; "well then, Signore, crystallize for me."

This imagery, a strange one perhaps, appealed to Signora Gherardi's imagination and when we reached the central workings of the mine lit by a hundred lamps which became ten thousand as they were reflected by salt crystals from every side, she said to the young Bavarian:

"Ah, this is exquisite; I am crystallizing for this; I feel that I exaggerate its beauty to myself; and you, are you crystallizing?"

"Yes, Signora," naïvely replied the young officer, overjoyed at having a feeling in common with the beautiful

Italian, but not for that reason understanding any better what she was saying to him. The artlessness of his answer made us roar with laughter because it roused the suspicion of the silly fellow whom Ghita loved and who began to be seriously jealous of the Bavarian officer. He took an intense dislike to the word *crystallization*.

After leaving the Hallein mine, I explained to my new friend, the young officer, whose involuntary confidences amused me far more than all the details of salt-mining, that Signora Gherardi's name was *Ghita*, and that the custom in Italy was to refer to her in her presence as *La Ghita*. The poor boy, trembling with emotion, ventured to call her *La Ghita* in talking to her, and Signora Gherardi, amused at the young man's timid air of passion and the look of profound irritation on another person's face, asked the officer to dinner the next day before we returned to Italy. As soon as he had gone the person who was irritated said:

"Well, really! will you explain to me, my dear, why you force the company of this insipid young fop with his fatuous eyes upon us?"

"Because, Signore, after ten days of travelling and spending the whole day with me, you all see me just as I am, and to those sensitive eyes which you call *fatuous* I appear perfect. Isn't it true, Filippo," she added, turning to me, "that those eyes of his cover me with a brilliant crystallization; I am perfection to them, and what is so delightful about it is that whatever I may do and whatever follies I may utter, in the eyes of that handsome German I shall never be anything but perfect. That is very comforting. For instance you, Annibalino,"—the lover whom we considered to be rather silly was called Colonel Annibal—"I will wager that at this moment you do not think me quite perfect? You think that I am wrong to admit this young man into my society. Do you know

what is happening to you, my dear? You are no longer *crystallizing* for me."

The word *crystallization* became a popular one with us, and it so appealed to the beautiful Ghita's imagination that she used it for everything.

On our return to Bologna no love incident was ever discussed in her box at the theatre without her saying to me: "Does this incident confirm or destroy such and such of our theories?" The continual acts of folly which make a lover see every perfection in the woman he is beginning to love were always called *crystallization* amongst us. The word reminded us of our delightful travels together. In all my life I had never understood so well the touching and solitary beauty of the shores of the lake of Garda; the evenings we spent in boats on the lake were exquisite in spite of the stifling heat. There were certain moments such as one never forgets: it was one of the most glorious episodes of our youth.

One evening some one came to tell us the news that Princess Lanfranchi and the beautiful Florenza were struggling for the love of a young artist named Oldofredi. The poor Princess seemed to be really in love with him, but the young Milanese artist seemed to care for nothing but the charms of La Florenza. We asked ourselves: "Is Oldofredi in love with her?" But I beg the reader to believe that I do not attempt to justify this kind of conversation, in which people are impertinent enough to disregard the rules prescribed by French convention. I do not know why that evening we made such a point of trying to guess whether the Milanese artist was in love with the beautiful Florenza.

We got lost in the discussion of a quantity of small details. When we grew tired of focussing our attention on almost imperceptible distinctions which, after all, were by

no means conclusive, Signora Gherardi began to explain to us the little romance which, according to her, was going on in Oldofredi's heart. Right at the beginning of her tale, she unfortunately used the word *crystallization;* Colonel Annibal, who was still worrying about the handsome Bavarian officer, pretended not to understand, and asked us once more, for the hundredth time, what we meant by the word *crystallization.*

"It is something I do not feel for you," Signora Gherardi answered him with spirit. After which she left him to sulk in his corner and went on talking to us: "I believe a man to be falling in love," she said, "when I see him sad."

"What! Love, *that delicious feeling that begins so well. . . .*"

"And which sometimes ends so badly, in bad temper and quarrels," said Signora Gherardi, laughing and glancing towards Annibal. "I understand your objection. You men with your coarser nature see one thing only in the birth of love: one loves or one does not love. In the same way, ordinary people imagine that all nightingales sing alike; but we, who love listening to them, know that there are a dozen different tones between nightingale and nightingale."

"Still, it seems to me, Signora," said some one, "that one either loves or one does not love."

"Not at all, Signore, it is as though you were to say that a man who leaves Bologna to go to Rome has reached the gates of Rome when from the crest of the Apennines he can still see our Garisenda Tower. It is a long way from one of these two cities to the other, and if one has travelled a quarter of the way, or half, or three-quarters, it does not mean that one has reached Rome, and yet one is no longer in Bologna."

"In this excellent comparison," I said, "Bologna apparently represents *indifference* and Rome *perfect love.*"

"Before you leave Bologna," went on Signora Gherardi, "you are quite indifferent, and do not dream of particularly admiring the woman with whom some day you will be madly in love; and still less does your imagination dream of exaggerating her qualities. In fact, as we used to say at Hallein, crystallization has not yet begun."

At these words, Annibal got up in a rage and flung out of the box, saying: "I will come back when you speak Italian." The conversation immediately continued in French, and every one began to laugh, even Signora Gherardi.

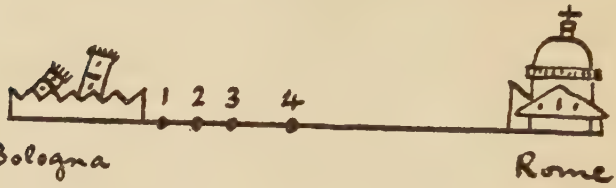
"Well, there goes love," she said, and we laughed again. "We leave Bologna, climb the Apennines and take the road to Rome. . . ."

"But, Signora," said some one, "we have wandered a long way from the artist Oldofredi." This caused her to make a little impatient movement which, probably, put Annibal and his abrupt departure completely out of her mind.

"Do you want to know," she said, "what happens when you leave Bologna? In the first place, I imagine that your departure is quite involuntary: it is an instinctive action. I don't say that it isn't accompanied by a good deal of pleasure. You admire a woman and then you say to yourself: 'How delightful to be loved by that charming woman.' Then hope is born; after hope (often very lightly conceived, for one is full of confidence if one has any warmth in one's blood at all), after hope, I say, begins the exquisite exaggeration of the beauty and the qualities of the woman by whom you hope to be loved."

Whilst Signora Gherardi was talking I took a playing card, on the back of which I drew Rome on one side

and Bologna on the other and, between Bologna and Rome, the four stages which Signora Gherardi had mentioned:



1. Admiration.

2. We arrive at the second stage of the journey when we say to ourselves: "How delightful to be loved by that charming woman."

3. The birth of hope marks the third stage.

4. We arrive at the fourth stage of the exquisite exaggeration of the beauty and the qualities of the woman we love. This is what we experts call *crystallization,* the word which routs the Carthaginians. It is admittedly difficult to understand.

Signora Gherardi continued:

"Whilst these four actions of the mind, or points of view, which Filippo has drawn for us, are going on, I do not see the slightest reason for our traveller to be sad. Actually one's pleasure is intense and claims all the attention of which the mind is capable. One is serious, but not sad: the difference is a considerable one.

"We quite see, Signora," said one of her listeners; "you are not speaking of those unfortunate people to whom it seems that all nightingales sing alike."

"The difference between being serious and being sad (l'esser serio e l'esser mesto)," went on Signora Gherardi, "is conclusive when it becomes a question of solving a problem such as the following: 'Does Oldofredi love the beautiful Florenza?' Personally I think he does because,

after being very absorbed in La Florenza, I notice that he has become sad and not merely serious. Now for the reason of his sadness. After exaggerating the happiness he might derive from the personality foreshadowed in the Raphaelesque features, lovely shoulders, beautiful arms, in a word, the figure worthy of Canova of the beautiful Marchesina Florenza, he probably tried to put to the test the hopes he had dared to entertain. Very probably also La Florenza, afraid of loving a stranger who might leave Bologna at any moment, and above all annoyed that he should so quickly have formed such hopes, cruelly destroyed them for him."

We had the good fortune to see Signora Gherardi every day of our lives; perfect intimacy reigned in that community. A hint was quite sufficient for us; I have often known jokes to be laughed at which needed no words to explain them: a glance had been sufficient. Here the French reader will observe that an Italian woman abandons herself whole-heartedly to every fantastic thought that crosses her mind. In Rome, at Bologna, in Venice, a pretty woman is an absolute queen; nothing can be more complete than the despotism she exerts over her circle. In Paris a pretty woman is always afraid of public opinion and of the executioner of public opinion—*ridicule.* She has at the bottom of her heart a constant dread of being laughed at just as an absolute Monarch dreads a Magna Charta. This is the secret thought that comes to plague her in the midst of the enjoyment of her pleasures, and suddenly makes her look serious. An Italian woman would consider the limited authority wielded by a Parisian woman in her drawing-room absurd. She is literally all-powerful as regards the men who approach her, and their happiness entirely depends, at any rate in the evenings, on her whims: I mean the happiness of mere friendship. If you displease a reigning divinity in her box, you see her

irritation in her eyes and there is nothing left for you to do but to disappear for that day.

One day I was riding with Signora Gherardi on the road to the *Cascata del Reno;* we met Oldofredi alone, very excited, very preoccupied but by no means gloomy. Signora Gherardi called him and spoke to him in order to observe him more closely.

"Unless I am much mistaken," I said to Signora Gherardi, "poor Oldofredi has yielded completely to the passion he has for La Florenza; tell me, pray, since I am your devoted follower, what stage in the malady of love you think he has reached now?"

"I see him," said Signora Gherardi, "walking about alone and repeating to himself over and over again: 'Yes, she loves me.' Then he sets to work to find fresh charms in her and fresh reasons for loving her to distraction."

"I do not think he is as happy as you imagine. Oldofredi must often have the most harrowing doubts; he cannot be so certain of La Florenza's love; he does not know, as we do, how very little wealth, rank and position matter to her in these affairs.[1] Oldofredi is charming, admittedly, but he is only a poor stranger."

"Nevertheless," replied Signora Gherardi, "I would wager that when we met him just now he was convinced that he had reason to hope."

"But," I said, "he seemed to be much too deeply moved; he must have moments of the most appalling misery in which he says to himself: 'But *does* she love me?' "

"I must confess," replied Signora Gherardi, almost forgetting that she was addressing me, "that when the answer one gives one's self is satisfactory, there follow moments of divine happiness so wonderful that perhaps nothing in

[1] All this is quite different in France and in Italy. For instance, wealth, noble birth and careful upbringing dispose people to love South of the Alps, but deter them in France.

the world can be compared with them. That is without any doubt the finest thing in life.

"When, in the end, the heart, tired out and, as it were, crushed beneath the violence of its passions, regains its reason through weariness, one thing survives every conflicting emotion—this certainty: 'I will find with her a happiness which only she in the world can give me.'" I gradually let my horse draw further and further from Signora Gherardi's. During the last three miles which separated us from Bologna we spoke not a single word, practising the virtue called discretion.

ERNESTINE, OR THE BIRTH OF LOVE

FOREWORD

A woman of considerable intelligence and some experience of the world was insisting one day that love is not born as quickly as people say. "It seems to me," she said, "that I can detect seven entirely distinct periods in the birth of love"; and to prove her statement, she told the following story. We were in the country, it was raining in torrents and we were only too glad to listen.

In an entirely open mind, like that of a young girl living in a lonely house in the depths of the country, the very slightest surprise excites the most profound attention. For instance, if she suddenly meets a young sportsman in the woods near the house.

It was by such a simple occurrence that the misfortunes of Ernestine de S—— began. The house in which she lived alone with her old uncle, the Comte de S—— was built in the Middle Ages, near the banks of the Drac, on one of the huge rocks that bend its torrential course, and it commanded one of the finest views in Dauphiny. The young sportsman whom she thus met by chance struck Ernestine as having an air of great distinction. His image kept returning to her mind; for there was not much to distract her mind in that ancient manor house. She lived in the lap of a certain luxury; she had a large number of servants to do her bidding; but they had grown old in the service of their master, and for twenty years there had been no change in the routine of the household. No conversation ever took place except to disparage current

events and to deplore the simplest things. One Spring evening at dusk Ernestine was standing at her window gazing at the mere and at the thicket beyond it; the extreme beauty of the scenery perhaps contributed to plunge her into gloomy reverie. Suddenly she caught sight of the young sportsman whom she had seen some days before, standing once more in the thicket beyond the mere; in his hand he held a posy of flowers, and he was standing quite still as though looking at her; she saw him kiss the posy and place it with a kind of tender reverence in the hollow of an old oak that grew near the banks of the mere.

Who knows the thoughts this one single action gave rise to—thoughts of such vital interest compared to the humdrum emotions which until this moment had filled Ernestine's life! A new existence opened out before her; would she dare go and look at the posy? "Heavens! How rash I am," she told herself, shuddering; "supposing that at the moment I reached the old oak the young sportsman were to come out of the thicket close by! How ashamed I should be! What on earth would he think of me?" And yet this fine tree was the object she generally made for on her lonely walks; she would often go and sit on its giant roots which rose above the grass and formed round its trunk, as it were, so many natural seats shaded by its vast foliage.

That night Ernestine could hardly close her eyes; the next morning at five, as soon as day broke, she climbed up to the top of the house. Her eyes sought the old oak beyond the mere; as soon as she could see it she remained motionless and almost breathless. The turbulent happiness of passion was succeeding the purposeless and almost automatic happiness of early youth.

Ten days passed. Ernestine counted them one by one. She only saw the young sportsman once; he went up to

the beloved tree with a posy which he placed in it like the first. The old Comte de S—— noticed that she was spending all her time tending a dove-cot placed for her in the top of the house; the reason was that, seated by a little window behind closed shutters, she commanded a view of the whole of the thicket beyond the mere. She was quite sure that her Unknown could not see her and in this way she could let her thoughts dwell on him unchecked. One thought perpetually tormented her. If he thought that she paid no heed to his posies, he would conclude that his homage, which was, after all, nothing but a simple act of politeness, was unwelcome, and if he had any of the finer instincts he would stop coming. Four days more passed, but how slowly! On the fifth day the young girl happened to pass near the old oak and could not resist casting a glance toward the little recess in which she had seen the posies placed. She was with her governess and had nothing to fear. All that Ernestine expected to see was a few faded flowers; but to her unutterable joy she saw a bouquet composed of the rarest and most beautiful blossoms; it was dazzlingly fresh; not a petal of the most delicate of the flowers was withered. She took all this in at a glance and then, keeping her governess carefully in view the whole time she ran as swiftly as a gazelle all through the thicket within a hundred paces of the tree, without finding any one there; thus she was sure that no one was looking at her and she returned to the old oak and began to feast her eyes on the charming bouquet. Heavens! There was a tiny piece of paper fastened to the bow with which the bouquet was tied, and half hidden by it.

"What is the matter, Ernestine?" asked the governess, startled by the exclamation which accompanied this discovery.

"Nothing, dear, only a partridge getting up at my feet."

A fortnight earlier Ernestine would not have dreamt of telling a lie. She drew nearer and nearer to the fascinating bouquet; she bent her head and, with cheeks aflame, not daring to touch it, she read these words on the piece of paper:

"For a month I have brought flowers every morning. Will these be fortunate enough to be noticed?"

Everything about this little note was exquisite; the English hand in which it was written was perfectly formed. In all the four years since she had left Paris and the most fashionable convent of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, Ernestine had seen nothing so beautiful. Suddenly she blushed deeply, went back to her governess and begged her to return to the house. To get there more quickly, instead of going through the dingle and round the mere as usual, Ernestine took the little bridge path leading straight to the house. She was lost in thought and determined never to go back to that place; for she suddenly realized that he had presumed to write her a kind of love-letter. "Nevertheless, it was an open note," she said beneath her breath. From that moment her life was disturbed by an appalling anxiety. Surely she could go and take a peep at the beloved tree from a distance? But her sense of duty checked her.

"If I go to the other side of the mere I shall not be able to rely on my resolve."

When she heard the porter close the iron gate of the little bridge at eight o'clock, this sound, which took away her last hope, seemed to lift an enormous weight from her mind, for now she could not fail in her duty, even were she frail enough to want to.

The next day she was sunk in a gloomy reverie from which nothing could lift her; she had lost her spirits and all her colour; her uncle remarked this change in her and ordering the horses to be harnessed to the old berlin, took

her for a drive in the neighbourhood as far as the avenue in front of Madame Dayssin's house, three leagues away. On their return the Comte de S—— ordered the coachman to stop near the thicket beyond the mere; the berlin approached it over the grass, and the idea came to him to revisit the immense oak which he never called anything but *Charlemagne's contemporary.*

"The great Emperor may have seen it," he used to say, "when he crossed our mountains to go to Lombardy to vanquish King Desiderius. And the thought of such great age seemed to give the almost octogenarian old man a fresh lease of life.

Ernestine was very far from following her uncle's arguments; her cheeks were flaming; she was going to be near the old oak again; she was determined not to look in the little hiding-place. But instinctively, almost unconsciously, she cast a glance towards it, saw the bouquet and paled. It was composed of red roses shading into deeper hues.

"I am so wretched; I must go away for ever. The Lady I love will not stoop to accept my devotion," were the words traced on the little piece of paper fastened to the bouquet. Ernestine read them before she could stop herself. She felt so weak that she had to lean against the tree for support; presently she burst into tears. That evening she said to herself:

"He will go away for ever, and I shall never see him again!"

The next day, as she was strolling with her uncle at high noon in the avenue of plane-trees that bordered the mere, she saw the young man go up to the old oak; he took his bouquet, threw it into the mere and disappeared. It struck Ernestine that there was anger in his movements and presently she was convinced of it. She was surprised that she could have doubted it for a single

instant; evidently, seeing himself spurned, he was going away; she would never set eyes on him again.

That day was an anxious one in that house where no one but she ever showed any signs of gaiety. Her uncle declared that she was obviously unwell; a deathly pallor and a certain drawing of her features had quite altered that sweet face which until then had held nothing but the calm emotions of innocent girlhood. When the hour of her evening walk approached, Ernestine made no resistance as her uncle led her towards the lawn beyond the mere. As she passed the little hiding-place three feet from the ground she looked into it with heavy tear-laden eyes, certain that it would be empty; only too clearly had she seen the bouquet cast into the mere. But, Oh! wonder of wonders! there was another in its place, with the message:

"Pity my utter wretchedness and please, I beseech you, take the white rose!"

Whilst she read these wonderful words her hand automatically plucked the white rose from the centre of the bouquet.

"He seems very unhappy," she told herself.

At that moment her uncle called her and she followed him, but so happily. She wrapped her white rose in her little cambric handkerchief, which was so fine that for the whole of the rest of the walk she could see its colour through the dainty fabric, holding it so that no harm could come to this cherished rose.

As soon as she reached home she ran up the steep staircase leading to her turret in the corner of the house. At last she was able to gaze at her beloved rose to her heart's content, feasting her eyes on it through the happy tears that fell from them.

What did these tears mean? Ernestine did not know. If she had been able to guess the nature of the feelings that made them flow she would have steeled herself to

destroy the rose which she had put so carefully in her crystal glass on her little mahogany table. But, if you who read this story have any lingering regret for your early youth, you will realize that tears of this sort, so far from coming from sorrow, are the inseparable companions of a sudden glimpse of extreme happiness; they mean: "How sweet it is to be loved!" It was at a moment when her judgment was obscured by the thought of grasping the first great happiness of her life that Ernestine made the mistake of taking this flower.

We, who have fewer illusions, recognize the third stage in the birth of love: the appearance of hope. Ernestine did not know that whilst she was gazing at the rose she was saying to herself in her heart:

"Now I am quite sure he loves me."

But can it be true that Ernestine was on the verge of falling in love? Did not such an emotion violate all the laws of simple common sense? Why! she had only seen him three times, this man who made her shed such scalding tears at this moment! And even then she had only seen him across the mere, at a distance, perhaps five hundred yards away. And indeed, if she were to have met him without his gun and without his shooting jacket, she might not even have recognized him. She knew neither his name nor his social position, and yet she spent her days in fostering passionate sentiments which I will only outline very briefly as I have no space to write a novel. These sentiments were only a variation of the idea: "How wonderful to be loved!" Or else she considered this other vitally important question: "Dare I hope that he really loves me? Perhaps he only says he loves me, for fun."

Although she lived in a country house built by Lesdiguières, and belonged to the family of one of the proudest companions of that famous Constable of France, Ernestine never considered this third objection:

"Perhaps he is only the son of a neighbouring peasant."

Why? Because she lived in such profound solitude.

Ernestine was certainly very far from realizing the nature of the emotions dominating her heart. Had she been able to see their trend there would have been a chance of her escaping from their clutches. A German, an English or an Italian girl would have recognized love; our wise education having decided to deny the very existence of love to our girls, Ernestine was only vaguely disturbed by what was taking place in her heart; even in her moments of most profound reflexion she could see nothing in it but simple friendship. She only took that one rose for fear, unless she did so, of hurting her new friend and losing him.

"Besides," she told herself after a great deal of thought, "one must not be wanting in politeness."

Ernestine's heart was in a whirl of emotions. For four days which seemed like four centuries to the lonely girl, she never left the house, being held back by an inexplicable dread. On the fifth day her uncle, becoming more and more alarmed about her health, made her accompany him on a walk to the thicket; she reached the fatal tree and read on the slip of paper hidden in the bouquet:

"If you will deign to take this pink and white camelia, I will be at your village church on Sunday."

In church Ernestine saw a man dressed with extreme simplicity and whose age could not have been more than thirty-five. She noticed that he did not even wear any decorations. In his hands he had a prayer-book, which he held in such a way that his eyes scarcely left her for an instant. Naturally Ernestine's thoughts were in a whirl all through the service. She let her prayer-book fall as she left the ancient manorial pew, and then tripped in picking it up. She blushed deeply at her clumsiness.

"He will think me so awkward that he will cease to take any further interest in me," she immediately told herself.

And, indeed, from the moment that this little accident occurred she lost sight of the stranger. After getting into her carriage she stayed to distribute money amongst all the little village boys, but in vain; she sought amongst the knots of peasants gossiping around the church door, but she could not see the person whom she had not dared to look at all through Mass. Ernestine, who until then had always been sincerity itself, pretended to have forgotten her handkerchief. A footman went back into the church and for some time looked in the manorial pew for the handkerchief which he was not likely to find. But the delay brought about by this little ruse was useless, she did not see the sportsman again.

"It is all quite clear," she told herself; "Mademoiselle de C—— once told me that I was not pretty and that there was something imperious and forbidding in my manner; and my awkwardness puts a finishing touch on it; I am sure he despises me."

These bitter thoughts troubled her all through the two or three calls which her uncle paid before returning home.

As soon as they reached home, towards four o'clock, she ran along the avenue of plane-trees bordering the mere. The iron gates were shut because it was Sunday; to her joy she saw a gardener; she called him and bade him launch the boat and row her to the other side of the mere. She landed a hundred yards from the old oak. The boat hugged the bank, keeping near enough to her to reassure her. The low, almost horizontal branches of the huge oak stretched nearly to the mere. She approached the tree with a firm step and a kind of melancholy and resolute composure, just as she would have walked to the scaffold. She was quite sure of finding

nothing in the hiding-place; and indeed she found nothing but a withered flower from the bouquet of the day before.

"If he had been pleased with me," she told herself, "he would certainly have thanked me with a posy."

She was rowed back to the house, ran upstairs to her own apartments, and, once in her turret and sure of not being interrupted, she burst into tears.

"Mademoiselle de C—— was quite right," she told herself; "to look pretty I have to be seen at a distance of five hundred yards. As in this emancipated countryside my uncle never sees any one but peasants and priests, my manners must have become awkward, perhaps even vulgar. There must be something imperious and forbidding in my expression."

She went to her mirror to study this expression and saw a pair of dark blue eyes blurred by tears.

"At this moment," she said, "I cannot have that imperious air that will always make me unattractive."

The bell rang for dinner and she dried her tears with difficulty. At last she went downstairs and found Monsieur Villars, an old botanist who spent a week with Monsieur de S—— every year, to the great annoyance of Ernestine's nurse, promoted to the position of her governess, who always lost her place at the Comte's table during his visits. All went well until the champagne was brought in. The wine-cooler was placed by Ernestine. The ice in it had melted long before. She called a footman and said to him:

"Throw this water away and put some ice in, and be quick about it."

"That little imperious tone suits you very well," said her great-uncle kindly and with a laugh.

At the word *imperious,* Ernestine's eyes filled with tears to such an extent that she could not conceal them; she was obliged to leave the room and as she shut the door

behind her they could hear her sobs choking her. The old men were completely bewildered.

Two days later she passed the old oak again; she went up to it and looked in the hiding-place as though revisiting the spot in which she had been happy. Imagine her joy at finding two posies there. She snatched them up with their little notes, hid them in her handkerchief and ran back towards the house, without considering whether the Unknown had seen her action from a hiding-place in the thicket, a thought which until then had never left her. Breathless and exhausted, she was obliged to stop about halfway home. As soon as she had recovered her breath a little she started running again as fast as she could. At last she reached her little room; she took the posies from her handkerchief and, without reading the little notes, began to kiss the flowers rapturously, an action which made her blush when she realized what she was doing.

"Ah! I will never be imperious again," she told herself; "I will cure myself of it."

At last, when she had lavished all her tenderness on the pretty posies, made up of the rarest flowers, she read the notes. A man would have done that to begin with. The first, dated Sunday at 5 o'clock, read:

"I refused myself the joy of seeing you after the service; I could not be alone; I was afraid that every one would have read in my eyes the love with which I am consumed for you."

She read the words *the love with which I am consumed for you* over three times and then she went to her mirror to see if her expression was imperious; then she read on:

"*The love with which I am consumed for you.* If your heart is free, I implore you to take away this note, which might compromise us."

The second note, written on the Monday, was in pencil

and even rather badly written; but Ernestine had passed the moment at which the graceful English hand of her Unknown was an attraction in her eyes: things were much too serious for her to pay attention to details of this kind.

"I have come. I was fortunate enough for some one to have spoken of you in my presence. I was told that you crossed the mere yesterday. I see that you have not troubled to take the note I left. That decides my fate. You love some one and that some one is not me. It was madness at my age to fall in love with a girl of yours. Good-bye for ever. I will not add the calamity of being importunate to that of annoying you too long with a passion which is perhaps ridiculous in your eyes."

"With a passion!" cried Ernestine, raising her eyes to heaven. It was a sweet moment for her. This young girl, with her extraordinary beauty and in the flower of her girlhood, cried out rapturously: "He deigns to love me! Ah! Heavens! How happy I am!" She fell on her knees before a charming Carlo Dolci Madonna brought back from Italy by one of her ancestors: "Ah! yes, I will be good and virtuous!" she cried with tears in her eyes. "Please God that I may have my faults shown to me so that I may amend them; I feel that anything is possible for me now."

She rose and read the notes over and over again. The second one especially threw her into ecstasies of bliss. Presently she began to be aware of a fact that had established itself in her mind for some time now, namely, that she would never be able to love a man of under forty (the Unknown spoke of his age). She remembered that in the church, as his hair was a little thin, he had seemed to her to be thirty-four or thirty-five. But she could not be sure of this impression; she had hardly dared look at him; and she had been so agitated. Ernestine never closed her eyes all night. In all her life she had never dreamt

of such happiness. She got up to write in English in her prayer book: *"I will never be imperious.* I make this vow on September 30, 18—."

During the night she became more and more convinced of the following truth: "It is impossible to love a man of less than forty." By dint of musing over the fine qualities of her Unknown, it occurred to her that besides the advantage of being forty years old, he probably also possessed that of being poor. He was so simply dressed in church that he was almost certainly poor. Her joy was unbounded at this discovery.

"He would never be stupidly self-satisfied like our friends, Messieurs So-and-so and So-and-so when they came in the Autumn to do my uncle the honour of killing his stags, and recount unasked all their youthful exploits during dinner.

"Please God that he be poor! In that case my cup of happiness is full!"

She rose a second time and lit the candle in her night-light to look for an estimate of her fortune which a cousin of hers had jotted down one day in one of her books. She found that she would have seventeen thousand francs a year on her marriage and, later, forty or fifty thousand. As she was meditating on these figures, four o'clock struck; she shivered.

"Perhaps it is light enough for me to see my beloved tree."

She threw back the shutters, and could indeed see the old oak with its dark foliage, but it was by the light of the moon, and not by the help of the first streaks of dawn, which were still a long way off.

Whilst dressing in the morning she said to herself: "The friend of a man of forty must not be dressed like a child."

And for an hour she searched her wardrobe until she

found a dress, a hat and a belt which were so original in their general effect that when she appeared in the dining-room her uncle, her governess and the old botanist could not help bursting out laughing together.

"Come here," said the old Comte de S——, a veteran knight of Saint-Louis, wounded at Quiberon, "come here, Ernestine; you are dressed as if you wanted to disguise yourself as a woman of forty."

At these words she coloured, and an expression of great happiness came into her face.

"Heaven preserve me," said her kindly old uncle at the end of the meal, addressing himself to the old botanist, "it beats everything; isn't it true, Monsieur, that Ernestine is exactly like a woman of thirty this morning? In particular she has a little patronizing way of talking to the servants which charms me by its absurdity; I have laid traps for her two or three times to make sure that I was right."

This remark redoubled Ernestine's happiness if one can use such an expression in speaking of happiness which is already at its highest pitch.

She could hardly get away from the others after dinner. Her uncle and his botanist friend could not tease her enough about her little old lady airs. She went up to her own room and stared at the oak. For the first time for twenty hours a small cloud came over her happiness, but she was unconscious of the sudden change. What lessened the rapture to which she had abandoned herself from the moment when on the previous day, plunged in despair, she had found the posies in the tree, was the question she asked herself:

"How should I behave with my friend so as to win his respect? Such an intelligent man, who has the additional advantage of being forty, must be very critical.

His respect for me will vanish altogether if I make the slightest mistake."

Ernestine was delivering this monologue in the position most favourable for encouraging a girl's serious meditations, namely, before her mirror, when suddenly with astonishment mingled with horror, she noticed at her belt a gold hook from which a thimble, a pair of scissors and a needle case hung by little chains, a charming piece of jewelry which the very day before she had been admiring delightedly and which her uncle had given her for her Saint's day less than a fortnight before. What made her look with horror on this jewel and take it off so hurriedly now, was that she remembered her maid telling her that it cost eight hundred and fifty francs, and that it had been bought at Laurençot's, the most fashionable jewelers in Paris.

"What would my friend think of me, he who has the honour of being so poor, if he saw me wearing such a ridiculously expensive piece of jewelry? What could be more absurd than to advertise my taste for housekeeeping in this way? For that is the only meaning of this thimble, this needle case and these scissors which I always carry with me; and this good housewife never thinks that every year this jewel wastes the interest on the money it costs."

She made a careful calculation and found that the jewel cost nearly fifty francs a year.

This splendid reflexion on domestic economy which Ernestine owed to the very sound education she had received from an outlaw who hid in her uncle's house for many years, this reflexion, I repeat, only served to put off the other difficulty for a time. After locking up the extravagant jewel in her chest of drawers, she had to return to that embarrassing question of what she must do so as not to lose the respect of such an intelligent man.

Ernestine's meditations (which the reader will perhaps have recognized as being simply the fifth stage in the birth of love) could take us a very long way. This girl had a sound alert intelligence as keen as her own mountain air. Her uncle, who had also once possessed intelligence, and who still retained it as regards the only two or three subjects which had interested him for some time, noticed that she readily grasped all the consequences of an idea. The fine old man had a habit, when he was feeling cheerful, of teasing his Ernestine about what he called her *tactical sense;* indeed the governess once said that this joke of his was a sure indication of his mood. It was perhaps this quality which, later, when she went out into the world and was no longer shy in conversation, made her play such a brilliant part in life. But, at the time with which we are dealing Ernestine's arguments, in spite of her intelligence, were completely at fault. A score of times she hesitated about going for a walk near the tree.

"A single stupid action," she told herself, "betraying the childishness of a little girl, may lower me in my friend's estimation."

But, in spite of the subtle arguments in which she employed all the power of her mind, she had not yet mastered the extremely difficult art of dominating her passions by her intelligence. The love by which the poor girl was being unconsciously carried away blurred all her reasoning power and urged her, only too soon for her happiness, to go to the fatal tree. After much hesitation she found herself there one day about one o'clock, with her maid. She left her maid's side and approached the tree, radiant with happiness, poor child! She seemed to float over the grass rather than to walk on it. The old botanist, who was also with her, remarked on this to the maid, as the girl sped away from them.

All Ernestine's happiness melted away in a flash. It was not that there was no bouquet in the hollow of the tree; it lay there exquisitely fresh, a fact which at first gave her the keenest pleasure; for it showed that it was not long since her friend stood in exactly the same place in which she was standing then. She tried to make out his footsteps on the grass; the next thing that delighted her was that instead of a little slip of paper with writing on it, there was a note, and a long note, too. Her eyes flew to the signature; she had to know his Christian name. She read it, the letter fell from her hands, and so did the bouquet. A deathly fit of shivering seized her. She had read the name of Philip Astézan at the end of the letter. But Monsieur Astézan was known at the Comte de S——'s house as the lover of Madame Dayssin, a very rich and very smart Parisian lady, who came to scandalize the country-side, year after year, by openly spending four months alone in her country house there with a man who was not her husband. To add to Ernestine's misery, she was a widow, young, pretty and in a position to marry Monsieur Astézan. All these sad facts, which were quite true as I have given them, took on a very much more reprehensible hue in the mouths of the gloomy people, bitterly opposed to the errors of youth, who sometimes called at the ancient manor of Ernestine's great-uncle. Never had such a pure and exquisite happiness (for it was the first in all her life), been replaced in so few seconds by the most poignant and hopeless grief.

"How could he be so heartless as to make fun of me!" cried Ernestine; "he wanted to give himself something to do on his shooting expeditions; to turn a little girl's head, perhaps with the idea of amusing Madame Dayssin. And I dreamt of marrying him! How childish of me! What frightful humiliation!"

As these wretched thoughts passed through her mind

Ernestine fell in a swoon beside the fatal tree at which she had gazed so often during the past three months. At any rate there it was that her maid and the old botanist found her lying motionless half an hour later. To crown her sorrows, when they had revived her, Ernestine saw Astézan's letter at her feet, spread out so that the signature was uppermost. She rose in a flash and put her foot on the letter.

She gave some account of her accident and managed to pick up the fatal letter without being observed. For a long time it was impossible for her to read it because her governess made her sit down and stayed there with her. The botanist called to a labourer working in the fields and sent him to the house to fetch the carriage. Ernestine, to avoid answering questions about her accident, pretended not to be able to speak; she pleaded a splitting headache as an excuse for holding her handkerchief to her eyes. The carriage came. She felt less constrained as soon as she was installed in it, and during the drive home her heart was crushed beneath the weight of indescribably heartrending misery. The most appalling thing about her state of mind was that she was obliged to despise herself. The fatal letter which she could feel through her handkerchief burnt into her hand. Night fell during the drive and she was able to open her eyes without being seen. The sight of the bright stars in that fine Southern French night was some slight consolation to her. Although she suffered all the effects of these passionate emotions, in the innocence of her youth she was very far from being able to understand them. Ernestine owed her first moment of relief, after two hours of the most atrocious mental agony, to a courageous resolution.

"I will not read this letter of which I have only seen the signature; I will burn it," she decided, "when I reach home."

At least she could then respect herself for having courage, for love, although vanquished to all appearance, had not omitted to insinuate modestly that the letter might perhaps explain to her satisfaction the relations between Monsieur Astézan and Madame Dayssin.

As soon as she entered the drawing-room, Ernestine threw the letter on the fire. The next morning at eight o'clock she resumed her piano practice, after having almost entirely neglected it for two months. She took out the collection of Memoirs on the history of France, published by Petitot, and added to the long extracts she had been making from the Memoirs of the bloodthirsty Montluc. She cleverly managed to get the old botanist to repeat his offer to teach her natural history. At the end of a fortnight this worthy man, as simple as his own flowers, could talk of nothing but of the extraordinary application shown by his pupil, which amazed him. She herself was indifferent to everything: every train of thought led her back to her despair. Her uncle was seriously alarmed: Ernestine was visibly fading away. She happened to catch a slight cold, and the kind old man who, contrary to the general rule with people of his age, had not concentrated on himself all the interest he was able to take in the things of this life, imagined that she was becoming consumptive. Ernestine thought so, too, and to this thought she owed the only bearable moments of that period of her life; the hope that she was soon to die made her face life calmly.

For a whole long month she had no feeling but that of a misery which was all the more bitter because it had its source in self-contempt; having no experience of life, she could not console herself by the thought that no one in the world could possibly suspect all that had taken place in her heart, and that probably the cruel wretch who had so filled it would be unable to guess the hundredth

part of what she had felt for him. Through all her sorrows her courage never failed her; it was no effort to her to throw into the fire, unread, two letters in the addresses of which she recognized the disastrous English handwriting.

She resolved never to look at the lawn beyond the mere. In the drawing-room she never raised her eyes to the windows looking out on that side. One day, nearly six weeks after she had read Philip Astézan's name, her natural history master, the kindly Monsieur Villars, conceived the idea of giving her a lesson on aquatic plants; he got into the boat with her and they were rowed to where an arm of the lake ran up into the dingle. As Ernestine entered the boat an almost involuntary sidelong glance assured her that there was no one near the old oak; she only noticed that a part of the bark of the tree was of a lighter grey than the rest. Two hours later, when she returned, she received a shock as she realized that what she had taken for a peculiarity in the bark of the tree was the colour of Philip Astézan's shooting jacket, and that for two hours he had been sitting on one of the roots of the oak as motionless as if he had been dead. In making this comparison to herself Ernestine's mind also used this expression: *as if he had been dead;* it struck her; "if he were dead it would no longer be wrong of me to think of him so much."

For some minutes she made this a pretext for abandoning herself to the love which had overwhelmed her at the sight of her beloved.

This discovery upset her very much. On the following evening a neighbouring curé who was calling at the house, asked the Comte de S—— to lend him the *Moniteur.* Whilst the old footman went to the library to fetch the file of the *Moniteur* for the month, the Comte said to him:

"But, curé, you have lost your curiosity this year; this

is the very first time you have asked me for the *Moniteur!*"

"No, Monsieur le Comte," replied the curé, "Madame de Dayssin, my neighbour, lent it to me whilst she was here; but she has been gone a fortnight."

This casual remark caused such an upheaval in Ernestine's mind that she was afraid she was going to faint; she felt her heart thrill at the curé's words, a fact which mortified her very much.

"So this," she reproached herself, "is how I have succeeded in forgetting him."

That evening, for the first time for ages, she managed to smile.

"All the same," she told herself, "he has remained in the country, a hundred and fifty leagues from Paris, and has let Madame Dayssin go back by herself."

His immobility on the roots of the oak came back to her, and she let her mind dwell on this thought. Her only happiness, for the past month, had consisted in persuading herself that she was consumptive; but on the following day she found herself thinking that as the snow was beginning to cover the mountain peaks, it was often very cool in the evening, and that it would be wise to put on warmer clothing. Any ordinary person would have taken the same precaution; Ernestine only thought of it after the curé's remark.

Autumn was approaching and with it the day of the only important dinner party that took place in the house during the whole year. Ernestine's piano was brought down to the drawing-room. Opening it the next day, she found a slip of paper on the keys containing the following line:

"Do not cry out when you see me."

It was so short that she had read it before she recognized the hand of the person who had written it: the writing was disguised. Fate or perhaps the air of the

Dauphiny mountains had given Ernestine a resolute character, and before hearing the curé's remarks about the departure of Madame Dayssin, she would certainly have shut herself up in her room and not reappeared until after the party.

Two days later the big annual Autumn dinner party took place. Ernestine sat at the head of the table, opposite her uncle; she was exquisitely dressed. The guests consisted of an almost complete collection of neighbouring curés and mayors, together with five or six provincial dandies who talked of themselves and of their exploits in war, sport and even in love, and especially of the antiquity of their lineage. Never had they failed so miserably to make the least impression on the heiress to the property. Ernestine's extreme pallor, added to the beauty of her features, went so far as to give her an air of disdain. The dandies who tried to talk to her felt uncomfortable as soon as they began. She herself never dreamt of lowering her thoughts to them.

The whole of the first part of the dinner passed without her noticing anything peculiar; she was beginning to breathe again when, towards the end of the meal, she raised her eyes and met those of a peasant of mature age across the room, who was apparently the footman of a mayor from the banks of the Drac. She experienced the same strange emotion in her heart that the curé's words had produced; and yet she was sure of nothing. This peasant bore no resemblance to Philip. She ventured to look at him again; she could no longer doubt that it was he. He was disguised in a way that made him very ugly.

It is time I said something about Philip Astézan, for on this occasion he behaved like a man in love and perhaps we may also find in his story an opportunity of verifying our theory of the seven stages of love.

When he arrived at the Château de Lafrey with Madame Dayssin, five months before, one of the curés she entertained at her house so as to keep on friendly terms with the clergy, repeated a very witty remark. Philip, astounded at finding wit in the mouth of such a man, asked him who had made such an unexpected remark.

"The niece of the Comte de S——," replied the curé, "a girl who will one day be very rich, but who has been very badly brought up. Not a year passes without her receiving a case of books from Paris. I am afraid she will come to a bad end and may even find it impossible to get a husband. Who wants to saddle himself with a wife that . . ." And so on.

Philip put a few questions, and the curé could not resist deploring Ernestine's great beauty, which would undoubtedly lead her to her downfall; he described the tedium of the kind of life led at the Comte's house so accurately that Madame Dayssin exclaimed:

"Ah! for pity's sake stop, curé, you will make me take a dislike to your lovely mountains."

"One cannot stop loving a country in which one does so much good," replied the curé, "and the money which Madame has given me to help to buy the third bell for our church ensures her . . ."

Philip ceased to listen to him. He was thinking of Ernestine and of what must be going on in the heart of this girl shut up in a house which seemed tedious even to a country curé.

"I must amuse her," he told himself, "I will make romantic love to her; it will give the poor girl something new to think about."

The next day he went to shoot near the Comte's house and noted the position of the thicket separated from the house by the little mere. He conceived the idea of presenting Ernestine with a bouquet; we already know the

result of his bouquets and his little notes. When he was shooting near the old oak he would place them in it himself, and on other days he would send his servant. Philip did all this out of kindness, and never even thought of seeing Ernestine. It would have been too much trouble and too much of a bore to get taken to her uncle's house. When Philip saw Ernestine in church, his first thought was that he was rather old to attract a girl of eighteen or twenty. He was struck by the beauty of her features and above all by a certain simple dignity which marked her expression.

"She has a beautiful and candid soul," he told himself; and immediately he thought her charming. When he saw her drop her prayer-book on leaving the manorial pew and pick it up in such a sweet fluster, his thought turned to love, because he hoped. He remained in the church after she left; he was pondering over a subject which was not a very cheerful one for a man who is beginning to fall in love: he was thirty-five and his hair was beginning to recede, which might very likely give him a fine forehead from the point of view of Doctor Gall, but which certainly added three or four more years to his age.

"If my age has not ruined everything at first sight," he said to himself, "she will have to doubt my feelings for her in order to forget it."

He went to a little Gothic window which looked out on the square; he saw Ernestine enter her carriage and found her figure and her foot charming; she started distributing alms and it seemed to him as though her eyes were looking for some one.

"Why," he asked himself, "are her eyes so far away whilst she is distributing money quite close to the carriage? Can I have inspired her with any interest?"

He saw Ernestine give an order to a footman; all the

while he was drinking in her beauty. He saw her blush, for his eyes were quite near her. The carriage was less than ten paces from the little Gothic window; he saw the servant come back into the church and look for something in the manorial pew. During the servant's absence, he was certain that Ernestine's eyes were looking right over the heads of the crowd around her, and, consequently, were looking for some one; but this some one might very well not be Philip Astézan, who in this young girl's eyes might be fifty, sixty, any age. At her age and with her fortune was she not sure to have a suitor amongst the small country squires?

"And yet I saw no one during Mass."

As soon as the Comte's carriage had gone, Astézan mounted his horse, made a détour in the woods to avoid meeting her and went hastily to the grass plot. To his great delight, he was able to reach the old oak before Ernestine had seen the bouquet and the little note which he had sent that morning; he took this bouquet away and plunged into the wood, tethered his horse to a tree and began to walk about. He was profoundly agitated; he conceived the idea of hiding himself in the thickest part of a little wooded hummock a hundred paces from the mere. From this retreat, which hid him completely, he could, thanks to a clearing in the bushes, see the old oak and the mere.

Imagine his rapture when shortly afterwards he saw Ernestine's little boat gliding across the clear water which rippled softly in the midday breeze! It was a decisive moment in his life; the picture of the mere and that of Ernestine whom he had just seen in her loveliness in church, impressed themselves indelibly on his heart. From that moment Ernestine possessed something which distinguished her in his eyes from all other women, and all that he needed to make him madly in love with her was

hope. He saw her eagerness as she approached the tree, he saw her disappointment at not finding a bouquet. That moment was so delicious to him and so vivid that when Ernestine ran away, Philip felt he must have been mistaken in thinking he saw disappointment in her eyes at finding no bouquet in the hollow tree. The whole fate of his love seemed to depend on that circumstance. He told himself:

"She was looking sad when she stepped out of the boat, even before she reached the tree."

"But," Hope answered, "she did not look sad in church; on the contrary, she was glowing with freshness, beauty and youth, and seemed a little nervous; her eyes were full of the keenest animation."

When Ernestine left the boat under the avenue of plane-trees on the other side of the mere and disappeared from his view, Philip Astézan left his hiding-place an entirely different man to the one who entered it. Returning to Madame Dayssin's house at a gallop he only had two thoughts:

"Did she show disappointment at not finding a bouquet in the tree? Did her disappointment merely come from wounded vanity?"

The second theory, as being the most probable one, completely gained the upper hand in the end and gave him back all the rational ideas of a man of thirty-five. He became very grave. There were a good many people at Madame Dayssin's house; during the course of the evening she rallied him on his solemnity and conceit. She declared that he never passed a mirror without looking at himself in it.

"I cannot bear this habit fashionable young men get into," said Madame Dayssin. "It is a mannerism which you used not to have; try to rid yourself of it, or I will spite you by having all the mirrors removed."

Philip felt embarrassed; he wanted to go away but he did not know how to do it without arousing suspicion. Besides it was quite true that he kept examining himself in the looking-glass to see if he appeared old.

The next day he took up his position again on the same hummock, which commanded an excellent view of the lake; he installed himself there armed with a good spy-glass and never left his position until nightfall.

The following day he brought a book; he would have been hard put to it to say what the pages he read contained, but if he had not had a book he would have wanted one. At last towards three o'clock, to his unutterable joy, he saw Ernestine go slowly towards the avenue of plane-trees on the borders of the mere; he saw her walk along the avenue, wearing a large Leghorn hat. She reached the fatal tree; she was looking dejected. With the help of his spy-glass he assured himself of her dejected air beyond the possibility of doubt. He saw her take the two posies which he had placed there that morning, place them in her handkerchief and disappear, running at lightning speed. This simple action completed the conquest of his heart. It was so alive and so swift that it did not leave him time to notice whether Ernestine had preserved her dejected air or whether happiness shone in her eyes. What was he to make of this strange conduct of hers? Was she going to show the two bouquets to her governess? If so, then Ernestine was nothing but a child and he was more childish than she in losing his heart to a little girl.

"Luckily," he told himself, "she does not know my name; I alone am aware of my folly, and I have forgiven myself a good many others."

Philip left his retreat in a very frigid state of mind, and went thoughtfully to fetch his horse which he had left with a peasant half a league away.

"I must admit that I am still a perfect fool," he mused,

dismounting in the courtyard of Madame Dayssin's house; and he entered the drawing-room with a calm, dazed and passionless expression. He was no longer in love.

The following morning Philip thought he was looking very old as he knotted his cravat. He had certainly no wish to ride three leagues in order to cower in a thicket and stare at a tree; but he felt no desire to go anywhere else.

"This is perfectly ridiculous," he told himself.

Yes, but ridiculous in whose eyes? Besides, one ought never to quarrel with one's luck. He sat down and wrote an admirable letter in which, like another Lindor, he announced his name and his qualities. This admirable letter, as may perhaps be remembered, was unfortunately burnt without being read by any one. The only words of the letter which had the honour of being read were those which our hero wrote with the least thought, his signature—Philip Astézan. In spite of all his excellent arguments, this rational man of ours was nonetheless hidden in his usual place at the moment in which his name produced such an effect; he saw Ernestine swoon on opening his letter; he was utterly bewildered.

The following day he was obliged to admit to himself that he was in love; his actions proved it. He returned daily to the copse in which he had experienced such intense emotions. As Madame Dayssin was soon returning to Paris, he got a friend to write him a letter and then announced that he was leaving Dauphiny to go to spend a fortnight in Burgundy with a sick uncle. He took the stage-coach and arranged his return journey by another route so well that he only spent one day away from the thicket. He went to live in the wilds of Crossey, two leagues from the Comte de S——'s country house, on the opposite side to that on which Madame Dayssin's house lay, and from there he came every day to the borders of

the mere. He came for thirty-three days on end without seeing Ernestine; she no longer appeared in church; Mass was said at the house; he went up to the house in disguise and twice had the joy of seeing Ernestine. To his mind nothing could equal the dignified yet candid expression on her face. He told himself:

"I could never grow tired of such a woman."

What affected Astézan most was Ernestine's extreme pallor and her look of suffering. I should write ten volumes, like Richardson, were I to undertake to record all the ways in which this man, who, at the same time, lacked neither common sense nor experience, explained Ernestine's swooning and her sadness. At last he resolved to have an explanation with her, and to make his way into the house to do so. Diffidence (diffidence at the age of thirty-five!), diffidence had for a long while prevented him from doing this. His arrangements were made with all possible skill, and yet, if fate had not taken a hand in the game by putting the tidings of Madame Dayssin's departure into the mouth of a casual visitor, all his scheming would have been in vain, or at any rate he would only have been able to see Ernestine's love through her anger. He would probably have explained that anger to himself by her astonishment at finding herself loved by a man of his age. Philip would have thought himself scorned, and in order to forget such a distressing sensation, he would have flown to the gaming table or to the stage door of the Opera, and would have become still more selfish and hard in the thought that youth was quite over for him.

A worthy fellow, mayor of a mountain commune, with whom Philip had gone after chamois, consented to take him, disguised as his footman, to the big dinner at the Château de S——, where he was recognized by Ernestine.

Ernestine felt herself blushing furiously and an appalling thought crossed her mind.

"He will think that I am unconsciously head over ears in love with him: he will look down on me as a child and will return to Paris to his Madame Dayssin; I shall never see him again."

This painful idea gave her courage to rise and retire to her own apartments. She had been there for a couple of minutes when she heard the door of the antechamber open. She thought it was her governess and got up, trying to think of some pretext for getting rid of her. As she neared the door of her room, it opened and Philip was at her feet.

"For God's sake forgive me for this," he said, "I have been in utter despair for two months. Will you be my wife?"

It was a delicious moment for Ernestine.

"He is asking me to marry him," she said to herself, "I need not fear Madame Dayssin any more."

She tried to think of some harsh reply, and in spite of all her efforts it is doubtful whether she would have found one. Two months of despair were forgotten; she was at the pinnacle of happiness. Fortunately, at that moment they heard the antechamber door open. Ernestine said to him:

"You have ruined me!"

"Admit nothing!" replied Philip in an undertone, and as quick as thought he slid himself between the wall and Ernestine's pretty pink and white bed. The governess came in, alarmed about her pupil's health, and the state in which she found her only increased her fears. It took a long while to get rid of this woman. During the time she was in the room, Ernestine had time to grow accustomed to her happiness; she recovered her composure. The reply she gave Philip was a splendid one when, after her governess's departure, he ventured forth again.

Ernestine appeared so beautiful to her lover and the

look in her eyes was so relentless that the first words of her reply persuaded Philip that all he had hitherto thought was only illusion, and that she did not love him. His whole expression suddenly altered and was merely that of a man in utter despair. Ernestine, though moved to the very depths of her heart by this air of hopelessness, yet had the strength to send him away. The only memory she retained of that strange interview was that, when he implored her to let him ask for her hand, she replied that his business, like his affections, must be calling him back to Paris. Thereupon he exclaimed that his only business in the world was to win Ernestine's love, and he swore at her feet not to leave Dauphiny so long as she remained there, and never again in his life to set foot in the house in which he had lived before knowing her.

Ernestine was almost ecstatically happy. The following day she returned to the foot of the old oak, but this time well escorted by her governess and the old botanist. There she found a bouquet, and above all, a note. At the end of a week she had almost decided to answer Astézan's letter; but a week later, she heard that Madame Dayssin had returned to Dauphiny from Paris. Keen anxiety took the place of all other emotions in Ernestine's heart. At this juncture the gossips of the neighbouring village unconsciously decided the whole fate of her life. She gave them every opportunity for chattering and at last they told her that Madame Dayssin, consumed by anger and jealousy, had come to find her lover, Philip Astézan, who, it was said, had remained in the country and intended to become a Carthusian monk. To accustom himself to the hardships of the order, he had retired into the wilds of Crossey. They added that Madame Dayssin was in despair.

A few days later Ernestine learnt that Madame Dayssin never succeeded in seeing Philip and that she had

gone back to Paris in a rage. Whilst Ernestine was trying to make certain of the truth of this, Philip was in despair; he was passionately in love with her and imagined that she did not love him. He waylaid her several times but was received in a way that made him think he had offended his young sweetheart's pride by his zeal. Twice he left for Paris and twice, after travelling about twenty leagues, he returned to his hovel amongst the crags of Crossey. Eventually he was forced to the conclusion that all the hopes he had harboured were founded on nothing, and he tried to renounce love for ever, only to find that every other pleasure in life was spoilt for him.

Ernestine, more fortunate than he, loved and was loved. Love reigned in her heart, which we saw pass step by step through the seven different stages which separate indifference from passion, and in which a commonplace mind can only detect a single change, the nature of which it cannot even understand.

As for Philip Astézan, to punish him for having abandoned an old mistress on the approach of what we may call the period of old age for women, we will leave him a victim of one of the most dire conditions of mind into which a human being can fall. He was loved by Ernestine, but could not obtain her hand in marriage. She was married the following year to an old Lieutenant-General who was exceedingly rich and Knight of several Orders.

AN EXAMPLE OF LOVE AMONGST THE WEALTHY CLASSES IN FRANCE

I received a large number of letters on the publication of *L'Amour*. Here is one of the most interesting of them.

Saint-Dizier, June 1825.

I am not sure, my dear philosopher, if you could describe as vanity-love the petty motive of vanity on the part of the young French girl whom you met last summer at the waters of Aix-en-Savoie, and whose story I promised to tell you; for into all this comedy, which was after all very dull, there never entered a shadow of love; that is to say, of passionate dreaming, exaggerating the delights of intimacy.

Do not, because of that, think that I have not understood your book; I am only finding fault with a badly defined expression.

Every species of the genus *love* should have some common characteristic; the characteristic of the genus is, strictly speaking, the desire for perfect intimacy. Now, in *vanity-love* this characteristic does not exist.

When one is accustomed to the faultless precision of the language of physical science, one is easily shocked by the imperfections of the language of metaphysical science.

Madame Félicie Féline is a young Frenchwoman of twenty-five who possesses a large estate and a delightful country house in Burgundy. She herself is, as you know, ugly, but tolerably well made (a neuro-lymphatic temperament). She is very far from being stupid, but she is certainly not intelligent; in her whole life she has never had a clever or amusing idea. As she was brought up by a witty mother and in very distinguished surroundings, she has a great knack of intelligence; she repeats other people's

remarks accurately and with an amazing air of originality. In repeating them she even imitates the little feeling of surprise that accompanied their invention. Consequently she has a reputation amongst people who see her but seldom, and amongst shallow people who see her often, of being a charming and very witty person.

In music she has the same kind of power that she has in conversation. At the age of seventeen she played the piano perfectly, quite well enough to give lessons at eight francs (not that she gives them, as her financial position is a very good one). When she has been to a new Rossini opera, she can play at least half of it on the piano the next day. Being instinctively very musical, she can play the most difficult scores with a very great deal of expression and at sight. But with all her facility she does not *understand* difficult *subjects*, either in her reading or in her music. Signora Gherardi would, I am sure, have understood Berzelius' theory of chemical proportions in two months. Madame Féline, on the other hand, is incapable of grasping one of the earlier chapters of Say on the theory of continued fractions.

She took lessons in harmony from a very celebrated German master, and never understood a word.

After a few lessons in painting from Redouté, she surpassed, in some respects, the talent of her master. Her roses are even more delicate than those of that artist. I have seen her amusing herself with painting for several years, and she has never looked at any pictures except those in the Exhibition; when she was learning to paint flowers, and at the time when we still possessed the masterpieces of Italian painting, she never had enough curiosity to go to see them. She understands neither perspective in landscape nor chiaroscuro.

This inability of the mind to seize difficult subjects is a characteristic of Frenchwomen; as soon as anything be-

comes difficult, it becomes a bore and they leave it alone.

That is why your book on *Love* will never be popular with them. They will read the anecdotes and skip the conclusions drawn and they will scoff at everything they skip. It is very tactful of me to put all this into the future tense.

At the age of eighteen Madame Féline had a wealthy marriage arranged for her. She found herself wedded to a worthy young man of thirty, a trifle lymphatic and sanguine, entirely antibilious and full of vigour, kind, gentle, even-tempered and very dull. I have never met a man more completely devoid of wit. This husband was, however, very successful in his studies at the Polytechnic School where I knew him, and his praises were well sung in the society in which Félicie had been brought up, to cover up his stupidity which extends to everything except his remarkable ability in the management of his mines and foundries.

He treated her as well as he possibly could, that is to say, very well; but he was dealing with a cold-blooded creature whom nothing could rouse. That kind of tender gratitude which husbands usually inspire in the most indifferent girls did not last a week with her.

Only, by living with him thus, she soon discovered that she had been given a fool as an intimate, and worse still, a fool who was sometimes ridiculous in Society. She found that this far outweighed the pleasure of having married a very wealthy man and of the frequent compliments that were paid her on her husband's merits.

So she began to take a dislike to him.

Her husband, who was not as well-born as she was, thought she was putting on airs. So he on his side drifted away. However, as he was an exceedingly busy and very easy-going man, and as nothing gave him so much pleasure, in the intervals between reading an overseer's report and testing a new machine, as his wife's company, he occasionally tried to make advances to her. This feeling of his had

the effect of turning his wife's dislike into loathing when he made these advances in the presence of a third person, before me, for instance, so awkward, common and vulgar was he.

I think I should have been tempted to interrupt him by boxing his ears, had he behaved like this to any other woman in my presence. But I knew that Félicie was so thick-skinned and so devoid of any real sensitiveness, and I had so often been irritated by her vanity, that I contented myself with being a little sorry for her when I saw her suffering in this vanity through her husband, and just went away.

Their life went on like this for some years (Félicie has never had any children). In the meantime the husband, living in good society in Paris (for he only spent six weeks in the summer at his iron-works in Burgundy), acquired its tone and improved greatly, and though he remained dull, he ceased almost entirely to be ridiculous, and continued to be very successful in business, as you may have judged from the huge property he has since acquired and from the last report of the jury on the Exhibition of Products of National Industry.

By dint of being rebuffed by his wife, Monsieur Féline often imagined that he was really a little in love with her. She made him pay a high price for her favours. Félicie's affectation at the moment was to say nice things to him in public, and to find pretexts for being unkind to him in private. In this way she increased her husband's desires; and when she condescended to allow him . . . he paid all the accounts of upholsterers, of Leroy, of Corcelet, and even considered her expenditure very moderate, though actually it was quite absurd.

During the first two or three years, up to the age of twenty or twenty-one, Félicie had only sought distraction in the satisfaction of the following vanities:

"To have prettier dresses than any other young Society woman.

"To give better dinners.

"To receive more applause than they when she played the piano.

"To be thought more intelligent that they."

At the age of twenty-one she began to have *sentimental vanity.*

She had been brought up by an atheist mother and in the society of atheist philosophers. She had only been to church once in her life, when she was married; and that was against her will. Since her marriage she had read all sorts of books. Rousseau and Madame de Staël fell into her hands: this marks an era and shows how dangerous these books are.

First of all she read *Émile;* after which she felt she had a right to despise intellectually all the young women of her acquaintance. Observe that she had not understood one word of the Savoyard vicar's metaphysics.

But Rousseau's phrases are very involved, subtle and hard to grasp. She contented herself with occasionally venturing some point of religion in order to impress an irreligious community, who took no more interest in these things than in the King of Siam.

She then read *Corinne.* She read more of this book than of any other; its sentences are to the point and are easily grasped. She stored a good number of them in her head. In the evening she would seek out some rather stupid young man and accurately repeat her morning lesson to him without a word of warning.

Occasionally one of them was taken in and thought she was a person capable of passion, and began to pay her attentions.

However, she only succeeded in driving the more commonplace and stupid men in her salon to this point; she

was not even sure that the others were not rather laughing at her. Her husband was generally away from the house on business, and as he was, moreover, an easy-going man, he did not notice or did not trouble about these mental flirtations.

Félicie next read the *Nouvelle Héloïse*. It was then that she discovered a wealth of sensibility in her soul; she confided this discovery to her mother and to an old uncle who had been a father to her; they laughed at her as though she had been a child. She persisted nonetheless in thinking that life was impossible without a lover, a lover of the Saint-Preux kind.

Amongst her immediate circle was a young Swede, rather an exceptional man. On leaving the University, at the age of eighteen, he took part in several brilliant actions in the 1812 campaign, and obtained a high rank in the militia of his country, after which he left for America and lived for six months amongst the Indians. He was neither stupid nor witty; but he had a very fine character and was in some ways exceptionally moral and high-minded. I may add that he was the most phlegmatic man I have ever known; he was handsome enough in appearance and was unaffected but extremely serious in his ways. Consequently he was widely admired and respected.

Félicie told herself: "This is the man I must pretend to have as a lover. As he is the most unsusceptible man I know, his passion will do me more credit than that of any one else."

This Swede, whose name was Weilberg, was a close friend of the family. Five years ago she arranged to travel with him and her husband.

As he was a man of extremely high moral standpoint, and above all as he was by no means in love with Félicie, he saw her as she really was, very ugly. Besides, when he

started out with them, he was not told what he was destined for. The husband, whom his wife's airs irritated, and who also wanted to profit by a journey which he had only taken to please her, left her to her own devices as soon as they arrived anywhere, and went around visiting factories, mills and mines, saying to Weilberg: "Gustave, I leave my wife to you."

Weilberg spoke French very badly and had never read either Rousseau or Madame de Staël; nothing could have suited Félicie better.

So the little woman pretended to be ill, so as to bore her husband into keeping away from her, and to excite pity in the young man with whom she spent all her time alone. In order to gain his sympathy, she told him how much she loved her husband and how wretched his lack of response made her.

This kind of music left Weilberg cold; he only listened out of sheer politeness. She thought she was making headway and spoke to him of the sympathy that existed between them. Gustave put on his hat and went out for a walk.

When he returned she was angry with him. She told him that he had insulted her by mistaking a simple phrase of friendship for the beginning of a declaration.

At night, when they spent it on the road, she laid her head on Gustave's shoulder who again put up with it out of mere politeness.

They travelled thus for two months, spending a great deal of money, and boring themselves still more.

When they returned, Félicie changed all her habits. Had it been possible for her to send out announcements, she would have informed all her friends and acquaintances that she had a violent passion for Monsieur Weilberg, the Swede, and that Monsieur Weilberg was her lover.

No more balls, no more dresses: she neglected her old friends and snubbed her old acquaintances. In fact she

condemned herself to the sacrifice of all her own tastes, in order to make people believe that she was deeply in love with this Monsieur Weilberg, this species of wild Indian, Colonel in the Swedish militia at the age of eighteen, and that this man was crazy about her.

She began by telling her mother all about it on the day of her return. She claimed that, as her mother was guilty of having married her to a man whom she did not love, she ought now to give every possible encouragement to her love for the man of her choice whom she adored; her mother must, therefore, by some means persuade her husband to establish Weilberg in her house. She threatened unless she had him constantly with her to go and visit him in his own apartments.

The mother, like a fool, believed this threat, and succeeded so well with her son-in-law that Weilberg found it difficult to refuse his hospitality. Charles was constantly begging him to come and Félicie's mother also was so complimentary and eager about it that the poor young man, little knowing what was required of him and being afraid of seeming rude to people who had been so kind to him, could not refuse.

Women, as you know, can cry at will.

One day whilst I was alone with Félicie, she began to cry and, pressing my hand, said to me:

"Ah, my dear Goncelin, with the keen eyes of friendship you have indeed divined the state of my heart! Before, you used to be friendly with Weilberg; but since our travels you have changed; you seem to hate him." I did not think so at all. I could see what she was driving at. "Ah! my friend, I was not happy before. . . . It is only since . . . If you only knew how cruel Charles was during the journey! . . . If you only knew Gustave better! . . . If you knew what loving care, what gentleness! How could I resist him? . . . You know what an ardent heart,

what appalling passions this man has, for all his appearance of coldness. No, no, my dear friend, you must not despise me! . . . Alas! I do indeed feel that something is lacking . . . This happiness is not pure. . . . I know quite well what I owe to *Charles*. But, my dear friend! the constant indifference and scorn of the one and the care and love of the other . . . and the forced intimacy of a life of travel. . . . So many dangers! . . . Could I resist so much love? And in any case, could I have resisted his violence? . . ." And so on and so forth.

So we have the wretched Weilberg, as chaste as Joseph, accused of having violated his friend's wife, and it must be true because she herself admits it: she boasted of it to two people whom I know and doubtless to others whom I do not know.

The above declaration is almost word for word as she uttered it: I remember the expressions she used. A few days later I saw one of the people who had received a like confidence. I begged him to try to recollect the terms in which it was couched; he repeated word for word the version that I had heard myself, which amused me immensely.

After her confession, Félicie told me, offering me her hand, that she relied on my discretion; that I must behave towards Weilberg as in the past and must pretend not to notice anything. "The wild forcefulness of the man terrified her." "When he left her she was always afraid of not seeing him again; she was afraid that in a sudden fit of resolution he might start back for Sweden without any warning." For my part, I swore the most inviolable secrecy concerning our conversation.

However, all the friends of the family considered it was infamous of the wretched Weilberg to have *seduced* a young woman in whose house he had almost gone to live, whose husband had rendered him a thousand services, and

who, until that moment, had lived an exemplary life. I warned him of the absurd position in which he was being placed. He embraced me, thanked me for having told him, and declared that he would never set foot in the house again. He then told me what had really happened on their travels.

Félicie, deprived for some days of the society of Weilberg, who had been in the habit of dining with her constantly before, pretended to be in despair. She said that it was an indignity put upon her by her husband, who had driven this honourable man out of the house, in spite of the fact that she had told me and two other people that this honourable man had violated her on a bank of moss at the foot of a fir-tree in the Black Forest, in quite the conventional way. She also said, in polite terms, that her mother, after aiding and abetting her, had ousted her in her honourable lover's affections, although her mother was a poor old lady of sixty who had not thought of things of that sort for twenty years. She got a skilled cutler to make her a dagger with a damask steel blade, which she had brought to her one day in the middle of dinner, and for which I saw her pay forty francs. She locked it carefully away before us all in her desk next to her sealing-wax. A dozen chemist's errand-boys each brought a little bottle of syrup of opium, all these bottles put together making a very large dose. She locked these in the drawer of her dressing-table.

The next day she told her mother that if she did not make Gustave return she would poison herself with the opium and stab herself with the dagger which she had had made for this purpose.

The mother, who was under no illusions about the state of Weilberg's feelings and who dreaded a scandal, went to see him. She told him that her daughter was mad; that she pretended to be very much in love with him, that

she said he was in love with her and that she swore to kill herself unless he returned. She added:

"Go and see her and humiliate her thoroughly; she will conceive a loathing for you, and then you need not go again."

Weilberg was a good fellow; he was sorry for the old mother who thus threw herself on his mercy, and he consented to lend himself to this tedious comedy to avoid the scandal which the mother dreaded.

So he went back. The young woman said very little to him; she merely reproached him gently for his five days' absence. When they were alone together she had never dared to talk to him of love, since the day whilst on their travels he put on his hat and went out when she was beginning to make him a declaration. Weilberg loved music, so she spent the time in playing the piano, and as she played exceptionally well, Weilberg was quite content to stay and listen to her. In public it was quite another story; she spoke to him of nothing but love; but it must be admitted that she did it with very great skill. As, fortunately, he knew very little French, she contrived to let every one present know that he was her lover without his being able to understand.

All their near friends were in the secret of the comedy; but their acquaintances were not, as yet. Once again these people began to talk of the scandalous conduct of Monsieur Weilberg, and once again he went away and refused to come back.

Félicie took to her bed and told her mother that she was going to let herself die of hunger. She began to take nothing but tea. She got up every day for dinner but would eat absolutely nothing.

At the end of six days of this diet she became seriously ill; doctors were sent for. She declared that she had taken poison, that she wanted nothing from any one, and

that everything was useless. Her mother and two of her friends were there with the doctors; she declared that she would die for Monsieur Weilberg whose heart they had estranged from her. Finally, she implored them to spare her poor husband this sad confidence as he, fortunately, knew nothing at all about it . . . and so on.

However, she consented to take a drug; they gave her an emetic and she, who had been living on tea for six days, brought up three or four pounds of chocolate; her illness, her poisoning, were nothing more than an appalling fit of indigestion. I had indeed prophesied this.

Not knowing what to do to rouse her mother and to force her to take fresh steps to bring Weilberg back to her house, she threatened to confess everything to Charles. The husband, who would have believed his wife's word, would undoubtedly have left her then and there. Urged by the possibility of such a scandal, her mother returned to the assault with the good-natured Gustave, who consented to come back again. He and I saw a good deal of each other at that time; we were working together; he had taken a liking for me, and of all the Frenchmen he knew I was perhaps the one he liked best. We spent a part of each day together. He taught me Swedish; I taught him analytical geometry and differential calculus, for he had conceived a passion for mathematics and often obliged me to refresh my already ancient memories of the Polytechnic School in our books. I would then take my violin and, much more tolerant than you, he would willingly listen to me for hours.

Félicie tried to make me a constant visitor to her house; she knew that this was a way of attracting Weilberg. One morning whilst we were all three breakfasting together there she decided to put Gustave's love to the test in front of me and she affected with him the little familiarities of people who live in the most perfect intimacy. At

first he did not understand; at last she dotted her i's so roundly that he had to understand; he looked at me, laughed, and went on eating, completely unmoved. Félicie asked him to do something to her dress. He replied brutally:

"Heavens, woman, you have got a maid to dress you, haven't you?"

And she said to me in a whisper:

"See how considerate he is; I was certain that in front of you he would not even fasten a pin into my tucker."

Nevertheless, she was by no means as pleased as she tried to make out at the consideration and reserve of her pretended lover. It was, I remember, Easter Sunday. When breakfast was over and we were drinking our tea, she said to her footman:

"Paul, tell my maid that I do not want her and that she may take the opportunity of going to Mass."

We remained there over our tea. The footman left, and she drew near the fire.

"I am very cold," she said and stretching her hand out to Weilberg: "Don't you think I'm feverish?"

"Bless my soul! I don't know anything about it; but there is Goncelin who treats his peasants in the country; he ought to know all about fever: he will tell you."

I felt her pulse.

"Not the least in the world," I told her.

"That is strange," she replied; "I am feeling ill anyhow; I think I am going to faint. Oh! I *am* going to faint; I am stifling, unlace me, Monsieur Gustave, unlace me. Goncelin, I implore you, go to my husband's room and fetch me . . ."

"What?"

"Some benjamin, to burn; there is some in his cabinet."

"I know where it is," said Weilberg; "I will go. Goncelin will look after you; I will be back in a moment." And five minutes later he returned.

I had amused myself by unlacing her. Apart from her face, she was attractive, young, well made and had soft white skin. I uncovered her bosom; she would have let me undress her completely. I made good use of the exposed area and said to her:

"Your heart is beating quite quietly; don't be alarmed, it is nothing at all."

She pretended to go into a half-swoon. Weilberg, who had purposely been absent for a long time, came in at last, placed the benjamin on the mantelpiece, and went on quietly eating biscuits and swallowing cups of tea. Félicie, who saw all this whilst pretending not to, could not bear it any longer. The more so as when I told Gustave that her pulse and her respiration were quite normal he had remarked:

"If that's the case, it seems very strange that she should faint!"

Félicie, in exasperation, gradually came to; she tidied her dress and begged us to leave her to herself.

As she thought she had everything to gain by seeming to be really in a swoon before Gustave, I believe that if I had attempted to satisfy a whim which did not take me, she would have suffered me to do so, only saying afterwards that it was an infamous outrage on my part, and a terrible misfortune for her. And be it noted that until that moment she had been physically undefiled and moreover was sexually quite cold and would have certainly suffered very much in being thus violated.

Félicie was so bitterly humiliated by Weilberg's show of indifference for her in front of me, to whom she had always spoken of him as of the most passionate lover, that she fell genuinely ill. Weilberg, after this ridiculous farce, would not go near her again. However, as she kept to her bed for some time, and he had before then been a constant visitor to the house, he reappeared in order that

his absence should not be remarked upon; his visits grew gradually rarer and at the end of eight months they ceased altogether. During those eight months she never stopped pretending to every one that he was her lover, even when he scarcely ever came to the house.

Félicie was very fond of music. Not having a box at the Opera she seldom had an opportunity of going. One day some friends lent us their entire box and she arranged that Weilberg and I should take her there and that her husband should come and join us later. You will note that at that time she loathed Weilberg in her secret heart; she had compelled him to come so that he should sit with her in the front of the box. Gustave said that it was too hot and left the theatre, leaving me alone with her. Indeed he was constantly disowning her in this sort of way, and from that day she changed her tone, and after having talked for a year of Weilberg's passion and love, she began to hint at his waywardness and at the sorrow he caused her.

At about this time, I heard it rumoured that I was supposed to be her lover. I went to see her, told her what I had heard and added that I did not intend to be accused of such things without at least reaping the benefit. I pulled her on to my knees and started handling her. As I knew for certain that she would hate to be violated and felt that the matter was imminent, I told her that I wanted to deserve the reputation she had given me, and so on. . . . It was daytime, and some one might have come into the room at any moment; she was in the devil of a fright; she implored me to let her go; she told me that she had never loved any one but Weilberg and that she would never love any one else. At last she struggled free and rang the bell. A footman came and she told him to make up the fire, pull the curtains and bring in tea. I left. From that moment we have practically quarrelled. She tells every one that I am a kind of Iago-

like villain; that for a long time I had nourished an abominable passion for her and that it was I who drove her lover Weilberg away from her. She has even gone so far as to exhibit as declarations on my part some letters full of friendly familiarities which I wrote her six years ago whilst I was with you in Rome.

At present Félicie's vanity has found fresh victims. When speaking of Weilberg she quotes sad passages from the third volume of *Corinne;* she pretends to be mourning a great passion; she no longer goes out into Society; no one dresses for dinner at her house; but she gives excellent dinner parties which are attended by crazy old men who are supposed once to have been persons of intelligence, and poor devils who have no dinner at home. She speaks admiringly of Lord Byron, Canaris, Bolivar and Monsieur de la Fayette. In her little circle she is pitied as a very unhappy young woman, and praised as an intensely sensitive and witty one; she is tolerably contented with her lot. The result is one of those middle-class households which you hate so much.

Was I not right in telling you that this tedious story would be of no use to you? It is dull from its very nature. In *vanity-love* there is nothing but talk. Stories of conversations are boring; the slightest act is more interesting.

Besides, this is not, I think, *vanity-love* as you mean it. Félicie has one rare characteristic, even if it is not peculiar to her; namely, that it is a disagreeable thing for her to perform her duties as a woman, and it mattered very little to her to persuade the man whom she proclaimed as her lover, to persuade him, I say, that she really loved him.

GONCELIN.[8]

[8] This letter is supposed to have been written to Stendhal by Victor Jacquemont, a young French author who died in Bombay in 1832. The style, however, seems to indicate that Stendhal either wrote it himself or considerably rewrote it. [Translator's note.]

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

THE first issue of the first edition of "De l'Amour" was published in Paris by *P. Mongie l'aîné* in 1822. According to Stendhal's own admission, only seventeen copies of this issue were sold. Eleven years later the second issue of this edition appeared, with a new title-page bearing the rubric *Paris, Bohaire, éditeur, acquéreur du fonds de Mongie, 1833.* With this edition the sales of the book jumped to nearly a hundred copies.

The second edition, with slight emendations, was published by *Eugène Didier* in 1853, and in the same year *Michel Lévy frères* published an edition edited by Romain Colomb. This edition was full of typographical errors which frequently altered the entire meaning of sentences, and it contained the following hitherto unpublished matter: (1) Three prefaces by Stendhal, dated May 1826, May 1834 and March 15, 1842 (eight days before Stendhal's death). (2) A chapter on *Failures,* (3) *The Salzburg Bough,* (4) *Ernestine, or the Birth of Love,* (5) *An Example of Love amongst the Wealthy Classes in France,* (6) *A Few Fragments.*

All subsequent editions faithfully followed the text of the *Lévy* edition until the end of 1926 when the book made its appearance in the "Champion," collected edition of all Stendhal's work.

The present translation was made from the limited Centenary edition published by *H. Lardanchet* at Lyons in 1922, 2 vols. The text of the first edition has been compared and where necessary the original meaning has been restored. All the additional matter included in the 1853 *Lévy* edition has been included.

V. H.

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